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ALABAMA COLLEGE



# The Alabamian

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# Answering the Call of the Pied Piper

*"And out of the houses the rats came tumbling,  
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,  
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
Cocking tales and pricking whiskers;  
Families by tens and dozens,  
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,—  
Followed the Piper for their Lives."*

FROM THE HEART of Alabama, from the citadel of a town, floated far and wide the magic notes of the piper calling the rats to the fold. Tiny ears, large ears, eager ears, and busy ears pricked to hear the sound. In the first faint notes they caught dreams of the future. They heard of a fairy land, but a true land, to which all were welcome, where knowledge could be obtained. Some gnawed steadily on, others scampered immediately from the old cupboard to seek these rarer cheeses. Few lingered in the threshold weighing the present, past, and future.

Forth they came by tens and dozens. Some with their families; some with cousins. Many sought the trail alone. For months they had prepared and for days they journeyed from California to Tennessee down into the realm of Alabama College. At last they met in the forks of the road where relief was offered to the weary worn souls. Then—out of the taxis the rats came tumbling, large rats, small rats, tall rats, short rats, rats of every size. Smiling, frowning, frisking, creeping, rats of every kind. With eyes gleaming of wonder and fright they entered the portals of the palace of learning. Blue and white clad pages ushered them in and explained the keeping of the order of the house.

Several days elapsed before the advent of the elder rats, those sophisticated ones and those wise grey ones, during which patient instructors led the milling little friskers about the campus. They were taught the etiquette of passing the physical delicacies to the right and accepting helpings in their turns. They received instructions as to the whereabouts, the quality, and the quantity to be devoured from

the aged volumes of the house where "Knowledge is Power." They were allowed to gnaw freely about the campus and to sip with caution at the founts of experience.

Suddenly from everywhere there was an onrush of the former, or one time rats. The poor little new creatures watched from crack and crevice their arrival. Silence, awe, dread of the demon, Sophomores, reigned. Why had they labored so hard to adapt themselves to the court? Everything was confusion for them then—using forks for their crumbs, drinking milk from their spoons, going here, doing this or that—Rushing, rushing, rushing.

Was it worth it? Yes, that and more. System returned to the great household. All were united into one great family, pushing onward to one great goal.

Each year the same three notes ring out from the pipes of our Pied Pipers. Each year new ears hear its call. Each year more tiny feet fall into the path of the rats, some to assume the self assurance of knowledge, afterwards each in her turn to become a Pied Piper. When the notes last rang out, four hundred freshmen lent ears to the challenge.

You have come freshmen! We welcome you. May the days as they pass find us more closely affiliating ourselves in our work and our play; and binding ourselves with greater zest to the honor of our court. The years are before us. We have all answered the same call, we all are striving for the highest ideals.

In the lives that we live may others see the glory of it all. And, at the sound of our echoes others too will catch the gleam of the call—"Come Keep Faith."



# "Off with the Old, On with the New"

A MUTUAL interest exists between the faculty and students of Alabama College. Instructors understand that in time they will become more or less familiar with the owners of all the strange faces. Students are less patient. To them it is no easy thing to lightly "off with the old;" however, it is a delightful task to "on with the new."

Miss Majorie Buhler has for several years been associated with A. C. due to her work as Child Welfare Superintendent in Shelby County. This year she has joined the faculty, being connected with the Sociology Department. She received her A. B. degree from the University of Iowa, and was associated with the Family Welfare Society of Atlanta, Georgia, also the State Child Welfare Department of Alabama. Miss Buhler's home is in Selma.

The Sociology Department boasts of another member, Miss Kate Fulton, Assistant Professor in Sociology; Home, Louisville, Mississippi; A. B., Hattiesburg, Mississippi; M. A., University of North Carolina.

The former faculty member who filled this place was Miss Olive Stone, who has accepted the position of Dean of Women at Woman's College in Montgomery.

In the Art Department, Miss Edith Mae Brissac is Assistant Professor. Home, Brooklyn, New York; B. S. and M. A. Columbia University.

Miss Rees will study this winter at Columbia University.

Mr. Thomas P. Chalker, Professor of Religious Education; Home, Montgomery, Alabama; A. B., Emory University; 3-year B. D. course Yale Divinity School; M. A., Yale and all residence requirements for Ph. D. at Yale, takes the place of Mr. P. H. Carmichael who has a year's leave of absence to study at New York University.

Miss Alice Duschak is the Assistant Professor in Chemistry. Home, Buffalo, New York; A. B., Vassar College; M. A. University of California; received Ph. D., University of Minnesota this summer.

As Assistant Professor in Voice, Miss Katherine Farrah relieves Miss Fish who is studying

this winter in New York. Miss Farrah, whose home is in Tuscaloosa, received her A. B. at University of Alabama and spent three years at University of Michigan.

There are three new people with the library this year. Miss Roberta Hays, Assistant Librarian; Home, Atlanta, Georgia; Graduate Carnegie Library School, Atlanta, Georgia. Miss Dorothy Suter, Assistant Librarian; Home, Hunter, Oklahoma; B. S. University of Illinois Library School. Miss Greta LaGro is Assistant Professor in the new course, Library Science. Home, Superior, Wisconsin; A. B. University of Minnesota; B. S. in Library Service, Columbia.

The head of the Home Economics Department is Miss Elizabeth Lacy from Cheyenne, Wyoming. B. A., Goucher College; B. S. Simmons; M. A., Columbia University, and two years of Ph. D. work completed at Columbia; Miss Lacy is joint author with Miss Jessie W. Harris of Every Day Foods, and is now working with Dr. Faith Williams on a college text in Economics for Home Economics students. She has been a member of the faculty at Cornell University and of Texas University.

Mrs. Jane Reid Robson is Assistant Professor in Home Economics. Home, Athens, Georgia; B. S., M. A., Teachers' College, Columbia. Mrs. Robson has had considerable experience in high school work and as head of the Department of Home Economics at the Georgia State College for Women.

Mrs. Robson fills Miss Weamer's position as Supervisor of the Home Management House.

Miss Weamer is keeping house this winter for her brother-in-law, and there are faint, floating rumors of wedding bells. Before leaving Alabama College, it was reported that Miss Weamer burned all her note books and admitted she thoroughly enjoyed doing it. Some of the Home Economics majors will be glad to hear that the said note books were not left as mute legacies to her successor.

Miss Spafford and Miss Rogers, former teachers in the Home Economics Department will not be back. Miss Spafford has her old position

(Continued on page 8, column 1)



MRS. JANE REID ROBSON  
New Supervisor of The Home Management House



# EDITORIAL

**On the Seriousness Of Casting Votes** LAST SPRING just at election time it was rumored that there was to be a change in The Alabamian. The phrase "a magazine or something like that" circulated about, creating very little excitement or outward interest among the students.

In chapel a few days later the rumor carried the earmarks of concrete reality when the plans for such a change in the paper were put before the student body for general discussion and consideration. The votes were to be cast at the next chapel hour. There was no discussion—outside it was spring and discussions were a bother—consequently little serious consideration was evidenced.

Came chapel hour again. Votes were to be cast. Did the students wish a monthly magazine or did they wish to continue with a bi-monthly newspaper? Many blank faces—then light appeared on a few of the unlucky who had received no mail last chapel hour.

"Oh yes, something was said about having a magazine!"

"Right smart idea, don't you think?"

"Suits me."

"Sure, let's have one. I'm for anything new."

"Nearly all colleges have magazines now. Let's take a vote."

Motions in order. Creaking of seats was also in order as the majority of the minority present arose. Many of those whose "spirits were willing but flesh was weak," still in the depths of books and mail absently raised an arm.

"Sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-three! The majority wins."

Thus in an aimless carefree fashion the entire nature of the college paper was changed. The Alabamian in the past has been the only official publication on the campus fostered by the students and devoted to the expression of college activities through the journalistic endeavors of the students themselves. The Alabamian appearing as a monthly magazine will continue, for the present year at least, to re-

main the only periodical publication sponsored by the students.

Can the change that has recently been affected in our publication adequately fill the former needs for a student paper and at the same time successfully meet the ever increasing demand for enlargement? Will such a combination result in attaining the highest merits possible? Will a monthly magazine, combining the characteristics of both news and literary appeal, offer a wider field for the stimulation of student participation in journalistic and creative writing?

These are the questions that confront those whose privilege it is to edit Alabama College's publication for the present school year. These, too, are questions that should confront those whose aims, attainments and activities the Alabamian will strive to express—The Student Body.

## Three Cheers For The Little Tables

THE OLD students are well able to appreciate the wonderful improvements that the smaller tables have made in the dining room, and new students will never experience the mental and physical discomforts of the larger ones that, of old, stretched over innumerable miles when food began its slow and ever decreasing journey down an eagerly waiting line of hungry girls.

In the days of long tables conversation, too, had its "starvation corners"—an interesting flow of conversation was entirely out of the question. One never hoped to include more than four in any discussion unless one was especially endowed by nature with a deep bass voice.

Heated argument concerning prohibition raged at one end; from the other end fashion's newest modes, and Grundy's darkest whispers merged into confused and unintelligible chatter—while from the center frantic effort was made to tune ears in on both above the clattering china and jangling silver.

All such problems are eliminated by the  
(Continued on page 8, column 2)



# "Sleeping Beauty Shaken"

MARY A. LITTLE

THE YOUNG WOMAN who had been stretched on the rose-coloured, billowing divan sat up with swaying suddenness and blinked at her awakener. They stared awhile. She had good reason to be interested in him as her future husband, and he had long been intrigued by the legend of her beauty. Happily, legend had not been able to add too much to it.

"I suppose you're the Prince," she remarked after a pause. "Is the name really Charming?"

Diffidence flooded the young man's countenance and caused his gaze to retreat.

"Oh, it's sort of a family name," he deprecated, and waved a hand to show how little it imported. It would have been difficult to claim the name of Charming and then meet that grave scrutiny with candor.

"It came down to me from my great-uncle," added the prince.

"Oh." Her gaze wandered from his nice eyebrows to the bed-coverlet. "Well, I might as well get up. Goodness knows, this is one time dad won't have to call me forty times. My word, I bet he slept through a whale of a hangover, about eighty years back." She laughed with unchecked amusement, and sweeping aside the covers swung her feet to the floor, where they wriggled into rose mules. "It was my birthday party, you know."

Prince Charming rose precipitately from his precarious attitude on one knee.

"Er-now that your Highness is awake, and everything is all settled, do you want me to go and tell my attendants that you are coming?"

"Oh, is there a large train?" she cried with pleasure. "Why didn't you say so?" The prin-

cess flew across the room on flopping mules, and plunged into a closet. "Oh Lord, my things will be awful after a hundred years. You didn't think of dresses, I suppose? No man would?"

Charming, still a bit agitated from the shock of her rising, decided that she did not mean for him to leave, and bending to a mirror, smoothed his hair with rapid strokes.

"Whatever the princess chooses to wear will be made lovely by her wearing it," he said smoothly, and mentally patted himself on the back.

"Thanks," came from the closet. "Would you mind handing me my slip? It ought to be on the chair—I'll need the hairpins too, in a moment. Look on the pillow."

A slight start jarred his highness. His young face once more colored, but it was difficult to argue with some one in a closet, and besides, the circumstances clearly indicated that action by somebody was necessary. He procured her the garment rather stiffly.

"Princess Marietta, with your permission I'll retire and wait on you in the drawing room. You will find your hairpins on the pillow."

"Why, all right, if you have to—but couldn't you stay one minute? I'm going to need some one to do up the back of this dress."

"Your Highness, my retinue are waiting."

"But, Charlie, they'd have to wait anyway. I'm not ready!" The princess emerged, the better to argue, and presented proof of her statement. She rescued her hairpins and began rapidly to put up her hair.

Charming did not offer his assistance with the dress, but fixed his eyes on the floor, and drew away a step. His manner was formal.



She Sat Up with Amazing Suddenness



"Your Highness, there might be other reasons for me to leave."

Protest died from the princess' face into a stare.

"You're afraid they will talk about your staying here," she accused. "Standing there and blushing because I need your help with my dress! You're thinking I'm immodest!"

"Well, Your Highness must realize that a man in my position must be careful, especially when public opinion means so much."

"If we are not engaged, what did you mean awhile ago about 'it's all settled?'"

"That was only an indefinite remark to reassure you. Now I don't think you realize at all the gravity that is required of one of my station."

"Oh, you don't? Now I understand those timid glances and excuses—and I thought you were so bashful! Well, you know this—nothing is settled or ever will be! I hope I'll never see you again if I live a hundred years!"

"Not likely in one who's already survived a hundred and fifteen."

"Thanks, Prince Charming! On your way out, you can send me a maid if you're not afraid to look at one. And I hope you make up a good alibi for not bringing me back with you!"

At this, the petrification of his expression made her relax her rigid fury enough to laugh cruelly.

"Hadn't thought of it, had you?—Oh Lord, to think of waiting a century for this! What an awful liar that old woman was!

I'll never again believe a fortune-teller."

The prince emerged from his quandry with misery and perplexity on his face.

"Stop walking up and down, will you? I've got to think of something to tell them. I wonder if I could say that you had died in your sleep."

"If you did, I'd come down the stairs right after you, just like this."

"Marietta, you wouldn't?" Out of his dilemma he pled piteously.

"Something must be wrong with my maternal instinct, because I certainly don't feel sorry for you—Charlie, tell me one thing, will you?"

He did not look very interested.

"Charlie, if were so, it might make everything all right again—settled, you know."

"What?" he inquired, quickening.

"Charlie, when you first came in and saw me—I couldn't tell—just before I woke up—Charlie, did you kiss me?"

The prince opened his lips, then he saw, and read in time, what was in her eyes.

"Your Highness, forgive me," he said sadly, and then lied wisely and handsomely.

"I couldn't help it, your Highness, and I kissed you twice."

Her eyes became starry and approached him, and with white, diffident fingers she began to arrange his tie.

"Oh Charlie, then, then you wouldn't have to have an alibi, would you?"

"Uh-uhm, I sure wouldn't, and if you want me to, turn around and I'll button your dress up the back."



I'm Going to Need Someone to Do Up the Back of This Dress



# The College Theater

THE OPENING of the new school year at Alabama College brings a new feature to school life—a college theater.

This new feature will do more than afford delightful recreation for Alabama College, though functioning in this capacity it will fill a need in the social life of the students and the community. But the college theater will fill a greater need in that it will stimulate the aesthetic side of student life by a real and deepening appreciation of the theater as an art.

To attain the highest creative possibilities in drama, the audience must develop with the theater. For no art, Dr. Trumbauer states, can develop higher than its audience.

The objectives of the College Theater that will be most emphasized in the beginning will be; that of fostering and inviting community and student cooperation, and that of sponsoring and encouraging play-writing.

The writing of native plays will be especially stressed not only on the campus, but through out the entire state. Alabama, as is being daily evidenced offers varied and unique possibilities in both historical and fictional source material. In connection with the use of native material Dr. Trumbauer hopes to establish periodical round table discussions of native plays, at which time they will be read and commented upon, basing the study on such constructive criticism as will arise from the general discussion.

Other objectives, some of which are already being stressed in various departments on the campus, that will naturally arise through the functioning of the major two already mentioned, are self-expression, experimentation and encouragement of creative ability. It is hoped that later the use of children's plays, religious drama, puppets and marionettes will be incorporated as the theater program grows.

While the mechanics of the college theater which include the handling of ticket sales, ushering and program arrangements, will be as modern as those of the commercial theaters, the amateur spirit will be the prime emphasis in all features of the theater. Individual participation will be encouraged only on this basis.

Three major productions will be presented during the school year, one being given each term. 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' an old English comedy, will be the first of the three to be presented. "The Beggar on Horseback" will be given during the winter term and in the spring a Greek play will probably be staged.

Faculty members and students are eligible for parts in these plays, based on the usual try-out system. In the case of the latter, however, a certain scholastic standing will also be required.

Faculty and student participation in theater activities other than the stage will be encouraged. This fact is partly being evidenced in the creating of special phases of scenery, properties, and costumes, each of which will be headed by faculty members or capable students. The places which these departments will fill "behind stage" will be fully as important as those of the players themselves. Students who have had special training or experience, and are interested in this phase of the theater will be welcomed.

Dr. Trumbauer is seeking an appropriate and attractive seal or insignia to be used on programs and letter heads. A small compensation will probably be given for the best idea or design submitted.

The theater staff is composed of three faculty members and one member of the student body.

Dr. Walter Trumbauer will direct the staff. Dr. Trumbauer, besides having formerly directed work of this kind at University of Iowa recently spent a year abroad, part of which time was devoted to a study of European theaters.

Miss Ellen-Haven Gould, Associate Director, has headed the department of speech for five years at Alabama College, and has had wide experience in directing and teaching dramatic arts before coming here.

Miss Helen Osband, Assistant Director, also of the speech department for the past year, has had extensive training in speech and dramatics at the University of Michigan. Miss Osband's ability in these fields was evidenced throughout last year's dramatic productions.

Mary Graham Gloster, Student Assistant, is a senior art major and served as stage technician for the college dramatic club for three years besides having done similar work for a professional stock company.

An advisory committee has also been created, made up of the following: Miss Andrews, Mrs. Chamberlain, Miss Haggard, Miss Beck, Dr. Vaughn, Miss Pierson, Miss Taber, Miss Landen, and Miss Wiley. This committee, which will act as a theater council, represents a coordination of the departments of music, art, physical education, home economics, language, speech, and English.

(Continued on page 8, column 2)



# FUDGE AND FACOTS

## KAPPA DELTA PI, OUR FIRST FRATERNITY

MAY 24, 1929, marked the official entrance of the first Honorary Fraternity at Alabama College when the Beta Lambda Chapter of Kappa Delta Pi was installed. Kappa Delta Pi is a National Honor Society in Education which was founded at the University of Illinois in 1909. It is recognized in Educational Circles as one of the foremost honor fraternities in the United States, having fifty-eight chapters established in the leading colleges of the country. Miss Irma Voight, Dean of Women at Ohio State University, had charge of the installation of the chapter. Members of the Alabama College Faculty who are members of Kappa Delta Pi in other institutions are Dr. A. W. Vaughn, Dr. W. H. Taylor, Mrs. Marie Ringle, Misses Lillian Barksdale, Mamie Braswell, and Katherine Vickery.

The officers of the fraternity for this year are as follows: Allison Blair, President; Marie Painter, Vice-President; and Louise White, Secretary-Treasurer. From the faculty Miss Katherine Vickery was chosen to be Counselor for the group. She has been very active in the promotion of the interest of the fraternity on the campus and through her efforts the preliminary arrangements for the installation of the Chapter were made. President O. C. Carmichael, Dean T. H. Napier, and Dr. H. W. James, director of the school of education, were made honorary members of the fraternity.

Some of the requirements for membership in this fraternity specify that a member must be of Junior standing with a general scholastic record represented by an average grade that is in the upper quartile of the institution. Membership in this fraternity is the highest scholastic honor that can be attained on the campus and is the goal to-



—Photo by Yeager Studio.

ALLISON BLAIR  
President of Kappa Delta Pi

ward which all upperclassmen should strive.

There are at present ten Seniors who make up the membership of Kappa Delta Pi at Alabama College. They are the following students: Allison Blair, Leila Ford, Lynnotte Hall, Edna Hinton, Mamie Jones, Helen Mahler, Nathalie Molton, Marie Painter, Josephine Watson, and Louise White.

In addition to the above students the charter members include 24 graduates of the class of 1928-29, who are: Norma Chandler, Susan Chappell, Nettie Coleman, Virginia Driskill, Mary C. Granade, Louise Griffin, Helen Hixon, Eloise Lee, Alice Lyman, Lucy Martin, Mary Martin, Mary Dell McCain, Mary McConaughy, Clyde Merril, Virginia Murphy, Eleanor Payne, Elizabeth Prather, Margaret Smith, Archer Sims, Ruby Simpson, Louise Stephens, Katyleene Stovall, Mrs. Carrie R. Threaton, and Evelyn Vinson.

## THE LIBRARY AND THE COLLEGE GIRL

THIS is the time we all make resolutions—both students and faculty—about what we should get from the life of the college and what we shall give to it. Plans are made for so many courses, sports, activities of all sorts that time is hardly allowed for your own personal and particular reading. So may I suggest that you include in your program week by week a few of the following:

Look over the new book shelf for the new things in all subjects whether you intend reading them or not.

Choose one book in a style or on a topic you already enjoy and also one written in a form strange to you or on a subject unfamiliar. Perhaps you have not been accustomed to reading plays or biography, you may already enjoy poetry and essays.

The periodical room is a fascinating place. Questions of the day, changing manner and thought, the latest in all fields are between the covers of the new magazines—surely fifteen minutes a week here at least.

Everybody has some special interest. You may know more than your neighbor about chrysanthemums, Mencken, Baldwin County, the constellations, or tea rooms, maybe you have some hobby you wish to become a specialist in. While you are living here with this library read the books about your own interests.

Perhaps you have not lived with lots of books before, the library habit is easy to form, just browse around when you are not in the mood for purposeful reading, open unfamiliar covers and discover strange companions among books.

Somehow I think you will have a good time.

—FANNY TABER.



## "OFF WITH THE OLD, ON WITH THE NEW"

(Continued from page 2)

in Montgomery as State Supervisor of Home Economics and Miss Rogers will work with the Knox Gelatin People.

The English Department could not part with such splendid students as Miss Eloise Lee and Miss Archer Sims. They are both back in the capacity of instructors in that department.

Miss Vivian Monk, formerly of the English Department, fulfilled the student body's predictions and became Mrs. W. P. Rand this summer. Marriage will not be a "crip course" for Mrs. Rand as she plans to teach, work for her doctor's degree, and keep house. However, those who knew Miss Monk agree that she is competent of her task.

Miss Dorothy Garrett, who left Alabama College at the end of last winter quarter, will study for her Master's degree at Chicago University.

Miss Henrietta Lisk is Assistant Professor in Biology. Home, Fort McCoy, Florida; B. S. and M. S., Florida State Teacher's College; M. A., Columbia University; D. Sc., Johns Hopkins University.

In the same department is Miss Jane Tobie. Home, Urbana, Illinois; A. B., Illinois Woman's College; M. A. University of Illinois.

Miss Dora Garrett, formerly of Biology Department is studying at University of Illinois.

Miss Brownfield is studying at New York University this winter. Miss Edytha L. Trickett now heads the Secretarial Department. Home, Uniontown Pennsylvania; A. B., Ohio University; Graduate Bliss Business College; Attended Bowling Green Business University.

Miss Maud Willy is Instructor in Mathematics. Home, Mead, Nebraska; Ph. B., University of Wisconsin; M. A. Mills College, California.

Miss Mary V. Zielinski, Assistant Professor in Public School Music; Home, Bay City, Michigan; Diploma American Institute of Normal Methods, Chicago; one summer at Columbia University.

Miss Middleton, whose former place Miss Zielinski is filling, was married this summer.

Mieczyslaw Ziolkowski, Professor of Piano, and Theory; Home, now Chicago, born in Poland; Student at Stern Conservatory in Berlin; studied with Paderewski at his home in Switzerland for a long time.

Mr. Allan is now president of a

School of Music which he recently established in Birmingham.

Miss Annie Laurie Killingsworth, whose home is in Montevallo, is the new nurse at the infirmary.

## EDITORIAL

### Three Cheers For The Little Tables

(Continued from page 3)

present tables which are small enough to make conversation enjoyable and worth while.

With the enlarging of the student body and faculty and the advent of four hundred new faces and names on the campus the small tables become a tremendous asset, and improvement in the social life of the college.

### Daring Exploit Of Seniors

A CLASS has been discovered which combines the distinctive characteristics of each class in school. It has the optimism of the freshmen, the laziness of the sophomores, the daring of the juniors and the dignity of the seniors.

For in the 1930 Technala the seniors will appear unadorned with caps and gowns. In taking this step the seniors proved beyond a doubt that they did not consider caps and gowns necessary to their appearance of dignity. They have shown daring by breaking a habit which numbers of senior classes have formed. They have unconsciously displayed a quality of laziness in that they preferred to make four poses for pictures instead of eight; and incidentally, to pay two dollars instead of four. They have also been heard to express optimistically their expectations to make a better showing in the Technala than any previous senior class.

So no longer will our artistic temperaments be offended by the monotonous sight of page after page of similarly dressed seniors; by the sight of stiff necked girls trying in vain to keep their caps at a becoming angle. We can scarcely expect a great transformation, but let us hope—yes, after reviewing several old Technalas, I would say let us pray that there will be an improvement.

### THE COLLEGE THEATER

(Continued from page 6)

Due to the incompletion of Palmer Hall the first production will be staged out of doors. The other two will be presented in Palmer Hall which, when finished, will be the permanent headquarters for the College Theater.

The auditorium room when completed will seat more than sixteen hundred persons. The stage is 35

feet wide, 23 feet deep and has a working area of 16½ feet on either side of the stage.

The stage will also contain an adjustable part for the console, an orchestra pit, and a covering with steps for Greek plays. Underneath the stage there will be two dressing rooms, make up room, wardrobe room, and a rehearsal room of 16x32 feet.

### First Production Announced

"GAMMER Gurton's Needle" which is to be presented during the fall session will be the first of the three major productions of the college theater.

The play is the oldest extant English comedy, having been written at Cambridge University for the original purpose of student production and is believed to be the work of William Stevenson.

"Gammer Gurton's Needle," being particularly adapted for out of door production, will be staged on the front campus. The scenery will be representative of sixteenth century cottages indicating a street.

The fact that the characters of the play are suitable for feminine roles was taken into consideration in its selection. Try-outs for the play were held last week and as soon as the characters are cast, work will begin immediately on the production.

### TO THE SOUND OF THE HAMMER

ABOVE the human noises of laughter and greetings that have animated our campus there has been a louder, deeper, more purposeful sound, the continuous thud of hammers.

From the steady blow of hammers there has arisen on our college campus some of the most modern college buildings of the South. Their labor is echoed in Weenona Hanson Hall which was completed in the Spring of 1929 and in the new dairy, so easily detected by its box car letters ALABAMA COLLEGE DAIRY FARM situated on the hill to the west of the college. Rapid results are being evidenced from work on a wonderful auditorium to be known as Thomas Waverly Palmer Hall, and a splendid dining hall addition.

The colonial home, the Teacherage, which stood on the present site of the incompleted chapel is assuming the air of a modern dwelling. The basement of Haley Moore has had its scars of age recently effaced by a new coat of plaster. The little green and white Annex, after doing faithful service, gave way under the blows of destructive hammers.



**A Welcome**

**to Your**

**IDEAS**

**CONTRIBUTIONS**

**COOPERATION**

**The Alabamian Staff**



# NEW - WILLIAMS

Birmingham, Ala.

Everybody Wants to Know  
Why More College Girls and  
Fashionable Women Buy

## Merville Silk Hose

(Exclusive with Montgomery Fair)

A new number—All-Silk Chiffon to the top. Full-fashioned, 5 strand, 42-gauge, with the Improved French Heel Feature so much in demand at present. This Merville silk hose is 30 inches in length. Has reinforced block toe guard. Comes in the new shades of Flaxene, Promenade, Grain, Lido Sand, Wing and Flesh.

Special  
Pair

**\$1.50**

OTHER POPULAR NUMBERS IN  
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# AbAMIAN



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# ALABAMIAN

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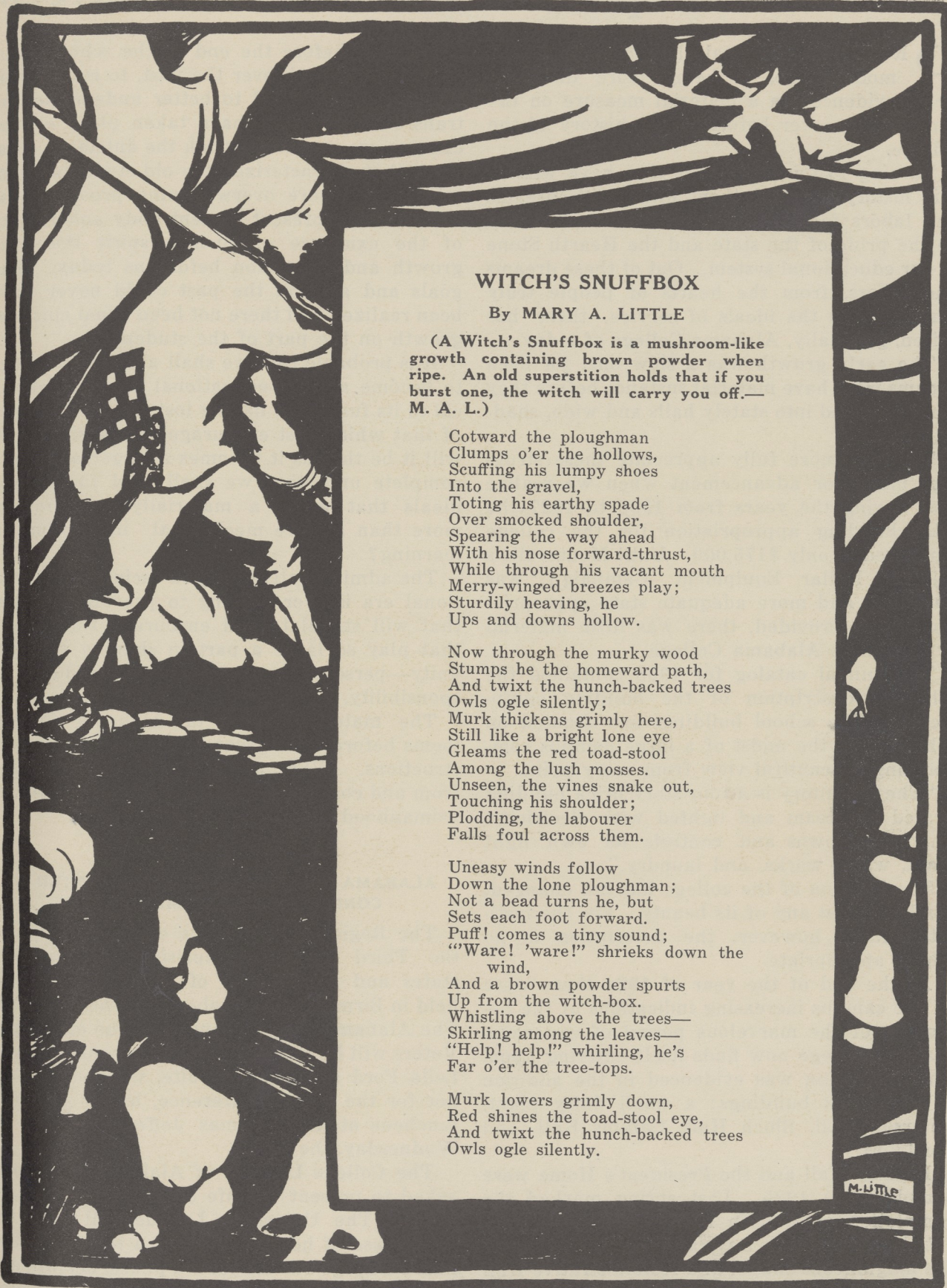
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## WITCH'S SNUFFBOX

By MARY A. LITTLE

(A Witch's Snuffbox is a mushroom-like growth containing brown powder when ripe. An old superstition holds that if you burst one, the witch will carry you off.—M. A. L.)

Cotward the ploughman  
Clumps o'er the hollows,  
Scuffing his lumpy shoes  
Into the gravel,  
Toting his earthy spade  
Over smocked shoulder,  
Spearing the way ahead  
With his nose forward-thrust,  
While through his vacant mouth  
Merry-winged breezes play;  
Sturdily heaving, he  
Ups and downs hollow.

Now through the murky wood  
Stumps he the homeward path,  
And twixt the hunch-backed trees  
Owls ogle silently;  
Murk thickens grimly here,  
Still like a bright lone eye  
Gleams the red toad-stool  
Among the lush mosses.  
Unseen, the vines snake out,  
Touching his shoulder;  
Plodding, the labourer  
Falls foul across them.

Uneasy winds follow  
Down the lone ploughman;  
Not a bead turns he, but  
Sets each foot forward.  
Puff! comes a tiny sound;  
"Ware! 'ware!" shrieks down the  
wind,  
And a brown powder spurts  
Up from the witch-box.  
Whistling above the trees—  
Skirling among the leaves—  
"Help! help!" whirling, he's  
Far o'er the tree-tops.

Murk lowers grimly down,  
Red shines the toad-stool eye,  
And twixt the hunch-backed trees  
Owls ogle silently.

M. LITTLE



# Forward Steps and Backward Glances

**P**ROGRESS, the vital characteristic of our modern age, is being more distinctly evidenced in a material measure on the campus than ever before in the history of the college.

Turning to the past years that have written this history we find them filled with dreams and labors for a great institution that should be the pride of the state and the Hearth Stone of our educational system. Out of these dreams and labors, from the hearts of people truly imbued with the ideals of service, there has arisen, gradually, Alabama College of today.

The early growth was a slow one, for even dreams must have material sustenance before they can be shaped into stately halls and wide, shaded walks.

We may more fully appreciate these struggles made for advancement when we realize that during the years from 1908 to 1927 the total building appropriation for the college amounted to only \$175,000. Until Montevallo's Million Dollar Equipment Campaign was launched, and more adequate state appropriations were provided, there was little material expansion at Alabama College.

The annual catalog for 1908 contained the following description of the building equipment: "The school buildings are situated on a hill top in the midst of a large campus commanding a beautiful view from every point.

"The dormitory is a four-story brick building heated by steam and lighted with electricity. The school owns and controls its own light plant, water works, and laundry."

The location of the college has not changed, nor has it lost any of its beauty. For the institution itself, however, the description is no longer appropriate.

At the end of the year of 1924 there were on the campus increasing indications of the beginning of the marvelous period of expansion that the college now finds itself entering upon. This indication was evidenced in the addition of five brick buildings: a small dairy plant, Peterson Hall, Bloch Hall, Calkins Hall, and the Library.

Ramsay Hall and the President's Home were completed in 1925. Last spring marked the completion of Hanson Hall, which was dedicated on Founders Day, and the beginning of the magnificent chapel and Administrative Hall which will be finished soon after Christmas.

The original plan for future Alabama College includes additional buildings, improvements, and annexes, several of which will be

under way before the end of the school year.

In looking back over the past, to review this amazing growth and to better understand the transformations that have taken place on the campus, we cannot overlook the animated, vital spirit that characterized the old students themselves. No more overwhelming proof can be accorded the present student body and faculty of the existence of such a spirit than the growth and expansion before us today. The goals and aims in the past could never have been realized had there not been equal spiritual growth on the part of the students.

It is probable that we shall allow our college to become a large educational plant, mechanical in its functions, having lost the very essence of that which first encouraged expansion? Or will it be that as it becomes a larger and more complete unit, that we shall hold fast to the ideals that make a materially great college more than a mere mechanical institution of learning?

The administrative body in facing this transitional era is ever striving to provide facilities that will stimulate and encourage the factors that play so large a part in shaping spiritual unity—personal contact and individual responsibility.

The material future of Alabama College looms before us in great steel skeletons of constructions. What are the students obtaining from and contributing to this vision of a greater womanhood?

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## ALABAMA COLLEGE TO BE REPRESENTED AT CONFERENCE OF WOMEN VOTERS

The Regional Conference of the Leagues of the Third Region—comprising ten southern states and the District of Columbia—will be held in Birmingham October 28th through 30th. The Alabama College Junior League of Women Voters will be represented at this conference by Leila Ford and Louise White, who will go up, not for the whole conference, but to attend a luncheon at the Thomas Jefferson Hotel on Wednesday, the 30th.

The College Leagues of Alabama have been asked to present the life of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw. The University League will take the first phase of her life, that of a teacher. Woman's College has the second phase, her life as a doctor. Alabama College League has the closing period, her life as minister and suffrage worker. Louise White will make the talk for the Alabama College League.



# Following the Blazened Trail

WHITE and khaki clad figures are constantly disappearing through the west gate to climb the rugged crest of the hill just beyond, and to finally lose themselves from view in the turn of the road.

Another dip, a rise and high on the top-most hill above the lovely green bowl of the amphitheatre they come to rest at last on the broad hospitable steps of the new camp-house.

At the foot of the hill a brook murmurs friendly greetings that are caught up with the winds and mingled with the glory of late autumn flowers and the faint October spice of heart-leaves.

Because of the necessity felt for a camp in connection with our college activities, the Athletic Board rented until 1927 an old shack on the Calera highway. Camp it was in that it furnished a shelter in dry weather for at least twelve girls and all the inconveniences so justly attributed to a camp. Twelve bunks, surely they could not be called beds, whose centers were such abysses, were equally distributed between the two rooms. One open fire place furnished the heating of the entire building, the means of cooking, and quite a sufficiency of

smoke. The well standing to the side of the shack was so completely filled with little animals, all kinds of insects, and every conceivable type of trash that there was no room in it for water. Campers left immediately, upon arrival, for the nearest neighbor to borrow utensils for cooking and for conveying water, and to ask for kind donations of water.

Though only a make-shift of a camp this little hut stimulated an interest in an ideal camp. A movement to this end was fostered in 1926-27 under Miss Grace Berryman, then president of the Athletic Board. She was assisted in her efforts by Miss Margaret Grayson who is now connected as physical-ed. in-

structor with the athletic department of our college. The present site of our college-camp was chosen, plans completed, and work begun. Words and description do not adequately tell the results of the work of the student bodies of '26-'29. Only a personal visit where seeing is believing can make their labors speak for themselves. The Athletic Association has bought furniture to the extent of their financial ability. Miss Brooke, who always willingly answers a worthy call, donated the remainder of the furniture. Mr. Jones-Williams is accredited with having seen that the camp had all the plumbing facilities of a home.

The student body of '29 hopes to contribute its share in the realization of the dreams of the previous years and formation of dreams for future years. Plans are being made for making the present camp house the center of a camp composed of many small huts, and for converting the level in front of the camp into an athletic field adequate for all types of sports.

These plans for enlarging the new camp, even before "the new" itself wears off, must be realized much sooner than the Athletic

Board has anticipated due to the increasing student body. However the Board assures every student an equal opportunity for sharing in the joys of camp life until these additional plans may be accomplished. This is made possible by allowing any organization on the campus, or any group of ten or more chaperoned students, to schedule in advance a week-end at the camp.

Each member of a week-end party is charged a fee of ten cents to help defray the upkeep of the house, but a contribution from individuals and organizations in the form of penants, cushions, games, etc., will add much to the appearance of the new camp house and to the enjoyment of future campers.



—Photo by Yeager Studio.



# Fate and a Pigskin

A CARMINED smile—folded into the hilarious bleating of drums and incessant piping of co-eds bordering on hysteria. No more fretting and conniving over Jud Hester and Cebry Prather! Sudden tension—then relaxation—if such be possible on a narrow section of rainsoaked, sunbaked bleacher boards.

All that morning while the heavens had raged their apparent disapproval at her indecision, Letitia had clawed small palms and torn the stuffing from an entire window seat where she had curled to vie with the clouds in darkened countenance. There she had rocked back and forth on her heels, sticking out her tongue at each knife thrust of lightning and poking her rust colored head beneath a pile of pillows at each jarring grumble of thunder. It gave her a certain satisfied feeling to find a nice, huge moist spot on one of the cushions, which, in her own terms, evinced the maintenance of her pure emotions through modernity's superficial flare. In terms of a negligent carpenter, however, there was a slight leak on the window sill, which, had it been found just at that moment by the constitutionally volcanic Letitia, would have completely eradicated that sense of self pity derived from hugging a raindrenched pillow to her cheek.

Perhaps she might even have discovered the possible blight to her enjoyable misery had not nature played a trick upon her and presented her, wrapped and tied in flying colors, a web of clearly woven thoughts in the shape of an actually favorable and feasible plan. Simultaneously the clouds turned from drab gray to

sparkling silver and the sun gave chase to a world of slowing rain drops.

Another carmined smile above a splintered board and a pair of slim feet swung to the ground as the two teams, Wabash in glaring purple jerseys and Selmont in mud smeared whites, trotted from the slippery field at the end of the first half of the annual Wabash-Selmont grid battle.

Letitia eyed her surroundings speculatively. If it were Jud then she must wind through that bunch of high school children, past the broadcasting cage, underneath section F., through a loose plank in the fence and into a waiting blue roadster.

On the other hand, down the left aisle, past the Selmont substitutes, out the bleacher exit and into Cebry's slim, low car.

Nervously, Letitia chewed the stems of her shoulder corsage—purple asters for Jud of the Wabash heavies—white roses for Cebry of the Selmont mediums. Back there somewhere behind that tall fence Wabash's backline ace wore a purple flower in his jersey pocket; beneath the muddy white jersey of Cebry reposed a single white.

Letitia had her own calculating eye to colorful details, perhaps a trifle sentimentally, yet leaving no room for regretting the omission of trifles in the future days when one may be called on to tell how it all came about.

Three rose and two aster stems later the Wabash-Selmont fray began another mutual hold on one another beginning the second half tied nothing to nothing. Pass—pass—pass—then Selmont's heaviest man doubling on the



"She had curled up to vie with the clouds in darkening countenance."



interference and blasting every play in an attempt at self glorification.

Over on the last bleachers Jud Hester espied a spot of rust color above a ragged purple and white corsage and breathed a swift prayer toward the heavens just as his chance offered itself to cut the way clear for a Wabash touch-down. Too late! By three inches he cast away his opportunity of clear cut interference to his opponents by blocking Wabash's own pass.

Just at this point Cebry Prather swept the bleachers for a glimpse of Letitia and wondered if he'd be the favorite son of fortune—wondered just five seconds too long, and ended upholding a breathless pyramid of purple and white jerseys, cursing, splattering mud and kicking at him from all sides.

Letitia jerked at her watch. Eleven minutes more. In half an hour would she, Letitia Marita Jennings, be Mrs. Judson Fletcher Hester or Mrs. Cebry Amos Prather? Out there on that slippery expanse of muddy soil she saw her fate being flung from Selmont to Wabash and back again with meticulous precision of technique in the form of a bloated piece of pigskin!

Now the line of purple jerseys faces the line of whites on the Wabash 30 yard line. Bated breaths above creaking, groaning boards! Selmont gets the ball, starts with a leap down field—cries for cooperative interference from the mediums—gets the same doubled interference as before—Selmont penalized half the distance to her goal!

Bleating drums—calls from section to section—people lost from people—confusion for whose adjectives no superlatives would be sufficiently expressive—color—life—youth—tired youth—buoyant, exuberant youth—

Letitia Marita Jennings stood, rigid and grim, on the damp grass beside the splintered board. Slowly her carmined lips opened and shut several times in visible incredulity, picturing the emotions she might have revealed at the age of five years when she broke her favorite doll—or the way she might have looked after the first dip on a roller coaster—or on coming up the third time in the river.

Across the grid, with the lowering sun beset by menacing, iron gray clouds as a background, loomed the muddy, splintered, cracked and worm eaten face of the old score board. Down in the right hand corner Letitia's eyes sought, found, and riveted themselves upon, by the words "Final Score," two gaping, circular, sickening, dilated naughts!!

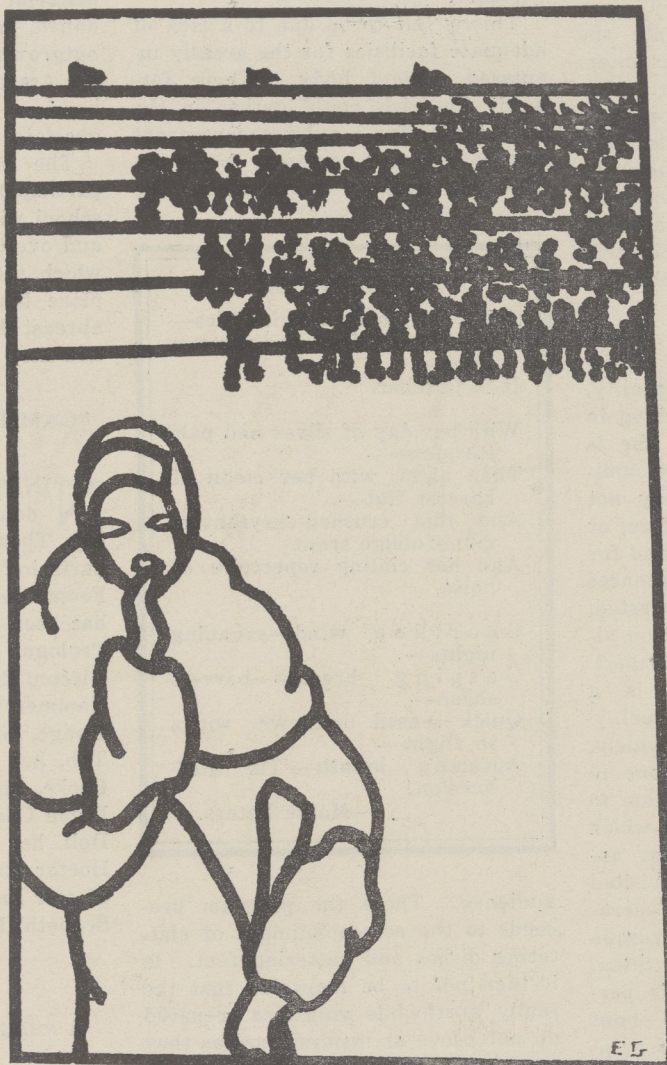
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### An Etching In Sounds

The man—in—the—moon looked down and smiled. The moon—in—the—water responded. In fact, he broke into a laugh and danced around over the tiny waves. The Willows washing their long green hair in the water, whispered among themselves. "The Moon's amused, —the moo—oon's amused." "He is, is he? —he is, is he?" questioned the nervous katy-did. The frogs took up the discussion. "It is the truth,—it is the truth,—it is the truth." Then the tall grumbling oak trees turned gossipy. They creaked to one another that, "The moon is amused. The moon is amused."

The man—in—the—moon frowned, and rolled behind a cloud. The moon—in—the—water slid under a wave. The noise ceased. The rain started.

—Eleanor Garrett,



"Her carmined lips opened and shut several times in visible incredulity."



# FUDGE AND FALOTS

## STUDENT BODY TO BE HONORED

THE students at Alabama College may begin to anticipate the arrival of a noted, as well as interesting and experienced visitor. Mrs. John F. Sippel, of Baltimore, Md., President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, has graciously consented to give our school one night of the short, busy week allotted to the whole of Alabama. She will be here on the night of November the first.

All who have heard Mrs. Sippel speak are strongly impressed by the magnetic force of her personality. Without apparent effort, speaking in a calm, conversational tone, she is heard distinctly by her entire audience. And, although you may not have slept much the night before, or may have busy plans in your head for the morrow, after the first sentences you are wideawake, deeply interested, and so in sympathy with her you almost live over the personal experiences she recounts. There is a "homey" charm about Mrs. Sippel.

Mrs. Sippel has travelled widely, as is, of, course natural for one in her position, and she knows how to give an audience those things which will be received with greatest enthusiasm. Just recently she visited in Totem-Land, the Alaska Federation, stopping at such picturesque points as Juneaer, Wrangell, Sitka, and Skagway. Mrs. Sippel is personally acquainted with places about which our whole experience is gained from the picture show or National Geographic.

So charming a personality linked with such varied or colorful experiences endows the speaker with a magnetism which assures her a welcome before every audience.

## "Y." SERVICES WITHOUT COMPETITION

The spirit of the school, which is evidenced in Y. W. C. A., as in no other extra curricula activity, has been partially smothered beneath the

avalanche of material growth which Alabama College is continuing to experience.

This is felt to be due to a lack of adequate facilities for the greatly increased student body. Where formerly the girls could gather in the main parlor for a quiet and reverent service, it is now necessary to use the Assembly Hall to accomodate the

the progress of the spirit of our school, as well as those hindering the material expansions should be abandoned, just as Reynolds Hall has been outgrown as an auditorium, so has the Assembly Hall, with its impossible barriers to spiritual growth, become obsolete for Y. W. services.

The individual cooperation and participation of each student in school will be required to counteract and overcome the spiritual coma into which the Y. W. has fallen, and to place that phase of school life abreast the material phase and let the two step forward together.

## HALLOWE'EN

A bat from out o crevice flies—  
God gilds His deadened summer  
skies—  
It is October.

With her day of silver and pale  
turquoise—  
Then night, with her moon of  
harvest tint—  
And that crushed-chrysanthemum-foliage scent  
And her chiling repertoire of  
noise.

Chortling wind—groaning  
nights—  
Gasping breezes—harvest  
sheen—  
Quick sensed unknown wings  
in flight—  
Autumn's breath—'Tis Hal-  
lowe'en!

—Mable Peters.

audience. There the program proceeds to the accompaniment of clattering dishes and pattering feet. Is it then not to be marveled that the really worthwhile programs prepared do not prove as inspirational as they would under more auspicious conditions?

In an effort to combat the prevailing lack of interest and enthusiasm being felt for the Y. W. services, the fundamental cause for the situation is being undermined by changing the place of meeting from the Assembly Hall to the auditorium of Calkin's Music Hall. This is a rather drastic step considering the attitude which has been built up about the services on the steps, and the fact that it has almost become a tradition. However, traditions which impede

## "GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE" CAST

NINETY-THREE enthusiastic students participated in the College Theatre try-outs for the various parts in "Gammer Gurton's Needle". From this number the following cast has been selected:

Prologue	Mary Russell
Diccon, the Bedlam Florence Stevens	
Gammer Gurton	Leila Ford
Hodge, her servant	Helen Mahler
Tyb, her maid	Christine Purefoy
Cocke, her boy	Louise White
Dame Chatte	Inamurl Smith
Doll, her maid	Annie Bledsoe
Doctor Rat	Evelyn Leak
Master Baylye	Floyce Griffin
Scapethrift, his servant	
	Winnie M. Toomer

## Scene

A village in England.

## Time

The Middle of the 16th century.  
"Gammer Gurton's Needle" is the earliest extant native English comedy. It is a University play, written probably before 1553.

"W. S.", the author, is still not positively indentified, although he is generally believed to be William Stevenson, twice Fellow of Christs' College, Cambridge, who became M. R. in 1553.

This play is to be presented in the College Auditorium on the nights of the 25th and 26th of October.



## THE ATHLETIC FORECAST

The success of the athletic program for the year will depend largely on the students. There were enrolled last year more than eight hundred, and according to Miss Ruth Andrews, Director of the Department of Physical Education, about three hundred students participated in general athletics.

The athletic club plans to awaken latent interest this year through the selection of an honorary varsity in the major sports, basket ball, hockey, tennis, and baseball, at the end of the class tournaments. After the abolishment of inter-collegiate athletics in '26, varsity squads no longer have played a part in the athletic programs. The program for this year had its opening several weeks ago with a general call for volley ball practice among the classes. The tournament is to be held the last week in October.

Plans for basket ball practice will soon be posted. Freshmen will have a splendid chance to show their athletic abilities as well as class support and spirit.

In an effort to thoroughly organize and promote enthusiasm an instructor will be counselor for each of the major sports. Miss Britton has been appointed for the fall supervisor of basketball. The other appointments will be made later.

After Christmas the hockey field will be a conglomeration of sticks, brilliant sweaters and red noses. This game is comparatively new on the campus, but since its entrance it has proved one of the most popular sports indulged in.

In the Spring a young lady's fancy turns lightly to thoughts of baseball, tennis, track, and swimming.

One other athletic event, the greatest of all, comes in May—May Day. Who will ever forget the beautiful scene last year staged back of Calkins Hall?

The athletic board and physical ed-department are looking to you—the student body—to make this year a banner one

shown by her being presented with the loving cup on May Day for best citizen. Our esteem for her will be shown by our loyal support to the Physical-Ed Department.

## NEW PLANS FOR ARTIST-LECTURE COURSE UNDERWAY

AT a meeting of the Artist-Lecture Course Committee held in the office of Director Richmond Monday night, September 30, plans were inaugurated for arrangement of the program of attractions for the coming year. The original collection of concerts and lecture was made early in the year by the committee with the understanding that the new auditorium would be completed during September. As constructional delays extended the date of completion to a period near the end of the first quarter it necessitates a new program of artists and lecture numbers. The program of events for this year calls for six numbers which includes one more number than last year's course. Announcements will be issued later concerning issuance of tickets, prices, dates, etc. It is hoped that it will be possible to get open dates in the college calendar making possible the appearance of the splendid series of attraction decided on by the committee.

## RUSHING AND THE RUSHED

Came the fifth week—"Rush week!" A rush to the post office for tiny white envelopes, a rush to tell the roommates, and classes—"Oh, yes one still had those too"—a rush to Bloch!

A maddening whirl of excited girls—rushing, a bedlam of rushing! The new Art Club Tea Room threw open its doors for the rushees. The old parlor floors groaned beneath the avalanche of rushing feet; Ramsay basement came to life and merriment echoed mightily from its haunts, night clubs, "bowery balls" and wild colorful gypsy revelries.

Teas became so prevalent during rush week that one could almost feel the chill of fog gathering between five and six. Evening dresses came forth from the depth for an annual airing, and silver slippers tripped along the corridors rushing, rushing.

The week rushed swiftly to a close, and the eight social clubs on the campus announce the following new pledges:

### Castalion Club

1900

Margaret Waller, Merle Taylor, Juanita Stenbridge, Martha Mahaffey, Dorothy Davies, Justina Cocke, Julia Summerville, Frances Cunningham, Kate McConaughy, Dudley Bell, Ernestine Hill, Frances Kroel, Wil-lion Grubbs, Frances Young.

### Tutwiler Club

1901

Jamie Frederick, Lottie Frances Mays, Evelyn Leak, Marguerite Moore, Ailine Jones, Virginia Brannon, Dorothy Bandy, Polly Edwards, Alice Bumgardner, Margaret Chandler.

### Philomathic Club

1908

Sara Mathews, Ula Purifoy, Mary Augusta Barnes, Maiben Hixon, Sara Bonner, Lester Balter, Hattie Wallace Bullard, Kathleen Doane, Susan Beck Garren, Kathleen Rush Peebles, Nell Tucker, Annie Louise Dale, Anne Coleman, Helen Mae McLove, Olivia Reckey, Alice Nettles, Eunice Shannon, Elizabeth Norman, Roberta Taylor, Marjorie Fussell, Sarah Hubbard McConnell, Grace Mays, Mary Lou Methlin.

### Phi Delta Sigma

1908

Esther Lou McAnley, Elizabeth Garrett, Mamie Jones, Elizabeth Walters, Sammy Sutton, Margaret Copeland, Helen Forgey, Mary Lee Foster, Mary Ruth Owens, Louise Johnson.

### Zeta Pi Delta

1923

Tommy Cummins, Bernice Davies, Floyce Griffin, Dorothy Kitchens, Merle Cloud, Frances Jones, Ruth Reeves, Jimmie Walker, Lois Williams.

### Beta Sigma Delta

1923

Ruth Smith, Marguerite Hurd Pauline Marsden, Martha Simpson, Jean Humphries, Josephine Ford, Pauline Wilson, Belle Sharman, Frances McMillan, Aby Lou Sherrer, Grace Motley, Frances Densmore.

### Alpha Pi Omega

1923

Bernice McBride, Sara Kirby, Bernadine Nixon, Vera Helms, Gwendolyn Nettles, Hilda Brown, Amy Vaughan, Mary Claire Randall.

### Kappa Sigma Phi

1923

Elizabeth Bradford, Perry Frank Dowdy, Bessie Floyd, Mildred Grant, Ollie Harris, Thelma Hill, Catherine Woodall.

## FORMER STUDENT ADDED TO FACULTY

Miss Margaret Grayson, 1927, graduate of Alabama College has returned to her Alma Mater as instructor of physical-education. Since her graduation she has been connected with the Y. W. C. A. camp-staff of Montgomery.

The esteem in which she was held by the student body in '26, '27 was



# The Moving Finger Scribbles

ON Saturday night not long ago, a bundled figure wielding a huge knobby pack, stole from East Wing of the Main Dormitory and glided through the shadows (no, not Santa Claus, my dear; hadn't you heard?); other figures accompanied it, deeply swathed and bundled. No wonder, it was cold. Proceeding across the lawn, they disappeared into the Library one by one. Do not alarm yourself, however, they all reappeared soon after in an upper room and immediately set to work.

Scribblers Club was preparing to give the decision. There were present the members of the club, Miss Fanny Taber, its guardian angel and patron saint, and Miss Margaret Grayson, former member now reclaimed.

We dumped our pack of ambitious masterpieces on the long table, and each one drawing therefrom a manuscript, commenced reading aloud, in turn. The pile was big and reading slow, but vastly interesting.

Quite a lot of emotion was manifested by the company; in fact at times we shook with it. Miss Taber was observed often to pause in the middle of her Ms. and reformatify with olive sandwiches and punch. But, dear geniuses, if we did enjoy ourselves a great deal, that night, it does not mean that anyone's Ms. failed to receive the most careful consideration. We were a long time in separating the sheep from the goats, and worried especially over some that had lovely wool and still grew rudimentary horns.

And after our long labor, we knew a bit more about amateur writing than we did before. In the first place, such a distressingly large number of young authors live in a black and distressed state of mind. The overwhelming percentage of gloomy poems, etc., that we received would really surprise you. And now that this fact is recognized wouldn't it be the essence of wisdom to make your work stand out above the others and please a gloomy-minded crowd by writing in the charmingly cheerful vein? We do not advocate a total departure from the serious, but we do maintain that "melancholy" and the like as subjects for composition are not

many-sided enough for pleasing variety in more than ninety-nine literary works.

Another striking fact about our writing is that a great part of it deals with the author's mood or sentiment, which is generally brought on by some aspect of nature. And the favorite aspect, by common consent, was sunset or twilight. While some of these were charming, still, any composition would be much stronger and much more different if it were based on a real thought instead of a sentiment. Read the poems of Mary Caroline Davies and Edna St. Vincent Millay, and you will understand this perfectly. This small stanza by the former, is a complete poem and holds a complete thought:

"I know I should be tranquil  
And calm of mind;  
But life is so sudden  
Don't you find?"

On the whole we compliment every "moving finger" that was moved to scribble for our try-out, and congratulate the authors for very promising works.

Below is printed one of the poems entered by Ellen Marsh, whose work we found especially attractive.

---

## REASONS WHY

Perhaps as a sailor I'd flourish, (tra la)  
I would sail o'er the wild-tossed deep,  
A girl of some sort  
I'd leave in each port  
For her sea-faring sweetheart to weep;  
Yes, a sailor I'd be  
Were it not that the sea  
Makes me terribly sick at my stummick.  
(Tra-la)

I'd fain be a toreador, (tra-la)  
And war with the gentleman cow;  
I'd murder the brute  
With courage astute  
I'd be hailed thruout Spain as a wow!  
All this would I be  
But unfortunatelee  
I can't. I'm afraid of the bull.  
(Tra-la)



# EDITORIAL

## The Evolution of an Ideal

OLD students who watch each incoming freshman class with a great deal of interest and enthusiasm, have become more conscious every year of the changing ideals that brought about the recent action of the freshman class in permanently abolishing "Rat Week."

The passing of this custom was not a result of spontaneous reaction on the part of the freshman class to suggestions—nor failure on the part of the Sophomores to make the week an interesting one. It was due rather to the commendable attitude of both classes in realizing and seeking adjustment to new influences and changing standards that have come as a natural element in a rapidly enlarging student body.

As "Rat Week" takes its place among other relics of the past it, too, shall assume the dignity of an outgrown custom cherished for its significance in leading to a bigger and more worth while program—that of orientation week.

## Use Your Campus

IT seems to be an innate characteristic of humanity to always reach out for that which is just ahead and often times, in that effort, one reaches over and misses much that is of untold value.

College life today, holds scant immunity for the majority of its students against such dangers. They are plunged into a seemingly complex scheme of existence, filled with never ending classes, studies, and routine of bells. Out of this amazing chaos of experience some emerge often for short periods of adjustment to become conscious of the other varied activities on the campus that offer definite contribution towards the spiritual and physical developments of the student.

But there are many who never explore the exciting realms of hard fought hockey games, of smooth laid tennis courts, of cool green depths of swimming pools, or of enchanting lands over the rugged hills and for many, too, there remain unexplored the aesthetic realms—Artist Concerts, Y. W. vespers, Dramatic Club

plays, art exhibits, College Theatre, and fiction shelves.

There is an attempt on the part of each of these to fill well the part they play in student life. So take an inventory of your campus—most of all—use it!

## You Ask For More!

ONE of the most reoccurring criticisms that reached the staff after the first appearance of the ALABAMIAN in magazine form, was concerned with the length of the magazine. "Only eight pages—why not more?"

And we answer—why not? The ALABAMIAN is a student publication, not a staff publication, though at the present time it is commonly thought of in that light.

An increase in the volume of the ALABAMIAN will add much towards making the magazine more attractive and worth while. Such an increase can only be realized when the students as a whole accept individual responsibility, that they supposedly did when becoming members of the student body—in fostering and furthering in whatever fields capable, the student publication.

Then it is to you who ask for more that we turn for more—Shall it be forthcoming?

## A Play In Two Acts

ACT I.  
Scene: Chapel hour.  
"Chapel today?"  
"Yes".

"A bit late but I suppose we'll find seats."

"Oh, I hope so."

They tiptoe in and find a seat with their class.

Act II.

Scene: Same as Act I.

"That program was a 'wow'!"

"Just one vacant seat in the Junior section!"

"And Dr. James filled that one so that Miss Taber could have his seat on the stage."

Hum—mmm—mmmm. "How did that song go?"

"Snappy no end, wasn't it?"

Epilogue: But why weren't you there?



# Mrs. Carmichael Tells of English Social Customs

ONE frequently hears the term "high light" or "dots" on travel but often each account of travel in other countries consists of either mere facts or unusual situation. The ordinary customs of other peoples, their similarities, differences, and their real life conditions are most often omitted.

Very interesting experiences have been related from the extended European tour of President and Mrs. Carmichael of this past summer. Interesting events began to take place before they set sail.

The custom of President Hoover to receive guests only on Wednesday was laid aside so that the President of our country and President of our college might review their experiences of working together in Belgium during the late war. When the private secretary to the President introduced the guests, President Hoover said in a very intimate manner "I remember you quite well."

England, with all its Lords and Ladies, and its universities and "dons", as the professors are called, was found to be amazingly human. Our queer opinions that the royalty lives entirely unmindful of the outer world will be changed by the fact that all the Rhodes Scholarship members and their ladies had the pleasure of talking individually to the Prince of Wales after his entertainment for them at the "Rhodes House." Mrs. Carmichael had the great honor of being the first lady from the hundreds present to be presented to the Prince. "And where are you from," he asked after the introduction.

"The United States", replied Mrs. Carmichael, thinking this would suffice him.

"From what part?"

"I should think you could guess," she said.

In a tone of greater assurance than doubt he answered, "You're a Southerner."

Among other notable personages of England by whom the Rhodes Scholarship members were entertained and whom they met at various functions, were Lady Astor, whom Mrs. Carmichael reports as being "the most vivacious person I have ever seen", Lord and Lady Holsworth, Stanley Baldwin, Barnard Shaw, and General Allandy. Dr. and Mrs. Carmichael also saw King George very close, and disclose the first hand information that he looks "hale and

hearty" again after his long siege of illness.

Entertainments in England are most frequently given in the out-of-doors. Mrs. Carmichael says that "the whole of England is a garden". Its beautiful flowers and terraced gardens, where little marble temples and urns are concealed by vines and shrubbery, furnish a fit setting for their gaities. Orchestras of as many as seventy-five pieces play the entire evening. Refreshments are served from long gaily colored tents because of the uncertainty of the English climate. These include cakes of every make and taste, cream of every variety, tea, coffee, chocolate, milks, etc.—anything and as much of it as is desired. Guests pass from one tent to another meeting each other, chatting and gossiping as at our own tea's and above all else eating. A large number of very capable chefs keep the tables served. The tents range from ordinary sizes of Boy Scout tents to those of three hundred feet. The guest lists include all numbers from select little crowds to several thousands. At the more exclusive affairs all waiters wear white lisle gloves.

Mrs. Carmichael was impressed by the fact that all London closes at four o'clock for tea. Men, women, boys and girls fall in line at that hour to refresh themselves from the chill and fog of England with cups of hot tea and dainty cakes. If you happen to be waiting in the lobby of any hotel for a few moments at this hour out comes a waiter with the famed tea and cakes.

America leads in her improved traffic regulations. England as yet has none; however, no one gets hurt. It is more customary that traffic drives to the left but if a passenger wishes "out" on the other side, over goes the bus, or if one decides that the last block back was where he should have alighted, around goes the bus in the middle of the street and back to the stopping place.

One item of great interest was Mrs. Carmichael's account of the real ability of famed old "Scotland Yard". She realized one morning that she had undoubtedly lost her fur the previous night. Upon asking the maid if it had been seen she was told with utmost sincerity "I have not seen it, Mrs. Carmichael, but I know where you can find it. Ask at Scotland Yard." With the thought in mind of

seeing what Scotland Yard was rather than finding the fur, Dr. and Mrs. Carmichael sought it out. The fur was described and produced in a short time. "How do you manage this?" they asked in astonishment. The secret is that London has the most perfect honor system in operation. A found article is turned in to the nearest police who turns it into headquarters. The article is evaluated. The loser may then redeem it by paying one-third its value. A good reward goes to the finder who leaves his name with the article when turned in. It never occurs to an Englishman to doubt the honesty of his fellow man. The finder of Mrs. Carmichael's fur did not even leave a name, so she regained the lost piece for nothing.

Dr. and Mrs. Carmichael's visit in other countries was filled with quite as many amazing incidents, quaint customs and colorful events but none more interesting to us than those of England.

## "O SOL MIO"

(Oh, Sun I Love)

FOUNDERS' DAY came, and, we breathe thankfully, went. The speakers, oh any number of speakers, sat on the shady platform and complacently watched the crowd gather. They had us, and they knew it.

Suddenly the scene was marred by the appearance of a stalking, black unrhythmical procession. With great pride, and greater self-consciousness the seniors, in all their glory for the first time, sat down and looked pityingly and somewhat condescendingly at the standing underclassmen.

Then the Whisper went around that the caps were on wrong (any observer would probably agree), whispered arguments followed, during which many caps were turned around.

As the program slowly, very slowly, proceeded, the sun rose higher, and the faces beneath the cocked square caps expressed the agony their wearers were suffering under their robes of torture.

Intelligent expressions appeared on these faces when the victims suddenly awoke and heard a speaker saying ". . . . College women are taking a place in the sun!"

A SENIOR.



# CAMPUS WORLDS

EL

Students at the Woman's College of Alabama may now pursue courses leading to a degree in the department of Physical Education, as this department has been placed on a major basis, according to Walter D. Agnew, president. Dr. Agnew further stated that two former members of the staff of Alabama College had been added to their faculty, Miss Olive Stone, having been elected dean of women, and Miss Madge Johnson, who has been made head of the department of Home Economics.

At Birmingham-Southern College individual pictures are being made of each student at the time of his entrance. The picture is pasted on the back of the record sheet in the registrar's office and becomes a part of the permanent record of all students.

Iowa State University claims the distinction of being the first university in America to admit women on terms of equality with men. In 1856 women were granted this privilege.

Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, is working out a plan whereby all students will be subjected to an oral examination before the entire faculty of the school, prior to the granting of degrees. The head of each department under which the student has studied will ask such questions as he thinks a college graduate with a well-rounded education should be able to discuss. A unique feature of this institution is that it is strictly non-sectarian, and is free to incorporate into its curriculum any course of study desired.

Honor is the key word at the University of Virginia, where a cooperative store is operated with no clerks in charge, students serving themselves, ringing up their purchases and making their own change. So supreme is the spirit of honor on the campus that there has been only one violation of the rule since the inaugu-

ration of the system several years ago.

The General Education Board of New York City, recently tendered an offer of a half million dollars to Agnes-Scott College, Decatur, Ga. The gift is conditioned on the raising of a million dollars by other friends of the institution. The whole amount is to be used for buildings, additional land, equipment, and to increase the scholarship endowment of the college.

Wesleyan Woman's College at Macon, Georgia, is the oldest college for women in the world, having been chartered in 1836. Wesleyan is a standard college and its diploma is recognized by the leading universities of America and Europe.

Ben F. Hilbun, president of the Mississippi A. & M. College, announces that a half million dollar improvement program is under way, which among other things calls for the erection of a dormitory, experiment station, and the purchase and equipment of a four hundred-acre farm. On this farm part time students may minimize their college expenses by producing food and cash crops. A beautification program is also nearing completion, more than five hundred acres of college and residential grounds having been landscaped and improved.

Emory University, in Atlanta, has in operation this year three junior colleges or lower divisions, where freshman and sophomore work are offered. The college of arts and sciences on the Atlanta campus has been divided into Junior and Senior colleges. Junior college work identical to that given on the Atlanta campus is also being offered at the Emory Junior Colleges at Oxford and Valdosta, Ga. A revised curriculum has been put into effect throughout the Emory system. Entry into one of the professional schools is dependent upon graduation from the junior

college. This institution also boasts a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa.

Officials of the State Teachers' College at Troy announce the addition of a new building to their institution, known as Bibb Graves hall. The new edifice has six administrative offices, 21 class rooms, auditorium, cooperative store and post-office, and is said to be one of the most modern structures in the state.

North Carolina State University is the first state university to be established in America. It was chartered in 1795.

## YO-YO CLUB FORMED BY SENIOR PRIVATES

After many days of preparation and deliberation a meeting has been called and a senior private yo-yo club organized. The delay in organizing was caused by failure of the foreign yo-yo club board to send a permit to grant Clemson senior privates the privilege of enjoying membership in this internationally known fraternity.

To qualify for membership a proposed member must be a past expert in that ancient art of playing yo-yo. He must also be a strictly senior private. Only one exception has been made to this and it was in the case of one man who missed getting a private by so small a margin that he has been admitted to the club.

The game of yo-yo, so history says, was very popular among the playfully inclined characters of the sixteenth century, but to the younger generation in the nearby towns, it is rather new. To overcome this handicap the members of the club are striving to acquaint everyone with this entertaining game.

The officers have been elected. For the office of Big Yo-Yo, Sam Thompson was elected, and Snake Lee will endeavor to perform the duties attached to the office of little Yo-Yo.—"The Tiger", Clemson College, S. C.



# Oxford University

**O**XFORD UNIVERSITY is made up of twenty-two colleges each of which is entirely independent of the others. The oldest one of the group, Maudlin College, claims to have been founded in 1772; the youngest, Keble College was founded in the latter part of the 19th century. Christs College is the largest, having an enrollment of over four hundred.

Two years ago it was voted by the Oxford council that one-fourth of the total student body could be women. Before 1920 women students were accepted, but were not granted degrees.

The school year is divided into three eight-week quarters. Christmas, Easter, and summer vacation each last six weeks; however, the student is expected to do more work during vacation than during the months of school.

Four types of degrees are given at each college of the University. These are: A. B., B. Litt., B. S. and D. Phil. The B. S. is a research degree in the field of philosophy. The D. Phil. is a new course which corresponds to our Ph. D. having been inserted to meet the needs of the American student.

There are two types of A. B. degrees, the honor course and the post degree. Most students enter the honor course in which one is judged 1, 2, 3, 4 in much the same way as Alabama College students work is judged A, B. C, D or even E. More attention, in England, is paid to the job hunting scholastic ranking than to the type of his degree. Work further than that done to obtain the A. B. degree is not necessary to get an M. A. After one has obtained his A. B. he goes his way rejoicing for a time, then returns and pays an amount of money to obtain his M. A. without further study. Three years is the usual time which is required for the graduate of an American college to complete his course at Oxford.

The heart of Oxford's educational program is its tution system. By this system the tutor and the individual have private classes once a week or more often. Another unique feature of the university is that one may be enrolled at any one of the twenty-two colleges and have classes in as many others of them as he wishes.

The social affairs of the students are held chiefly in their rooms. Each student has a suite of two or three rooms in which he entertains at breakfast, lunch, or tea. At these entertainments there is always much conversation. They discuss politics, social conditions, and other problems of the day. These social functions of small groups give one a chance to develop his

conversational ability. This is considered a great asset in the training of the students. The athletic event of the year is "Eight's Week" which is held in May of each year. Representatives from all the colleges compete in a rowing tournament. Their mania for rowing corresponds somewhat to ours for foot ball.

Caps and gowns are worn for every occasion. At the evening dinner faculty and all students eat together in one long hall. The professors eat at elevated tables, the students below them. It is considered more than a crime for a student to come to dinner in anything but cap and gown.

The professors serve as policemen. If a student leaves the campus dressed in street clothes he is fined for seriously violating a law. The professor takes a fast runner with him so that a student violating the law may be caught. A few years ago a young and exceedingly pious minister from Georgia was caught in town wearing street clothes. Although he had been in Oxford only two weeks, he had to pay the penalty of eleven dollars and remain on campus for three months. At nine o'clock the gates are locked. If one comes in after that hour he is fined. The amount is determined according to the lateness of the hour. After twelve o'clock not even a life and death matter will open the gates. There is no chance of climbing the fence because it is very high and is covered with spikes and broken glass.

When a person enters Oxford his name is latinized by suffixing "us" to the given names. He is then presented with a large book of over six hundred rules of the school—rules that have been made since the founding of the University, one half of which are in Latin. Some of them are: "Young gentlemen must not roll hoops down the streets. Young gentlemen must not play marbles in front of St. Mary's."

Each year many students from the United States enjoy the privilege of studying at Oxford through the Rhodes Scholarship Fund.

Two scholarships are given annually to every state in the union. Each scholarship provides each student with \$1,500 a year for a period of three successive years. The state selects the two who will receive the scholarships according to the four points outlined in the Rhodes Will: (1) Scholarship, (2) character, (3) interest in outdoor sports, (4) interest in one's fellows and instincts for leadership. Candidates must be unmarried, between the ages of 19 and 25, and must have completed at least two years of college work.



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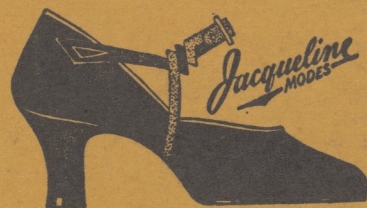




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# ALABAMIAN



NOVEMBER NUMBER ALABAMA COLLEGE

1933



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## THANKSGIVING PRAYER

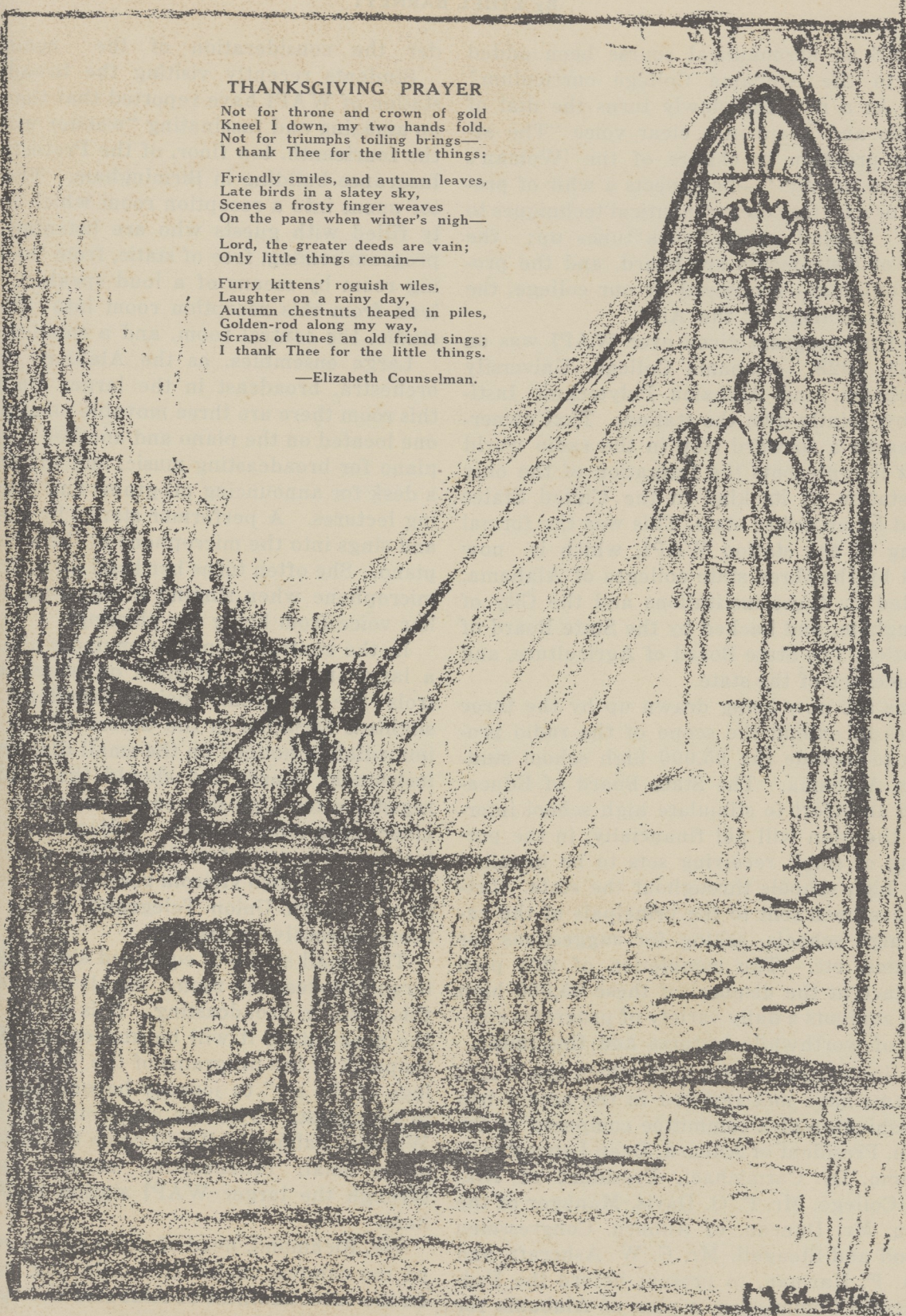
Not for throne and crown of gold  
Kneel I down, my two hands fold.  
Not for triumphs toiling brings—  
I thank Thee for the little things:

Friendly smiles, and autumn leaves,  
Late birds in a slatey sky,  
Scenes a frosty finger weaves  
On the pane when winter's nigh—

Lord, the greater deeds are vain;  
Only little things remain—

Furry kittens' roguish wiles,  
Laughter on a rainy day,  
Autumn chestnuts heaped in piles,  
Golden-rod along my way,  
Scraps of tunes an old friend sings;  
I thank Thee for the little things.

—Elizabeth Counselman.





# Woman's College of the Air

By ETHEL BARNETT

**H**AS an aeronautical course been added to the Alabama College curriculum? As a new fan slowly turns the dial of his radio and hears in a clear voice "The afternoon program in charge of the 'Woman's College of the air' "—he expects a whirl of propellers or a lecture on aeronautical techniques to follow. Instead an orchestra tunes up; the strains of instruments are heard, and the program continues—sponsored by our college, the 'Woman's College of the Air.'

The first program given over WAPI was on Dec. 31, 1928. Alabama College, University of Alabama, and Alabama Polytechnic Institute now jointly own the station. That ownership marks a forward step in the radio world in that it represents the formation of the only joint station of its kind in the United States backed by an entire state. This was the formal opening of the station WAPI, which is now owned by the three state colleges of Alabama, operated by these institutions and the City of Birmingham, and backed by the State Board of Education, The State Board of Agriculture, and the Governor of the state.

Plans are now being drawn up by the three colleges to extend the scope of the radio programs to include the 95,000 high school students in Alabama. The State Board of Education in an effort to stimulate high school interest in the plan will aid financially, in the purchasing of small receiving sets to be installed in the high schools throughout the state. Letters have been sent to the principals of the various high schools, asking for suggestions for programs, etc. The completion of this plan will place at the disposal of these 95,000 high school students a daily variety of programs composed of worthwhile lectures and fine music.

The increasing success with which the WAPI programs have met resulted in the recent trip to Washington of a committee composed of Dr. Knapp, President of Auburn, Dean Lancaster of Alabama, Dr. Carmichael, President of Alabama College, Mr. P. O. Davis, Manager of the station, Mr. Duncan, of Auburn, Congressmen Allgood and Steagall, Mr. C. W. Ashcraft, and Dr. A. F. Harman, to present before the Federal Radio Commission, a plan of Alabama for a station to represent all of Alabama's interests. This committee also made a plea for a cleared channel with an increase of power from 5,000 to 50,000 watts. These plans are now un-

der the consideration of the commission.

Students recently visiting the broadcasting station of WAPI have reported that they found an amazing and fascinating "wonder world" on the fourteenth, top floor, of the Protective Life Insurance building in Birmingham. The elevator opens into a reception room which is usually filled with guests who are listening to the program coming, free of static, from the adjoining room by means of a loud speaker. Doors lead from this reception room into the main studio, the central room, and a smaller studio.

Large ensembles, as the Alabama College orchestra, broadcast in the larger studio. In this room there are three movable microphones: one located on the piano and another beside the piano for broadcasting music, and the other on a desk for announcing programs and broadcasting lectures. A performer stands by the piano and sings into the microphone at the side of the piano. She often turns her head away from the microphone when singing a high note to keep her voice from being too piercing.

In the central room the engineer sits before a large instrument of slate on which he controls the programs being broadcast. The slightest variation in the timbre of the tone is immediately noticed on the small dial upon this instrument board, and should the indication register a too high degree of resonance the engineer soon tones it down. Adjacent to the central board is an automatic talking machine fitted to record two victrola records. There is also a Western Union Telegraph Ticker in this room to receive messages.

The small studio is equipped similarly to the large broadcasting room. Small ensembles use this room in broadcasting. It is hoped that in the near future it will be unnecessary for participants of the programs of the "Woman's College of the air" to journey beyond the campus to broadcast. With the completion of Thomas Waverly-Palmer Hall will come the installation of a small broadcasting station operating through the larger WAPI station in Birmingham.

Mr. Richmond, head of the music department on the campus, makes the following comment on the successfulness of Alabama College's new venture in the air:

"The extent of goodness that comes from the 'Woman's College of the air' program, would

(Continued on page 4, column 2)



# Behind the Scenes

IN passing back and forth about the campus during my freshman year I would often stop at the cage-like windows of the kitchen and gaze spell bound into the bustling, yet well ordered interior, filled with, what seemed to me, rolls enough for all the world! Likewise, I would watch one of the assistants check in a mammoth truck load of groceries for dinner, with the most amazing indifference—not unlike my mother checking her own small basket of groceries.

This indelible impression of my freshman year, instead of fading in the light of many others made since, has remained, becoming more vivid at the opening of each new school year.

This year the addition of the new dining hall caused me to marvel anew—before its opening and after—at the splendid supervision that undoubtedly accounted for the efficient way in which the double-shifts were managed; and at the comparative ease with which the new adjustments were made.

Out of my marveling there grew a desire to invade this land and to ask Miss Irvin, frankly, how she did it. I invaded—but the necessity for asking **how** was forgotten until I had left the kitchen, realizing that the question itself, was an unanswerable tone in words.

Entering the kitchen I found myself a mere atom in the midst of a stupendous variety of clattering dishes, delightful odors, and singing darkies. Immediately I was impressed with the unescapable atmosphere of cheerfulness and cleanliness. I found Miss Irvin standing before the stove, which stretches almost the length of the kitchen, sampling several of the huge kettles of custard. Turning to me—seemingly not at all surprised to find me there—she asked in her abrupt though not unpleasant manner—“Like your desserts sweet—think my desserts too sweet?” Gazing on these huge kettles, and wondering at the quantity of food being prepared at the long tables, I asked and gleaned the startling information that we students consume, in one meal, 126 chickens, 36 gallons of coffee, and 176 loaves of bread; and that on Saturday one might collect almost nine bushels of apple cores about the campus.

Miss Irvin hurried about, keenly aware of all

the various activities being performed about us, as we talked. Going into the new dining hall she pointed with pride at the ample storage space saying, “I had a fight with the architect about that—he said that I already had more storage space than any other college kitchen that he knew of—I said, sure, sure, that’s what I want to have.”

As we stood and talked in the new dining hall of the decorations and draperies that were to be added later Miss Irvin pointed at the chairs and said, “I ordered rubber tips for those—noise won’t be so bad then.”

Miss Irvin’s uneasiness about the “slim fad”

of the college girl reminded me that her interest in the students was not confined to their food preferences and the amount of sugar they like in their deserts. “College girls are of the age when most susceptible to tuberculosis if they allow themselves to become undernourished”, was her warning.

Again this interest was manifested as we talked of the number absent from the dining halls over the week-end. She remarked, “It is nice for girls to go away for week-ends sometimes—just to see things,” adding with a deep twinkle in her eyes, “I like to myself—good for you.”

Her staff, she told me, is composed of two assistants and about twenty colored servants. Among this number is the chief cook, Jessie, who has been with

the college for twenty years. The two assistants, Miss Ibbie Jones and Miss Charlotte Claybrooke, are both graduates of Alabama College. Miss Claybrooke has complete charge of the new dining hall.

Miss Irvin is a native of Indiana. She received her own training at the university of Chicago, and remained there for three years as assistant supervisor of the Commons department, a dining unit of the university.

Miss Irvin has held the position of food supervisor at Alabama College for the past ten years. During this period there has grown up a state wide reputation for the excellent meals served to its students. It is due, very largely, to her splendid management of the dining hall, and to the type of food ordered, that Alabama

(Continued on page 11, column 3)



MISS ANNA IRVIN  
Food Supervisor  
Alabama College



# Y. W. C. A.

*"Nature is a giant chameleon to God's moods, the seasons, be they cacophonous or harmonious in their evolution; and golden now, in fields of riotous plenty, she lights a myriad thankful fires upon the altars of our souls."*

—MABEL PETERS.

## THANKSGIVING

AS the first, grey light of dawn appears Thanksgiving morning, a vested choir sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. will carol hymns through the halls of the dormitories and streets of the town. Then before breakfast, as the sun rises, the entire student body will assemble on the front steps of "Main" for a few moments of united Thanksgiving. Dr. Carmichael, as has always been the custom, will speak briefly at this service, which is one of the most beautiful and impressive of all the year.

## THE MORNING WATCH HABIT

Morning Watch starts the day off just right—like set-ups or a cold plunge at camp. The Y. W. offers a few minutes pause, each morning just after breakfast, for those who wish to begin the day with a word of thanks and a hymn of praise to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift."

## VESPERS

The appeal of music—really lovely music in its proper setting—is universal. The words are forgotten, the feeling of reverent quiet and peace, which fills one's being with worship and praise, is never lost. Y. W. C. A. is answering the desire and need on the campus for a deeper spiritual satisfaction, in unique and inspiring musical devotionals conducted each Sunday evening in Calkins Hall.

The Thursday evening service is given to interesting alternations of student programs and speakers. These programs necessitate the enthusiastic support of the entire student body, from both its participants.

## FRESH PAINT

Gay chintz curtains, and the recent mark of paint brushes have converted a very unattractive room unto a bright new Y. W. tea room. Such improvements should certainly add to the flavor of the candy and the conversation—providing for the campus a rendezvous for cheery chats.

## FACING FORWARD

Again we have proof that the fate of a nation often balances precariously upon the chatter over tea-cups. An organization which plays a

vital part in every land of christendom had such a beginning. A recent visitor on the campus, Miss Elizabeth Smith, a national Y. W. secretary, tells that the Y. W. C. A. had its beginning in England in 1844 among six girls at tea. It was not until 1872 that the first American Association was formed. This was at Normal College, Normal, Illinois. There are, now, six hundred college associations with a membership of one hundred thousand.

The Y. W. C. A. program, today, has become an international one of great significance in its efforts to develop full and creative womanhood the world over.

## FRESHMEN JOIN IN THE MARCH

The student body is facing forward with one accord this year, united in spirit and aspirations, to greater attainments in Y. W. C. A. A plan that lends promise to this new movement is the organizing of a leadership group among the Freshmen. From this group fifty will be formed into a Freshman commission: twelve of these girls will function as a cabinet in the same manner as the Major Y. W. cabinet. The primary purpose of this commission and cabinet is to come in closer touch with the Freshmen through members of their own class, and to offer enlargement for Freshmen activities on the campus.

## WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF THE AIR

(Continued from page 1)

indeed be hard to measure, due to its wide scope into different fields of endeavors and activity, both in arts and letters.

"It is generally acknowledged that the programs of the Woman's College being as broad as they are, have a greater tendency to be effective than do the programs sponsored by many other groups of individuals, commercial or otherwise.

An interesting point to be remembered is that the programs of the 'Woman's College of the air', with but few exceptions, are prepared by women who are leaders in their fields of thought and endeavor. This should be an inspiration to the young womanhood of Alabama to strive to accomplish likewise."



# EDITORIAL

## AN EXPLANATION

THE idea of a Club Staff was formulated into a definite organization with two primary aims in view: First, to leave as a nucleus for next year's staff a group of students who have had some training and actual experience in editing the college publication. Second, to include freshmen who are interested in the various phases of journalism, and at the same time to enlarge the group of students participating in campus activities.

The staff is not limited to freshmen alone. It is open to any student interested in "taking a shot" at an assignment on a competitive basis.

The organization, itself, is by no means perfected. It is only representative of a new venture, but one that should prove worthwhile even in its most unfinished stages.

## STUDENT-FACULTY RELATIONS

THE social relationship between students and faculty presents an outstanding problem on the campus of many leading colleges today. These problems, each differing with the individual school are receiving a great deal of discussion and consideration from students and faculty alike.

There has been on our own campus, because of the increasing growth of both student body and faculty, a natural widening in the possibilities for social contact between the two groups. However, this tendency in itself is not indicative that student-faculty relations constitute a serious problem on our campus—for they do not.

From the freshman—perhaps the sophomore—there might be found a wide difference in opinions when approached on the subject.

But the senior passes through three amazing years of adjustments. And at the close emerges positive that faculty contact is as evolutionary a process in grasping and appreciation—as are other worth while phases of college life.

After all then, is it not the attitude of the Senior that is most indicative—?

## DUMPHEAPS OR CARDINAL POINT?

STERILE, rocky ground nursing a willing trash heap plus sagging fences steeped with the peelings of dirty white wash is called to one's mind when one students yells to another—"Uh-hu."—"let's go on the back campus."

Objectively speaking, "back" in the dictionary is defined as "lying behind, or in the rear, in a backward direction;" adverbially speaking we find "back" meaning, "not advancing, in a state of hindrance or restraint, in withdrawal or retirement." Neither abjectively nor adverbially speaking do I feel that the word "back" holds an undeniable position as modifier to the most advancing, most unhindered, and most self-assertive section of our campus.

The main dormitory receives its due and excessive amount of praise; the new auditorium is lauded a thousand times its height; the tower is cherished in its antiquity; but the most fertile spot we lay claim to is affectionately and depreciatingly dubbed, the "Back Campus."

North, dictionaryally speaking, means "one of the cardinal points." All buildings on the campus are designated as being South, West, East, or North, and their components are similarly denoted. Why not, in an attempt to lavish just deserts upon a nucleus of beauty and service for the future of our college, affectionately and appreciatively say, instead of the "Back Campus," our "North Campus"?

## TECHNALA BY MAY—IF?

THERE has been evidenced about the "Technala" office since the opening of school indications that this year's staff is exerting every possible effort so that each student may have an annual in her trunk when the lock snaps shut in May!

From the printer, the engraver and White Studio comes added assurance that the staff's efforts will be realized.

However, there is need of assurance from yet another source—the assurance of an interested, cooperative student body that contributes rather than criticizes.



# Are You Twenty-One

MANY colleges have a Junior League of women voters or, as it is sometimes called, a new voters League. On some campuses they are active; on some, they are dead; on others, they rock along asleep. We will not catalog ours just yet—it is for us to diagnose and prescribe. Last year at election, one school required a penny poll tax to be paid two weeks in advance of election. During those two weeks, there were “stump” (probably “trunk”) and platform speeches regarding the candidates running for office. Even the candidates themselves had to get up and tell why they thought they could qualify for a certain office (rather educational in itself—that process of delving into one’s own personality).

There are any number of interesting things a live league can do, and the largest girls’ college in Alabama should have such an organization. Far from perfect though it is, our league has made itself felt on the campus. Seniors will remember the election procedure (scarcely worthy of the term “procedure”) three years ago. But in the spring of 1928, the League took charge of the election and brought order out of chaos. The trouble is, it has become contented with this one contribution and only works now periodically. Last year, however, one of its members won first place in a State contest for the best essay on “Why I Should Vote.” It is also interesting to note that a girl from the Montevallo High School won first place for high school essays in the same contest.

Participation in the League activities is not something that is useless and disappears after college life. Every woman should be concerned with intelligent usage of these advantages which women of the past generation fought to

give her. The phrase “I’m not interested in politics” will not hold water for leaguers are not politicians. They are women with intelligence and foresight enough to know that their votes decide issues of public health, taxes, schools, libraries, roads, police, fire, water, playgrounds, parks, traffic, markets, weights and measures, food inspection, sanitation, garbage disposal, public utilities, reformatories, prisons, charities, peace and war. Can one find a single person not affected by some of these?

It is hard to tell whether our indifference is due to ignorance or lack of intelligence. There is no cure for the latter but the League of women voters enlightens honest, seeking ignorance. This organization was planned even before the 19th amendment, granting equal suffrage to women, was passed and it sprang in to being immediately after the law. The Girl Scout slogan “Be Prepared” could serve admirably for the League of women voters. The aim of the League is “all working together for the common good.” The purpose is to secure efficiency in government by arousing

women to their civic responsibilities, urging women to become active members of existing political parties, supplying unbiased information on public questions and supporting needed legislation.

The league is a league—and not a political party. It supports no party nor the candidate of any party. With an unprejudiced mind the League learns the facts and gives its support accordingly.

In a big movement such as this, the National League has to work through local civic and college Leagues. And since college is a rehearsal of life, we may as well learn our parts thorough-

(Continued on page 11, column 3)





# PLEDGE AND FACOTS

## KAPPA DELTA PI ANNOUNCES PLEDGES

THE Beta Lambda chapter of Kappa Delta Pi announces five new pledges among the girls of the Senior class found to be eligible for membership in the fraternity. The pledges are: Dorothy Stallworth Sadie Campbell, Evelyn Ellis, Mary Love Martin, and Juanita De Loach.

At the time of the initiation, which will take place this quarter, Lynnoytte Hall, and Edna Hinton will also be taken into the fraternity. They were pledged last spring, but were away from school when the charter members were initiated.

Dr. Carmichael was also pledged last spring to honorary membership, but could not be here for the initiation of the chapter. He will become an official member at the coming initiation.

## WILL DURANT ON THE CAMPUS

DR. "WILL" DURANT, noted philosopher and lecturer, will address the student body in the chapel auditorium, November 23 at 8 o'clock. He will deliver what he himself and many others consider his best lecture, "Is Progress Real?"

In a series of twenty addresses on psychology at Wadleigh High School is 1917, Dr. Durant broke all records of the Bureau of Lectures of the Board of Education of New York with audiences of 1300 to each lecture. The average attendance of each of his lectures last season was 1500. As a result of his long experience and his Gallic wit, Dr. Durant speaks even better than he writes.

The success of Dr. Durant's lecturing at Labor Temple, maintained by the Presbyterian church at Fourteenth Street and Second Avenue, New York, led to the promotion of two classes under him which met at Labor Temple every week for forty weeks in the year, with an approximate attendance of 1000 per week for eight years. These classes have now combined attendance of 1600 every week. From these courses came Labor Temple School—an institution which has won such a place

in the educational life of new York that its annual dinners have become the intellectual event of every season and the gathering of the most notable contemporary speakers.

The artist lecture course committee was indeed fortunate in obtaining Dr. Will Durant as one of the speakers on the college artist-lecture course program. A large audience composed of many guests from all parts of the state is expected for Dr. Durant's lecture.

## ARISE YE OF DISCONTENT, AND GIVE THANKS

"COUNT your many blessings" would be sung by Alabama College students if they took a peep into the past and saw the few privileges accorded the students when the College was first founded. The girls of today and the girls of yesterday show as strong a mark of similarity as a Fourth of July picnic and a Puritan Sunday.

Consider the eleven o'clock rush at the post office; every girl eager for mail and disconsolately turning away if "he" did not write. Cheer up and be glad that he is allowed the privilege at all, for the Maid of 1900 could correspond only with those whom her parents approved! A written permit was required from Sally Jones' parents to the effect that Sally might be allowed to correspond with John Henry Smith. In case John Henry and his family tree met with their disapproval the said permit was not granted, and he and his ladylove had to depend upon communication by souls—or through the clandestine assistance of some kind girl friend.

The mail in those pristine days was handed to the girls daily by the Matron who, finding an unknown handwriting, would, in a pseudo-hesitant manner, request an explanation. A rather amusing incident was once told by an old graduate—"One day when the Matron was handing out mail she called me, asking that I open the letter which she held toward me. I, of course, had to do so, knowing all the time whom it was from. Imagine her chagrin, and my restrain-

ed glee when I showed her my father's signature."

Today, girls leave the campus in the afternoon in every direction—some dressed in their best, going to town to glimpse the latest arrivals from neighboring institutions of learning; while others khaki clad, strike out for the hills to explore all the lovely things hidden among them. What a contrast these hiking trips are to those walks of long ago. Then, just after the last period in the afternoons every girl on the campus, formed a line, and went "for a walk" with one teacher heading the procession and another bringing up the rear. No chance to see young gentlemen, except under the militant eye of a prim instructor.

Just as the seniors, in caps and gowns, marched in a sedate line last Founders Day, so did those girls of former years, in uniform, march to church each Sunday. Everyone was required to go except in case of illness; that being the excuse the patient was properly dosed and put to bed—Church was preferred.

"Skip To My Lou" was the most popular form of recreation prevalent in those days. Dancing was taboo, in fact one indulging in such ribaldry ended her college career abruptly and returned home in "sack cloth and ashes". College life in those days for the adventurous girl held far more divers means of tasting forbidden fruits.

If one rode in a surrey one had to be accompanied by a teacher even though two perfectly able bodied parents were along. Ponder that, ye Seniors, as ye ride unhampered by faculty, from Wilton to Calera.

As to dates—they knew not your meaning of the word. Dates were still thought of in terms of food. Occasionally a brother, and care was taken to insure that he was a real one, was allowed on the campus. In order that the friends of the lucky sister might meet him, a teacher had to be properly present. Always a teacher—one's every move was in the presence of a teacher. So arise, ye of discontent, and give thanks for the changes wrought by time.



## AN ATTEMPT AT LIGHTNESS

WHEN Louise White asked me to write about my recent trip to the University of North Carolina, she said: "Make it something light," and when I objected that I seriously went to the Library and Educational Conference of the Southeast, she replied, "Now, Miss Taber, LIGHT. Tell about those lunatics you went driving with in the middle of the night." (Referring to an incident I related to a few of the more frivolous of the faculty, whom I now learn are also indiscreet.) I said nothing of this in my report to Dr. Carmichael, and only casually dwelt upon the Carolina-Georgia football game. I don't understand football, though I found watching the alumni of both universities exceedingly interesting. The other college librarians were much more intelligent, and tried to explain to me what the noises were about.

To see the Playmakers give a rehearsal performance of their own plays was a treat that nobody should miss if the chance comes. Mr. Koch, the director of these North Carolina actors, who write their plays and make their scenery too, has made a charming little theater out of a little old building that looks like a Greek temple. Once in the days before the Civil War, this was the university library. You know, North Carolina is the oldest state university, and as its buildings have outgrown their original purposes, instead of being torn down, they have been adapted to some other use, and as you walk about the campus you can trace the story of the University's growth. The second library building, somewhat larger than ours at Alabama College, is now being made into a science building.

The great new library was dedicated during our conference, that being one of the objects of our meeting there. Each time we went around lovely Chapel Hill and heard a speech from President Chase, the trustees, or officials of the university, we realized how sincerely they believe in the significance of this great library on their campus, that it is not just a great building and collection of books, but that it represents the heart of the university. Ideally speaking, it is the expression of the dignity of learning. Practically it is planned with cold efficiency to house books and make them available to persons who want to use them.

Those competent to judge hold that work of university caliber cannot be offered in an institution with

less than 400,000 volumes. The library of the University of North Carolina houses something over 200,000 books and receives 2,500 periodicals. It plans for the future. It has high hopes that this may become a great national library in the South. It is building up its bibliographical tools—indexes, catalogs, books about books without which the scholar is helpless. In fundamental reference material—encyclopedias, maps, documents, clippings, etc., it is already equipped in material written in English. It is now collecting like foreign material. Among its special collections is its North Carolina 40,000 pieces, and its national Southern collection. It has just received \$100,000 from the Carnegie Corporation for a library school.

Before our visit was over we drove through the grounds of the new Duke University, which has had a gift of so many millions of dollars. Its plans are large, but they have not yet materialized to the point where the visitor can appreciate them.

We listened to some good speeches and to a lot of clever talk in the Carolina Inn, which belongs to the University of North Carolina. Perhaps we enjoyed most Dr. Bestor's address on the "Use of leisure" at dinner on our last night. And in case you think this an abortive attempt at being "light", I shall say that we all went away quoting his happy rhyme:

"Oh, see the happy Moron,  
He does not give a damn.  
I wish I were a Moron,  
But, oh—Perhaps I am!"  
—Fanny T. Taber.

## KNOW THY-SELF BY TRAVEL

FROM the intermingling of out-of-state girls a new student organization has sprung into existence. This organization is in the form of a social club whose membership is open to non-residents of Alabama.

The club already contains representatives from eight different states—states that geographically range from northern Wisconsin to southern Florida, and western Texas.

Elinor Enerson, the President of the club, is from Wisconsin; Grace Mays, the secretary, is from Texas; Alice Stone, chairman of committees, is from Georgia. Other states represented are Mississippi, Tennessee, and Virginia.

The club was organized for the purpose of furthering social contacts, gaining new view points and enlarging the friendship of its members. The name chosen for the club is Gamma Sigma Pi, while the motto

"Know Thyself by Travel" expresses its aims and ideals.

With the opening of Hanson Hall, in the spring of 1929, Alabama College formally opened its doors to out-of-state girls. Before this time there was not a sufficient number of rooms to accommodate all the eager multitude of Alabama students. Registration for the school year 1929-30 began in January of 1929 and applications poured in so steadily that it soon became necessary to close registration to out-of-state girls, and finally, to girls within the state. Before this restriction became necessary the application of a group of approximately twenty out-of-state girls had been accepted.

With the advent of enlarged dormitory facilities, further material expansion and the progress in academic training there will come a widening field from which Alabama College will draw its students.

In time Gamma Sigma Pi will contain not only a mosaic group from all the forty eight states, but the foreign students who shall come forward to complete the unit of cosmopolitan thought.

## "HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU"

"A real birthday party", Freshman with glee.

"Yes, indeed!"—Senate member with satisfaction.

"Then must I confess my age?" wailed the distressed Senior.

"Just the date, and only one please."

Thus comes to light—one of the Senate's delightful plans for the student body—

A formal dinner will be given monthly in each dining hall honoring the birthdays in that month. A banquet table, with place cards and all decorations so vital to a real birthday party will be arranged for those students and faculty members having birthdays in that month. Those occupying the honor seats will wear "party attire" while others will don their "special occasion" dresses.

"But mine's in August"—mourned one girl—

"And mine's in September and that's already passed"—from another.

"Cease weeping, dear girls, the wise Senate shall take care of that—!"

Out of 170 freshman at Emory 135 were pledged to some fraternity. Seems that any house-broken male, can, if he chooses, wear some sort of jeweled plaque on that campus.



## TEA AND TETANUS

**D**OWN the steps into the basement of various and indistinguishable odors, past cages of guinea pigs and white mice, into the bacteriology lab—but the bacteriology “Lab” transformed.

For between peeps at alluring organisms on stained glass slides and trips to the incubator, Dr. Sharp served his students, in advance bacteriology, afternoon tea and cream cheese sandwiches.

It seems just a bit partial though, for the poor unsuspecting souls, who indulged in this course last year were only served gelatin broth and dextrose agar; having to share this with any number of bacteria.

Well, conditions are changing. Dr. Sharp has made quite a pronounced step forward, who knows; perhaps the advanced course in bacteriology, B. Typhosus, B. Prodigiosis, and other bacillus will become in time the most popular subjects on the campus—which being the case all other faculty will accept the challenge and fall in line with the teapots.

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## “A MONTH BEFORE CHRISTMAS”

T’was the month before Christmas,  
And all through the air,  
T’was rumored that the Christmas  
Cards soon would be there  
The Art club’s to sell them  
All red, and all white.  
In hopes that the students will  
Be filled with delight.  
The design it is snappy—  
The color is bright  
All waiting for you just to send left  
and right—  
They’re distinctly collegiate—  
Can be bought for a song—  
So when you start home  
Take some along.

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## SOMETHING NEW

Theres something new in the Home Economics department—even though there is nothing new under the sun.

The department expects to offer, in the winter quarter, several courses for the first time, whose subjects sound as if they might prove very interesting. Some of these may be elected by students other than those majoring in Home Economics. Probably there are others, too, who need to know something about problems of the “home.”

The first is **Special Problems in**

**Home Economics.** This is open only to seniors in Home Economics. Special individual work in one of the fields of Home Economics is to be selected by the students and approved by the head of the department. This particular course offers a wide scope for individual interests.

**Consumers Problems** will be open to seniors in all of the departments, and to juniors by special permission. If one does not intend to marry a millionaire, it might be wise to enroll here to find out something about the size and distribution of income; the position of the household buyer in the economic order; problems of household buying; and the relation of money income to family and individual welfare.

Mrs. Robson will teach a junior course called **Child Guidance.** The name explains all, pointing clearly to its very practical nature. The approach will not be from the psychological viewpoint, but scientific nevertheless.

Food and Health is offered to sophomores not in the Home Economics department. One wonders if it is not placed in that class because a year at college has so filled out the curves as to make food selection a necessity, rather than an elective.

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## SOPHS TAKE THE CAKE

### First Script Dance Goes Over Big

The Sophomore Class this year is doing itself proud. Their latest howling success was their first Script Dance given in Gym on Saturday, Nov. 9. Music was by Eddie Mahaffey playing the saxophone and Frances Mathews, Edith Hunley, and Corinne Harris taking turns at the Piano. The gym was decorated with a canopy of all the class colors, purple and white for Sophs, red and white for Seniors, orange and white for Juniors, and green and white for Freshmen. During the evening dances were reserved for the different classes, the Honor Board, Senate, Technala Staff, Alabamian Staff, Glee Club, Dramatic Club, and Athletic Board.

At 9:30 an Elimination Dance was held, and the couple lucky to win two fifty cent tickets to the Montevallo Drug Store were Mary Claire Randal and Mary Ellis Johnson. Punch was sold all during the dance to the crowd of young beaux and belles of Alabama College who enjoyed this novel and exciting evening.

“Home Sweet Home” sounded at 10:30, with everybody fully decided to keep an eye on the bulletin board for the announcement of the next Soph. Script Dance. Watch for it!

Besides this example of Soph initiative, we have the facts that they have abolished Rat Week for good as out of date and non-collegiate, have won the college volley-ball tournament, and have collected at this early date all their class dues by the painless voluntary paying method.

This class of 32 has the “Spirit of Yeast” girls—they’re rising in this world—Let’s give 15 for the Sophomores.

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## DR. PECK’S NEW PRESCRIPTION

A peculiar malady, the exact nature and seriousness of which as yet remains undetermined, has been detected on the campus.

However, investigations so far have proven the disease to be a rather rare one and especially confined to the music department. A few students outside the department have been found susceptible.

Near five o’clock on Thursday and Friday afternoons if one watched the hospital entrance there might be seen a noticeable number of students, and a few faculty members hurrying in.

They are not accosted with a thermometer, nor are they asked to open their mouths and utter the hospital pass word—“Ah ah aa”. But they are allowed to make their way undisturbed down the hall towards Dr. Peck’s spacious living room. There they drop books, violin cases, and music on the floor and sprawl among them, or find a comfortable seat near the windows facing west—and usually a lovely sunset.

Here they remain enchanted by familiar voices that come singing over the radio.

Others drop in from time to time; a few whose serene faces indicate the last stages, but more often expectant eagerness; symptoms of the earliest onset of a malady for music that is real music, and quietness that lends its charms.

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The college girl’s “P. S.” at the end of her letter to Mother and Dad is not the usual “Post Script.” but “Please Send.”



# CAMPUS WORLDS

## CZECHOSLOVAKIA TAKES FOOTBALL SERIOUSLY

IF American college students are the subject of criticism because they place too much apparent importance on football games, they may point their critics to Central Europe, where the winning of international football contests has become second in importance to the honor of the various countries only to that of winning military scraps.

According to the Outlook of the Czechoslovakian press, if this nation loses its football game with Hungary; the future of the nation is lost.

Last year when Austria beat Italy in a game at Vienna, the Italian press was so outraged at the loss that it almost seriously asked for a military invasion of the opponent's territory.—Auburn "Plainsman".

## THREE WORTHY GEORGIANS

GEORGIANS will take pride in the fact that at the celebration last week of its one hundred and twenty-fifth birthday, Columbia University awarded degrees of the highest distinction to three native Georgians: Young B. Smith, Ulrich Bonnell Phillips, and William Heard Kilpatrick. Two of these took their initial degrees at Georgia Universities: Dr. Smith was a B. S., of the class of 1909 at the University of Georgia, and Dr. Kilpatrick an A. B. in the class of 1891 at Mercer.

All three men have won high honor in their line. Dr. Smith is dean of the law faculty of Columbia University. He received the degree of LL.D. at the recent anniversary celebration. Dr. Phillips is professor of history at Yale University. He was honored by the degree of Doctor of Letters. Dr. Kilpatrick is professor of education at Teachers' College, Columbia. He, also, was made Doctor of Letters.

It will be recalled that Dr. Phillips last Spring received a large money prize for the best book of historical

research written during 1928. Both Dr. Kilpatrick and Dr. Smith have recently delivered commencement addresses at their respective Georgia Alma Maters.

A significant sentence in the citation of Dr. Phillips was the following: "Ulrich Bonnell Phillips, from the State of Georgia which has stoutly recruited our company of scholars." Such a declaration from a source so high is something to be proud of, especially when bolstered up by three such examples of scholarship and human worth as were evidenced in the persons of the three men just honored.—Columbus Enquirer-Sun.

North Carolina State College for Women charges a fee of one dollar for each makeup exam unless the student presents a certificate from the college physician. One wonders if hospital expenses might not offset the revenue from such a ruling, were a study made.

Dr. William Dehorn, head of the modern language department of Marquette University, recently witnessed his first football game. The professor came from Germany five years ago, and has taught also at the University of Minnesota.

Brown University counts among its alumni four secretaries of state and fourteen college presidents—alumni any institution could well be proud of, but Brown is much too England in spirit ever to be guilty of bragging.

Smoking on the campus at Illinois isn't done. There was a Puritan urge behind the original ban, but in these modern times it is carefully explained that cigarettes are lighted objects, and that University Hall is a rambling fire trap, unprotected by insurance.

Agnes Scott College girls lead in marriage. Six out of every ten graduates of that institution are already married. They boast an average of 61 percent in favor of matrimony, which is believed to be the highest in any woman's college in the Phi Beta Kappa group. President McCain attributes it to the location within walking distance of Emory, Tech, Oglethorpe and Columbia Seminary.

## WESLEYAN SUSPENDS STUDENT EXECUTIVES

Because students allowed risque jokes, censured by a faculty committee, to remain in a play presented here, Ohio Wesleyan University is without a student executive body temporarily, and a number of students were on probation, including Francis Hughes, editor of the college year book, and son of Bishop Edwin H. Hughes, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. (I. P.)

## NOTED SCHOLAR CELEBRATES SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

Twenty-five hundred scholars, educators, and students gathered recently at the Hotel Astor in New York City to pay tribute to "America's foremost philosopher and teacher", Dr. John Dewey, on his seventieth birthday.

Dr. Dewey's own birthday gift to the nation was his recipe for happiness in which he said:

"The most easily attained source of happiness is found in the broadening of intellectual curiosity into the concerns of life." Show some intellectual interest in things that are going on", Dr. Dewey advised; adding that, "the two greatest sources of happiness in my life have been my family and thinking.

"The greatest evil in America today", he continued, "is our internalism. We pursue happiness in external things because we do not possess our own souls," he said.

N. Y. (I. P.)



## RUBE GOLDBERG SAYS COLLEGE SPIRIT IS THE BUNK

"I MOST certainly think that college spirit in its true, native, poetic sense is the bunk. Now, wait! Don't hit me. Let me explain," Rube Goldberg sets out in the December College Humor to define college spirit.

"First let me say that I am concerned only with old age, bald headed, gouty, bulging bodied college spirit—the kind you should find in the old graduate who grasped his diploma twenty or twenty-five years ago and swore everlasting allegiance to every blade of grass that lifted its academic head upon the campus green. This is the only phase of the subject that is really important.

"The pyrotechnic display of love for the dear old alma mater during the undergraduate days must be taken as a matter of course. The undergraduate, unless he has premature hardening of the arteries, cannot help being infected with the virus of loud, glorious enthusiasm for the flaming black and blue, or was it the iridescent green and white? The so-called undergraduate college spirit isn't spirit at all. It is merely a healthy display of temporary patriotism due principally to proximity. The college boy is on a four year educational spree before going out into the world to pay his own rent. It is his college because he eats in it, sleeps in it, plays in it and studies in it. He naturally thinks it is the best college in the world, if for no other reason simply because it is his college.

"Did you ever meet any person who said your radio was better than his, or your car would go up a hill faster than his, or your dentist could pull teeth better than his? Not on your life. So, it is no surprising phenomenon that a college student likes his college—yea, loves it. It is much more expensive than a radio or a car or a dentist, and one should be that much more proud of it—if that is possible.

"You may say that when a boy is willing to break his neck for his college on the football field, he is displaying the highest form of college spirit. I don't think so. He is breaking his neck because he loves the glamour of it, and because all the other fellows are breaking their necks, and because he is just a big healthy kid who likes to break his neck. I used to try to kill myself, making points for my side in a sandlot football game, and I don't believe

I ever displayed any hysterical love for sand-lots. It is the spirit of wanting to win rather than wanting to express a love for good old Whereisit.

"The whole thing is relative. If there is any such thing as college spirit, it is the four year variety. After that, it is just like belonging to a lodge, only you go once a year, if you go at all, instead of every Thursday night. And then it's pretty hard to get good beer."

### SHALL WE SAY DITTO?

There appeared recently in the "Plainsman" the following paragraph:

Men students at the University of Illinois some time ago went on a strike against the pressers of the city and declared that they will no longer wear pressed pants.

The action is a result of the abolishment of the practice of a three-for-a-dollar suit press which has been the policy of the pressers in the city. We should wear buttonless pants for protection against our laundryman.

### BACK TO THE OLD ORDER

William and Mary College, the only college in the country having an authentic Coat-of-Arms and charter from the British crown, is changing its present Seal to conform to this non classical design. The ancient insignia has recently been discovered by President Chandler.—The Brackety-Ack.

### WELLESLEY COLLEGE PROHIBITS FLYING

The popularity of flying has added a new list of "thou shalt nots" on the Wellesley College Handbook. The dean's office issued the edict that "No student while under the jurisdiction of the College may ride in an aeroplane unless permission has been granted from the dean's office and the written consent of her parents secured."—The Critograph.

After reading the above article, students on the campus will wonder about the possible color of the flying "permission slips" that will eventually be added to the mosaic collection already to be found on the Dean of Women's desk.

In case one wished to ride, hike, spend the night out, date, and fly, all in the course of a day, and still not be offended by an inartistic combination of such colored slips, an art major has suggested RED . . . why not?

## COLLEGE LIFE IN CONSTANTINOPLE

Constantinople Woman's College today with its 450 students of seventeen nationalities resembles in appearance, thought and life, any of the foremost colleges for women in the United States.

English is the language of instruction though students of each nationality are obliged to take special courses in the literature and history of their native land. Bobbed hair, the sports clothes so favored by the American college girl, the fondness for athletics and the talk of careers after college are exactly the same among students at Constantinople Woman's College as at Vassar, Smith, or Wellesley.

—Near East Report.

### BEHIND THE SCENES

(Continued from page 3)

College is able to bring to its campus the large number of state groups of women who gather here through the summer for conferences.

Someone called Miss Irvin away and as I passed through the narrow passage way between the kitchen and old dining room, I was reminded of her interesting statement made a few minutes before—"Southern girls", she said, "think much faster than do northern girls in situations demanding immediate action." Thinking of the splendid way in which the girls serving in the dining halls had met the emergency of double shifts, I realized how especially applicable this tribute was to the group of girls working under her direction.

As I left the dining hall the gobbling of turkeys smote my ears, calling to mind another freshman impression—of tables heaped with fruit and autumn leaves. I walked on confident that each student would have her own interview, on Thanksgiving Day, with one of the most capable minded and interesting personalities on the campus.

### ARE YOU TWENTY-ONE?

(Continued from page 6.)

ly so as not to spoil the performance on the opening night.

The League on the campus is open to every college student. One does not have to be a history major or a student of Political Science. A number of students other than these will probably live to voting age, and wish to know how, why and when to vote.





### VARSITY VILLE REVIEW

**"RAIN, Rain, Rainy Weather"**—But why bring that up? In spite of the slush and mud, the "Vodvil", which was sponsored by the Athletic Board, came off in grand style on November 8.

Toot—Toot—the train stopped and out piled coat-suits, red berets, hat-boxes and what not—and Varsity Ville woke up! Collegiate "collegians" showed the latest in swanky steps and styles. Then silver and green—green and silver—swaying and swirling to the "Rhythm of the Waves". What ho! a Christmas tree? No, only the colored lights in the "Sophomore Swing", which captivated our hearts. Then a maze of black and white checks—and animal and feet of varied shapes and sizes. "Good Heavens Peduca?" "Not Good Heavens **but** Peduca!"—and we had it thus—"academically speaking" Soft strains of violin music—song—romantic promenaders—and another scene was ended! "Cinderella" and her pretty sisters acted quite modern and coy. Then in the sleet and rain, the grand finale brought the "Vodvil" to a hilarious close!

To the originators, instigators, and producers of that snappy affair we take off our—oh well, just most anything we have on. The two head men were Miss Betty Britton and Miss Helen Osband, and it is to their pep, vitality, and initiative that the praise is due. Also, to their right hand man, Miss Farrar, who had charge of the singing—and how she did "charge" it, too. The clever costumes were made under the supervision of Miss Wiley. The faithful musicians were Corrine Harris, Dudley Bell, Lucille Sellers, and Nell Reese. And lastly, what could have been accomplished without the

flunkys—Janet, chief property man; Grace Motley, curtain puller; and "undresser" —, and Izell Brown, baggage man—nothing—absolutely nothing!

The Athletic Board greatly appreciates the splendid spirit and cooperation shown on the part of the cast. Over a hundred dollars were realized, and the majority of this will go toward improvements on the camp.

Originality, pep, snap, peanuts and candy, were all there! A combination of which makes "Varsity Ville" the cleverest production of the season, and leaves a fond hope in every fun loving heart that there will be another like it before the year is over.

### BLUE RIBBONS AND LOW HEELS

Blue ribbons aren't confined to horses, dogs, and babies! Had you wandered about the campus last week, you would have declared that a division of R. O. T. C. had recently been included in the curriculum; or that the little wooden soldiers in the old nursery had suddenly come to life. The gallant, militant folk were striding along easily and nonchalantly in flat shoes, with gay blue bows perched where fancy saw an epaulet.

But you would have soon convinced yourself that you had reached the wrong conclusion, because soldiers (wooden or otherwise) do not require policemen. And there were policemen who stalked smugly about and, once in a while, triumphantly snatched a ribbon away from a crestfallen creature who had vainly attempted a stilted stroll across the campus in tottering high heels.

You would realize the serious nature of such a downfall if you had to pass the gruelling test required to merit that colorful mark of distinction.

If you do not know what it is all about by now, it is because you have not entered a single door at Alabama College; nor have you encountered a tree or bulletin board. From each of these, there smites you in the face a blazing command which you dare not disobey. Unconsciously "Head Up", "Stomach in". Shoulders straight", "Chest out", and so on "ad infinitum" soaks into your being after you have received such admonitions from a hundred silent monitors on the campus.

Its' out! You were merely seeing the effects of "Good Posture", who came to visit the campus for a week. He's a fine fellow—Good Posture—and liberal with his calling cards. His spirit still haunts the place, long after his departure, and there are high hopes that he will prove a permanent and indispensable ghost.

### WANTED—A NAME

For nearly a year the camp house has gone unchristened. Last year a prize was offered to the student or faculty member who turned in an appropriate name. But alas! The camp is still nameless.

A few were suggested; some Indian, and original names were submitted but none proved particularly suitable for the camp.

The Athletic Board wants the camp to have a name that is really characteristic of the school; a name that implies more than just nice sounding words.

There is no reason in the world why a student body of more than eight hundred, and such a large faculty cannot put on their thinking caps and bring forth a unique name for the camp.

The camp belongs to the student body, and not the Athletic Board—it is your camp. Will you not give it a name?





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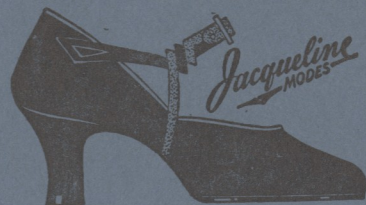




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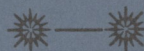
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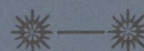
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# AbAMIAN

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# ALABAMIAN

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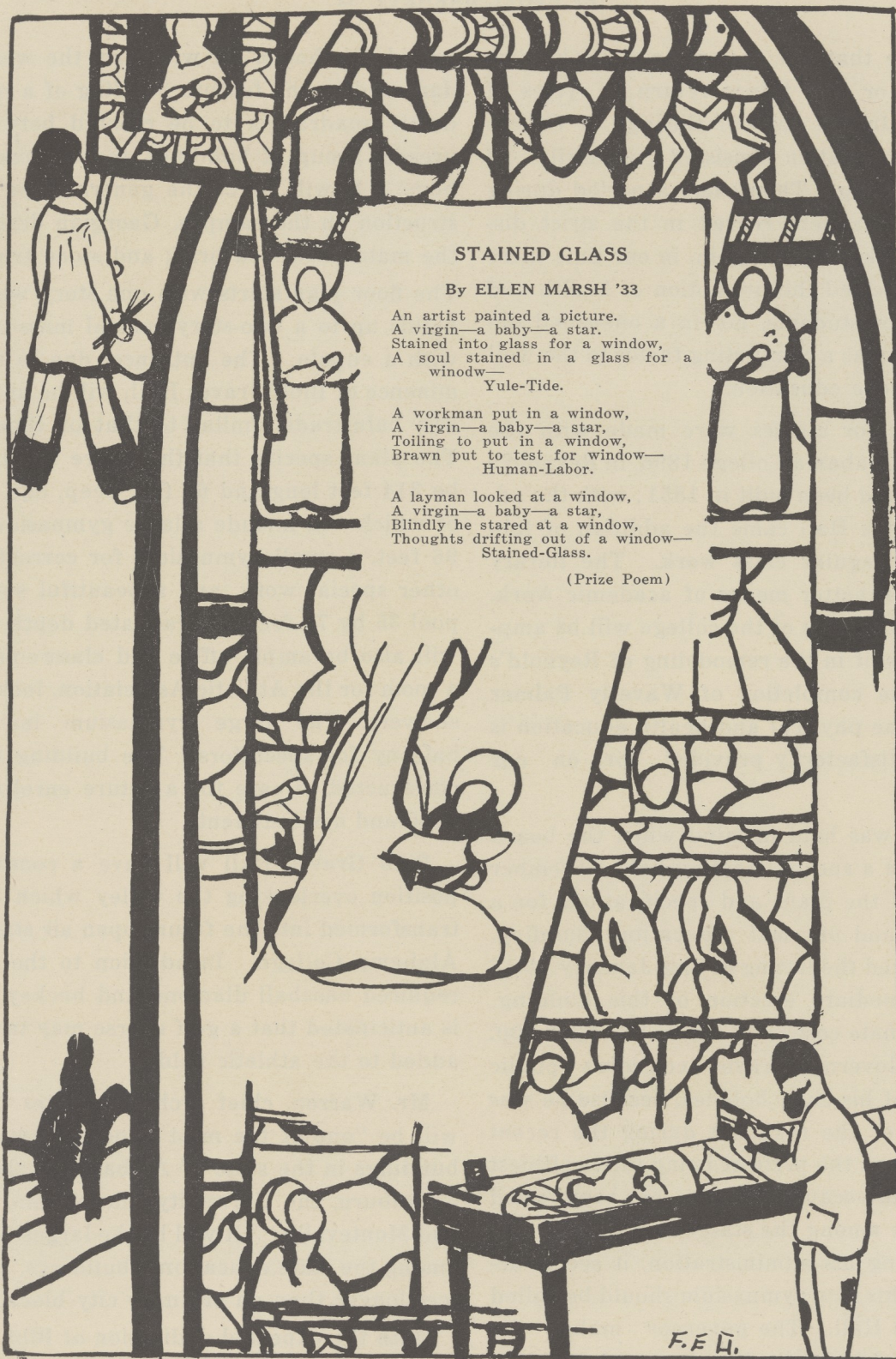
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### STAINED GLASS

By ELLEN MARSH '33

An artist painted a picture.  
A virgin—a baby—a star.  
Stained into glass for a window,  
A soul stained in a glass for a  
window—  
Yule-Tide.

A workman put in a window,  
A virgin—a baby—a star,  
Toiling to put in a window,  
Brawn put to test for window—  
Human-Labor.

A layman looked at a window,  
A virgin—a baby—a star,  
Blindly he stared at a window,  
Thoughts drifting out of a window—  
Stained-Glass.

(Prize Poem)



# Bibb Graves Hall, Future Gymnasium

By ETHEL BARNETT '32

IT IS true that old customs will be in time revived or that things return in cycles of years. In the days of the age of Greece and Rome, education consisted primarily of physical training. Then came a period during which children were reared in the strict discipline of book study. Again, in our time there has been renewed the promotion of health and recreation for students, not in a one-sided development but as a completing factor to the well rounded college education.

Provisions for classes were made with the founding of Alabama College 1896, in Reynold's Hall which had been built in 1851; with the addition of Block Hall came the addition of laboratories to regular class work. The library furnished the better means of academic work. Soon the student life of the college will be amply taken care of in the remodeling of Reynold's Hall and the completion of Waverly Palmer Hall. But the physical and health education is yet to be satisfactorily provided for on our campus.

This fact was held in mind when the board of trustees in a special meeting held November 28, accepted the plans and specifications for a new health and physical education building, and authorized the letting of bids January 10-15 for the immediate erection of this building, the approximate cost of which will be \$200,000.

Because Governor Graves considers public health one of his chief hobbies, because he was the colonel of the regiment during the recent war which took the prize of being the healthiest regiment, and because Alabama has been raised to first place among the states in Public Health Service during his administration, it seems befitting that this new gymnasium should be called Bibb Graves Hall. The governor makes the statement that he had rather have this building dedicated in his name than any other of which he knows.

This building is to be situated beyond Block Hall, back about 200 feet from the walk to the

president's home. It will form the west boundary and be the feature building of a new academic quadrangle to be created between the present group of buildings and the president's home. It will be of the general type of construction on the campus, Georgian design, and the material of red brick and stone trimmings. The floor plan starts with one story wings and builds up to a two-story central mass crowned with a cupola. The entrance, due to the prominence of Bibb Graves Hall, will be an impressive balustrade similar to that of Block Hall. The plans specify that the entire building will be 314 feet long and 60 feet deep, one wing of which will include a large gymnasium 58 by 96 feet, a small gymnasium for corrective and other special work, and a beautiful swimming pool 35 by 75 feet, of graduated depth. There will also be ample office and classroom space, a room for the Athletic Association, lockers and showers. The large gymnasium includes a balcony for spectators. The building is to be constructed to care for a future enrollment of 1500 and more students.

Bibb Graves Hall will have a commanding position overlooking the valley which is to be transformed into the future open air stadium of Alabama College. In addition to the already required baseball diamond and hockey field, it is anticipated that a golf course may in time be added to the athletic field.

Mr. Warren, chief architect, states that this will be "one of the most imposing educational buildings in the state of Alabama of the group of Auburn, the University, the Normal School, and Montevallo." It will be the largest building among the state educational buildings, being 14 feet longer than an ordinary city block.

With the expected dedication of Bibb Graves Hall on next Founder's Day, October 12, 1930, may the student body of Alabama College dedicate a portion of its spirit to the attainment of the highest possible order of vigorous, dynamic bodies of grace and physical enthusiasm.



# As Miss Brooke Explains It

AS Christmas time draws nearer every one's heart becomes filled with the good will of sharing his gifts with others. As I sat and pondered this fact there arose in my mind the question as to how these people who are helped only at Xmas time manage throughout the entire year and if there wasn't something or somebody who aided them in a definite advancements toward self-sustainment and happiness. There was, as I knew from the association of names, a department on the campus, headed by Miss Brooke that did Social Welfare work. So to Miss Brooke I proceeded.

I found her rocking before an open fire in her office, known as the dining room of Neighbor's Hall. She ceased rocking a moment, looked up from the papers she held in her lap, asked me to "have that chair and I'll talk to you in a moment," and continued "345, 1102 closed, 343, etc., etc." The curiosity which had driven me to seek her office now drove me to ask, "Miss Brooke, what's all that? You're not taking stock are you?"

She laughed at the absurdity of my question and said, "No, these are case files just handed in by my field workers." More complications, I thought, and then added, "But what are they case files of and who are the field workers anyway?" Seeing that it would be easier by far to take time off to explain it all to me than be continuously interrupted, she let the records fall into her lap and began.

"You see my field workers are the girls of the Social Welfare course who go out to study community organization, social settlement work, school attendance and visiting teacher work, juvenile court of probation work, and family welfare service. Many and all sorts of things are required of a field worker. She makes a thorough investigation and files the facts, as you see here on these cards. She has to know what she can do and what she can not do and to find out what the client can do and can not do for himself—what he needs to have somebody do for him and where to secure that service. Oftentimes her job is to persuade the client that he

really needs the services that are available.

"In our work the local doctors and specialists in B'ham have been of great help. For instance, just the other day we took a small boy into B'ham to an eye specialist for examination. The parents had secured eight dollars to help defray the expenses. The examination revealed that the child did not need glasses at all but the right sort of food. Our work now is to get in touch with the Public Health Nurse of the county and with her and the mother plan and provide a correst diet for the little boy.

"We never do anything for a client that he can do for himself or that we can persuade his family to do for him. This takes time, but it is worth the time to see a family pull itself up by its own bootstraps. Sometimes we even help plan the spending of the money that the father makes."

"How", I asked, can you few workers do any good when there are so many cases all over the state?"

The South has been slow," she answered, "in awakening to the need of organized social work. Alabama has grown recently in this field. Sixty-two of the sixty-seven counties now have Superintendents of Child Welfare, young women, college-graduates, with teaching experience. You understand," she explained, "that when the state passed school attendance requirements it necessi-

tated having officers for enforcement and the State Dept. of Education at the same time placed the educational requirements on these officers.

"When the demand came in from all the counties the Dept. realized that special training must be provided for these young women and the institution selected to give the training was Alabama College. This selection was made because this College was sympathetic with the program, and had for several previous years given a course in this work. The idea behind these first courses had been that teachers would benefit by an insight into social problems. So," she concluded "training social workers at Alabama College did not mean adding a new

(Continued on page 12)



—Photo by Yeager Studio.

MISS MYRTLE BROOKE  
Head Sociology Department



# Tomorrow's Christmas

By ELLEN MARSH '33

THE embers broke on the tiny hearth. Flaring up, they mingled enough of glow with the darkness to make objects discernible in a sort of rosy twilight. There was a shabby, lived-in, little room, a small black stocking drooping from the mantle, and a tall man slumped in an easy chair.

The teasing aroma of baking spices ebbed in through the half open kitchen door. Ann was making a cake. The rhythmic thud-thud of a wooden spoon on an earthen bowl kept in devil's time with the throb in the lounge's throat. His head swam with black thoughts—and tomorrow would be Christmas.

Presently the clock on the mantle would chime eleven and he would go in and tell Ann that he had—an errand. She would warn him about his overcoat and about covering up the radiator when he stopped. Then he would go out in the dark—.

The sensitive fingers wove themselves round and round a button. Their owner looked at them distastefully. Nerves. Couldn't have nerves now—not in this game. Had to have guts, and a cool head. But the thing was so horrible. He hated the man bitterly—feared him, perhaps—but could he go through with it? Especially since—

"God!" thru clenched teeth. "And to-morrow's Christmas!"

He started. Slowly, with the passionate exactness of a man who is putting off—something—he counted the chimes. Yes, he was going now. Going in to tell Ann. Going-out.

A few moments later he paused in the hallway to don a warm great-coat and take from the closet a small black bag, from the depths of which, as he lifted it, came the clink of steel on steel.

At the door a vicious wind tore his breath from his lips and tossed it away in blue vapor.

Perhaps the car wouldn't start.

But it did.

Thru the dark . . . trees agonized in a relentless wind. . . . After all he was young, there was still time to change . . . writhing between endless columns of Fords. . . . It would be hard to give up the game . . . sulky tail-lights glowing. . . . But death, this kind of death, with tomorrow Christmas. . . .

Under the glare of a signal light he looked, crouched there over the wheel, like a blood stained Buddha before the wheel of fate.

With a screech of brakes the dilapidated

roadster drew up before a somber mansion, a tomb.

The man alighted and went softly, swiftly, up the steps, thru the door, and on thru the dimly lighted hall. Room after chill room. Here. He halted, shuddering. Hated him—but—

His parched lips opened. For the second time that nite "God!" he said, "And to-morrow's Christmas!"

Then he went in.

Half an hour perhaps had passed when the door re-opened and the man sped silently out. The savage back to his lair. The animal back to his hole.

Home—Wheels flying. In the garage again. Back to Ann and the black stocking that drooped from the mantle. Back

the warmth and the smell of baking spices.

Ann was waiting for him. Far in the depths of the easy chair, she looked round, cuddlesome, loveable.

Hastily he tore off the great-coat, put away the insidious little black bag; but as he crossed the threshold his steps faltered. Death. The papers would read "Well Known Banker Dies on Christmas Eve." He dropped on the arm of the easy chair.

Gently Ann patted his cheek.

"Smile," she pleaded, "Don't you realize, Dr. Gordon, that tomorrow's Christmas?"

—(Prize Story).

## IN THE FOREST OF CHRISTMAS TREES

Have you heard the brave little, gay little songs of the rich dark cedars and furs?

Yes, it is gay, but it's wisful too. They murmur and whisper it over and o'er,

"And a baby will laugh,  
And a child will smile,  
Their tears all forget,  
Be it just for a while.

Then the old wiser trees of their wide knowledge creak.

Do not forget that they never return.

That the cutting will hurt, and the candles will burn.

But they whisper their song, these gay brave trees.

Though the cutting does hurt,

Though the candles do burn,

A baby will laugh, and a child will smile,  
We will have that in return.

Then the older and wiser, their heads sagely nod and they mumble and groan.

Your boughs will soon tire,

Be it Just for a night,

For the gifts, they are heavy,

The lights, they are bright.

But still they whisper their gay little tune, and they try to stand straight, and they try to grow tall.

So the babies will laugh,

So the children will smile,

And all tears be forgotten,

Though it's just for a while.

Have you seen them, these gay brave ones of the forest of Christmas trees?



# Heralds of Christmas

By ELEANOR GARRETT '30

EARLY, early, even before Santa Claus has quite finished filling all the stockings, you can hear them. Some people think they are just plain roosters crowing, but they aren't. For the tallest limb on our big cedar tree whispered this story to me a long time ago. Maybe I won't remember it quite right but—

"Once upon a time," creaked the age-old cedar, "two little merry, clear eyed brownies, had worked, worked and worked, making this, fixing that, for the children. And as they were the two oldest and wisest of all elves and brownies, they had no chance to rest, from January to January. You can easily imagine how tired they sometimes were. Usually however, they were SO busy getting the gold of a baby's smile to weave into the hair of a beautiful doll; or borrowing a little noise from the thunder to put into a drum, they didn't realize how tired they were. But just because they were busy and tired did not mean they were not happy.

"One still, clear Christmas morning, as Santa Claus and the brownies were riding slowly back to the north pole, Whisk, the oldest brownie sighed. He had three hours in which to rest for the next year's work—and as most busy people do when they have a moment of rest, Whisk, thought just how hard he had been working. But, he thought, I wish I could do just something for the world, that would be different, something that would not be a tangible gift, but a thing that they could keep tucked away in their memory, and bring out and remember and put back again as good as new. He whispered this to the next oldest brownie, Quirk, who was as pleased with the idea as if it had been his own.

"Now you know Santa Claus has a way of reading our thoughts and wishes, and as the reindeers were trotting slowly along at the rate of three hundred miles an hour, Santa Claus glanced at his oldest brownies. He noticed that the pointed, piquant little faces with their tilting little noses, and usually laughing merry eyes, looked very pensive.

"And what is this' thought Santa. 'So they want to do still more—is if working three-hundred-and-sixty-four days wasn't enough. Well, my little Whisk, you and Quirk shall have your wish.'

"But how to grant this wish was hardly an easy thing. It was to be an intangible gift, given to all alike. Santa Claus thought, and thought.

"It worried Santa Claus so much, in fact, that he took five whole hours off to think it over. Then all of a sudden he thought of the best plan. Not trusting the message to any of his brownies, he went himself to the Eagle, king of the birds. He asked if he might borrow two extra suits of feathers around Christmas time. The Eagle said he was sorry but that every suit he had would be too thin for winter.

"Besides,' added the Eagle, who is rather a gruff bird, 'It would be unheard of to see birds at Christmas, and we make it a rule not to do unusual things.'

"Of course Santa Claus was greatly disappointed, and turned around to leave. Just as he did the Eagle, half laughing, said he thought maybe he could find two extra sets of cock's feathers, and a song 'would that do?'

"Santa Claus said he supposed it would have to do, though he had hoped to be able to get a nightingale, or at least a mocking bird. He bundled up the suits very carefully and started on his trip back.

"Of course Santa Claus kept this a secret, so when two weeks before Christmas came, and Whisk and Quirk were called to come see Santa Claus they were rather surprised and alarmed.

"Whisk,' he said, 'Last Christmas you wished that you might do something else for the world. Well, you and Quirk shall. Every morning you will be allowed to awaken the world with your song. 'Tis very little, but it will help.'

"So," concluded the grumbling old cedar, "That first clear call, that echoes and re-echoes, that sounds different from any other note is not just the crowing of an ordinary cock, but is the gay, dear, whimsical little fellows, Whisk and Quirk, heralding the dawn of the days-before-Christmas. Yes, they are dear little fellows with their jaunty, rusty orange suits, and their little painted faces, turned up noses and happy eyes."



# FUDLE AND FACOTS

## OUR PRESIDENT HONORED

ALABAMA College has been recently honored by having its President, Dr. O. C. Carmichael, elected President of the Southern Association of Colleges for Women at the meeting of the Association which was held in Lexington, Ky., December 5, 1929.

## CAMPUS SERVICE

"We find that student participation musical programs are enjoyed by our chapel audiences," was a statement received recently by The Alabamian from a State College in answer to a questionnaire. Such has been the case at our own college. The spirit and enthusiasm of chapel goers has increased, may we say, approximately fifty percent with the advent of frequent student musical programs. This change, we feel, has been effected largely through the pep and enthusiasm brought before the student body in the person of Miss Farrah as she conducted community singing. Other evidences of her interest in the musical programs on the campus have been proved in the success of the Athletic Association "Vodivil" sponsored by the Athletic Association and in the Y. W. C. A. Thanksgiving choir. The student body looks forward to the musical program to be rendered at the Y. W. C. A. Christmas tree by a choir under her direction.

## OUR PANDORA BOX

The story of Pandora, who had such curiosity that she turned the key and opened a chest which the gods had filled with swarms of black and evil Spirits, is familiar to most of us. We have a similar chest upon our campus, a treasure chest, that gives forth sweet strains instead of evil spirits. Last year at the close of College Night it was presented to the winning side, and thence to the student body, so that each student might enjoy the programs of the radio world, and Alabama College is also a member of this radio world, broadcasting very frequently through WAPI Birmingham.

The month of December has been scheduled for many interesting and enjoyable programs from Alabama College. One feature was the monthly program of the Statewide Federation of Women's Clubs of Alabama on December 12. Mr. A. C. Anderson gave an address at that time on "What Women's Clubs are studying in Alabama." Miss Boykin's ensemble broadcasted December 13.

Others connected with Alabama College who have been heard during the month are: Dec. 2, Miss Mary McConagy, violinist; Dec. 5, Miss Young and Mr. Dennerly; Dec. 6, Misses Frances Matthew and Belle Mae Call Hart, in a musical program. Miss Lacey and Miss Boykin will broadcast Dec. 19, and Mrs. Chamberlin and Mr. Chalker the following day.

No sooner have we opened our chest and let fly such programs than it is refilled with others equally as enjoyable. Tune in, Student Body, and reap the benefits of your treasure chest.

## N. S. F. A.

The Fifth Annual Convention of the National Student Federation of the United States of America meets this year at Stanford University in Palo Alto, California, January the first through the fourth. The life-force of the Federation is the spirit of cooperation, for the delegates contribute and receive from each other facts concerning solutions of various campus problems.

In addition to the benefits received from the student discussion groups, men of mature wisdom, learned, eminent in their own fields, will speak on problems of national and inter-national importance.

Alabama College is glad that she can be represented at this, the only national convention of students in America, by Nathalie Molton, President of the Student Government, elected by the Executive Board, and Mary Joe Cook, Secretary of the Executive Board, elected by the student body.

## GLEE CLUB SPONSORING CONCERT COURSE

Tickets for the series of the three Glee Club Concerts have already made appearance upon the Campus. Each performance will feature an assisting artist. The first performance is scheduled for a date in the new auditorium, soon after its dedication. The artist for this concert will be Mr. Walter Spry of the Columbia School of Music at Chicago, and of Alabama College Summer School. The artist for the concerts following will be announced in the next issue of the Alabamian.

As soon as a floor plan has been worked out for the new auditorium, reserved seats for the Glee Club Concerts will be available. The price of the tickets are one dollar, which covers the entire series of the three concerts. A good sale of tickets has already been made. Students and members of the faculty are encouraged to purchase their tickets at the earliest possible date. The earnest support of all interested in the club's activities is hoped for.

## EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

Who has not heard that there is more to be obtained from college than book learning? It is because we have not only heard but really believe this familiar statement that extra-curricular activities receive so much attention at Alabama College. The mention of extra curricular activities brings to mind those things in which we participate outside of the prescribed course of study. A club feast, a basket ball game, a scene from Gammer Gurton's Needle, a Y. W. program, an orchestra concert, or even an Executive Board meeting may determine your conception of extra-curricular activities. The choice of activities is a personal matter, but the entrance of every girl into these school activities and the extent to which students engage in them is of vital concern to those interested in the highest development of Alabama College.



To some it may seem strange that Alabama College should adopt such a solicitous attitude as to what the girls do while on the campus. It is because the institution is endeavoring to teach its students how to get on in society that a program of community activities receives a large share of thought and consideration. One's behavior is more evident testimony than one's knowledge, hence it behooves the college to give greater attention to this phase of education. To meet the demands of life it is necessary to be able to adapt one's self, to participate in worthy social enterprises, and to feel responsible for their success. In order to gain these essentials, practice, and not preaching is required; experience with the crowd, not isolation; hard knocks, not the dulling influence of inactivity or continuous success.

Presidents' Council, which is composed of presidents of all student organizations, about five years ago devised a scheme of further developing participation in student activities. Group activities resulting from common interests are always emphasized. The value of each activity is based upon its contribution to the welfare of the school community and the development it affords the individuals responsible for it. In its program of development President's Council made an effort to elevate the position of activities through the establishment of a standard by which they should be evaluated. Each activity was rated with a certain number of points according to its comparative value. With every activity receiving a definite assignment in terms of points, each individual was required to obtain at least five activity points during every school year.

Realizing that no student should be over burdened with activities to her own detriment or that of the activity itself, the council catalogued the offices as to the time required for their responsibilities and determined the number and types of offices that a student should be permitted to hold. The system of evaluation included major, sub-major, and minor offices.

The system has served well, but to meet the growing needs that have arisen with the development of the institution a revision is being made. The new plan which is generally known as the point system will provide for a similar apportionment of points for the various activities. The main feature of the new system will be the fact that a certain number of points will be fixed as the maximum which a girl may secure. The division of offices according to major or minor will be abandoned. It is the

sincere hope of President's Council that this new system will lend itself to the promotion of greater efficiency in the field of student activities.

Immediately after the Christmas holidays each girl will be provided with a copy of the revised point system and the plan for its administration.

LEILA FORD '30,  
Pres. President's Council.

## DRAMATICS

### "LOOSE ANKLES" BY JUNIOR CLASS

THE play "Loose Ankles", by Sam Janney, was given in Reynolds Hall on December 14, 1929. The play had unusual merit; the lines were exceedingly clever and modern. Besides being clever it was intensely amusing. Added to the merit of the play was superior talent of the cast.

The cast included:

Ann Harper.....	Belle McCall Hart
Ethel Harper Houghton, her sister,	Alice Nettles
Jasper Houghton.....	Mary Helen Gwyn
Jessica Harper Laaton, her sister,	Eunice Sharman
Harvey Towton.....	Ruth Scott
Sarsh Elling, her aunt.....	Lucy McCormick
Katherine Elling, her aunt.....	Evelyn Fulford
Major Elling, her uncle.....	Inamurl Smith
Frances Drayton, her cousin.....	Stella Peoples
Betty Brent, her 4th cousin.....	Rachel Broadnax
Agnes, her maid.....	Martha Dickinson

#### Loafers

Andy.....	Elizabeth Vietch
Terry.....	Norine Smith
Hinton.....	Irene Merriwether
Gil.....	Grace Motley
Miss SOS States, reporter	Lila Nolen

### "SUN-UP" BY DRAMATIC CLUB

Dramatic Club Play "Sun-Up" by Lula Vollmee, will be given by the Dramatic Club about the middle of January. It is a three act drama portraying Carolina Mountain people. It is one of the few great American plays and perhaps is the greatest American folk play. The cast includes.

Widow Cagle.....	Helen Mahler
Pop Todd.....	Ruth Scott
Emmy.....	Marjory Moss
Bud.....	Inamurl Smith
Sheriff.....	Hazel Jackson
Rufe Cagle.....	Florence Stevens
Preacher.....	Sarah Majors
Stranger.....	Florence Stevens
Bot.....	Louise White

## CAMPUS BEAUTIES

The college beauties are being selected this year by an entirely new method. Four representatives are to be chosen from each class. Their pictures are to be sent in one mass, not as class representatives, to a well known artist, who as an impartial judge, will select the five most beautiful girls. By this plan those selected will be the "college beauties" rather than "class beauties."

Senior representatives: Juliette Hardy, Margaret Hodges, Helen Mahler, Lucy Holcombe.

Junior Representatives: Eunice Shannon, Carolyn Fussell, Bethany Sharman, Marjorie Moss.

Sophomore representatives: Margaret Allen Wallis, Maurine Thompson, Katherine Carol, Janice Ward.

Freshman representatives: to be selected.

## HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

Gone, but not forgotten! did you say? No, forgotten but not gone. The Home Economics Club. With the ringing of the dinner bell at 6:30 Dec. 11, membership in the Junior Home Economics Club was opened.

Any student majoring in Home Economics was invited to become a member of this organization which is sponsored by the Senior Club.

The Senior Club consists of honor students in the department. Until now the standard for eligibility has been too restrictive, therefore, the following plan has been adopted—One may become a member the first quarter of her junior year, having an average of B or approximately 208 grade points for her first two college years, the last time being the first quarter of the senior year, the requirements then being a B average or approximately 314 grade points. It is felt that this change will greatly enlarge the membership of the honor group.

The officers of the Club are President, Virginia Emerson; Vice-President, Hermie Whiggham; Sec. and Treas., Olivia Barnes.

It is the plan of the Senior group to become a part of some National Home Economics Sorority, perhaps Omicron Me. Investigations are being made.

Who wants some good sandwiches, pies, cookies? Let the Senior group know during the week. We are bakers every Saturday afternoon. Faculty members, what would you like?



# The True Christmas Spirit

By JOSEPHINE WATSON '30

**H**ATCHETS in vogue; down went trees—presents in vogue; down went pocket books. And the result—a copious assemblage of decorated symbols, a noticeable depletion of the wooden areas, a superficial air of strained reciprocity, purses emptied of their scanty dimes, the desired spirit of true fellowship disintegrated—and a poignant realization that materially, the memory book could boast a toy horn or a stick of candy, and spiritually, nothing.

“And this was the situation when I came here,” divulged Miss Tabor to whom we go for all historical accounts of our College. Although she insists that she has stopped telling when she came, “and out of the dissatisfaction which resulted from such a state of affairs, our community Christmas tree had its origin.”

It seems that it was a generally conceded fact that so many Christmas trees were a superfluity. It was a dime for this one, a dime for that one, and possibly a quarter for another. Every hall, every table, every club were the nominally proud possessors of a tree. The you-give-me and I'll-give-you feeling was current; to exchange presents was in popular repute. It often happened that a person had to make many exchanges—probably frivolous in nature, but an appreciable expenditure of spasmodic incomes. Being in on a Christmas tree was a more or less accepted inevitability. No communal interest was evident; segregated were the emblems of the Yule-Tide, and often-times, far-fetched the ideal feeling of sincerity. This condition was commonly appreciated and deplored.

Thus it happened that some five years ago when the College debating team returned from one of their interesting trips, they remarked to Miss Tabor that they were interested in the fact that one of our sister colleges had a community Christmas tree for the negroes on the campus. “And I began thinking,” Miss Tabor continued, “that something like this would be quite fitting for us. It seemed to me such a fine thing that the girls in a southern school give a tree for the negroes. We hardly see them year in and year out, but we couldn't do without them, and since there was the discontentment with so many trees, I thought this would be a happy solution. Realizing that the Y. W. C. A. was the organization on the campus whose ideals and purposes were most closely affiliated with this type of thing, I went to the President of Y. W. and

suggested that each year this organization sponsor a Christmas tree for the servants, giving a pageant at the same time. This has been done since that time.”

The pageants have been different each year, they have been held in various places; one in the grove where Dr. Palmer's house burned; one at the amphitheater; one in front of Peterson Hall; and this year, near the Music Hall. Thus the place has changed, the programs have varied, but there is still the dominant idea of one Christmas Tree—and that for the negroes. There is also the cherished Tableau in the pageant of the Madonna; around this embodiment of high ideals, the pageants have centered.

The question of who should be the Madonna was a potent one the first year. All hard feelings were to be obliterated and all prejudices forgotten if a genuine spirit of love pervaded the occasion. It was decided that to avoid any misconception of the desired purpose that the President of the Y. W. C. A. should each year be the Madonna. This seems a most fitting tribute to the idealism of Y. W. C. A. (Miss Tabor suggests that it has worked very nicely for the more she studies Madonnas, the more she realizes the many types there are.)

The pageants have done much to properly focus the feeling of the student body to the salient characteristic of such services. The fact that at one time during the year students and faculty members are united in a mutual bond of fellowship and good will, and expressing it in the well-born idea of giving to the negroes on the campus. When there were so many Christmas Trees, Miss Tabor estimated that \$200 or more was spent each year, an enormous sum considering the reality of its results. With one tree—money, interest and spirit are centralized, and the results—both material and spiritual—have been highly significant.

Perhaps you may be needed on the program, perhaps on a committee, or perhaps to light a candle. But wherever you serve, or in what capacity you serve, you will feel yourself a vital part only to the extent that you put yourself in the uplifting atmosphere of true comradeship. When the program is given, and the lighted tree stands symbolic of a noble purpose, though you are just one in the midst of the powerful student body, if you have done your part in making the Christmas tree yours, you will thrill with delight in your heart at this realization.



# EDITORIAL

## CHRISTMAS—THEN WHAT?

IN A very short time the entire student body will plunge gaily into the Christmas holidays and the delight of a two weeks vacation. The days will slip by like winged fancies. Then—what ho! The new year.

The old year will go creeping into the past heavily burdened with your joys and sorrows, with your accomplishments and mistakes.

Then back to the campus to experience the inevitable "let downs" that follow the holidays.

However, there is every indication that interesting things are going to happen so fast and thick that there will be no time for the usual reaction this year.

In January comes the outstanding event of the year, one of the outstanding of all the years, the dedication of Palmer Hall. The program will include the dedication of the new pipe organ, and the presentation of the second College Theater play. Then, soon after, plans for the famed and spectacular **College Night** begins. Many other interesting things will happen between times—. Enough, one would say, to warrant that each student pack up the old "kit bag" full of pep and enthusiasm and not be one hour late January third.

And now, the Alabamian Staff wishes you each a merry Christmas, a happy new year, in this the Christmas issue of the ALABAMIAN.

Dear Editor:

I CANNOT refrain from commenting on an article which appeared in a recent issue of the "Alabamian", entitled "Arise Ye of Discontent, and Give Thanks."

I have no idea from whom the facts set forth were obtained. That they are facts, I do not mean to dispute. I believe, however, that the spirit in which they are interpreted is a bit inadequate and therefore a bit misleading.

There is no doubt but that in the early days of Alabama College there was, as indeed there now are, students whose minds cannot adequately envisage a community enterprise, a living together as a large group, and the consequent necessity for a fixed standard of conduct by which the group shall be governed while living together.

Reference was made to the uniform formerly worn by students of the college. The **spirit** or purpose back of the requirement, however, was entirely overlooked.

Alabama College was established, in the first place, in order that the "average" girl of Ala-

bama might enjoy educational advantages. Even among the "average" there are differences in social and financial status. Moreover, the school was opened as well to girls from homes of wealth.

The self-knowledge of being dressed in an inferior or noticeably different manner is not conducive to personal contentment or comfort. It was, therefore, in a truly democratic and kindly spirit—that of equalizing conditions as nearly as possible, in the larger interest of the whole group—that the uniform was prescribed.

It served, perhaps, another purpose, also. In the early days of Alabama College, "young ladies" were not given to extensive travel. When they **were** allowed to venture outside the community, a college uniform was a decided protection!

Moreover, in those days, college life was not so well organized in the interests of "exclusiveness" as it now is—with this sorority marking a superior social standing, that society measuring a higher intellectual level, the other degree standing for a different brand of culture, etc., etc.

Whether one was conscious of it or not, at the time pictured by your contributor, a college uniform was the symbol of a certain general distinction and literary attainment; whereas today it is a gold triangle supporting three Greek letters protruding from the outermost fold of a scant handful of georgette (or less;) which proclaims in no uncertain tones that one belongs to the intellectually elite!

A reference was made also to teacher-chaperonage, intimating that to be free from it is something for which to be most devoutly thankful! I am not so sure but that to be free from teacher-chaperonage ought to be, instead, the basis for a higher insurance rate, because of the fact that the life of a teacher may now be prolonged far beyond the former average length!

In my own case, I never felt any particular necessity for a chaperone. My childhood environment stimulated self-reliance and punished undue fool-hardiness.

I think that I may truly say, however, that some of the best that ever came to me while a student at Alabama College, came through the source of teacher chaperonage.

What came to one depended largely, of course, on the teacher. Some of them did lead, or drive, a line of girls much the same as any goose driver would manage any herd of geese.

(Continued on page 12)



# ATHLETICS

## A. C. LETTERS

A FEW girls have been wearing sweaters with AC on them that is not the official AC. Several girls who have made their AC have been to different members of the Athletic Board asking about this, and saying they think it is not fair to them and to those who are to make the AC.

When we come to think about this—is it exactly fair? The girls who have made their letters had to work for them and it was not easy work but hard and steady work.

We want the AC to mean something—to be an honor, but the meaning and honor will soon be lost if every girl wears a letter that is not the real one.

We are sure these girls who have been wearing the unofficial AC did not think of it in this way or they would not have done so. We are sure that they will be good sports and not wear it until they have really won it.

Every girl in the college is allowed to wear the College Seal on her sweater. This may be gotten at the supply store. Why not get a Seal to cover the AC that you have not earned as yet?

For you girls who do not have your letter, we hope you will soon win it. Go out for class sports, and we will guarantee that you will soon get it.

## WORTH IT?

Rah, rah, rah—seniors, juniors, sophomores, and—even freshmen! Cheering is being done at this time of the year. Why? Surely nobody is uninterested or ignorant enough in athletics to have to ask "Why did Polly have on that cute red and white uniform? Or why does Barbara look so worried?"

For the past month every class has been playing basket ball—working hard on dribbling, pivoting, juggling, and shooting. They have been training, too, doing without food in between meals, sweets, and "what nots."

That may sound awfully boring, monotonous, and silly to some of you, but, it's a great little life and worth all the trivial sacrifices.

The spirit of basket ball is intangible, something that can hardly be expressed. The game is one that requires upward movements and it creates the feeling of always wanting to look upward, desiring and seeking better things. A sense of fair and clean play among fellow players is seen and appreciated. Friendships

are made and bound strong by this spirit of determination in play—this great spirit of working together toward one goal. When this goal is attained there is success as a reward and stimulus. How applicable to life

Life is a game! Opportunity is the whistle that begins the playing. The master is our referee, and our achievements express the score.

## "MENTALITY" TOURNAMENT

Mentality, according to Webster, is mental quality or power. According to the students of Alabama College, who are taking corrective gymnastics, it is quite a different thing. It is, gentle reader, a game, originated by Miss Edyth Saylor. And what a game!

If at any time recently you have seen a group of girls acting rather "goatish"—that is butting things around with their heads—we hope you didn't think they were "going back to nature". They were merely practicing "Mentality".

"Mentality a la Saylor" is a second cousin to Volley Ball in that it is played by Volley Ball rules, except all hands are banned and one literally "uses her head". A Volley Ball court and net are used, but not, most decidedly not, a Volley ball! Imagine bouncing a leather ball off your head! A large, light, rubber beach ball is used.

Twenty teams participated in the recent tournament held on the campus. Some chose common place names like Tigers, Bulldogs and Wildcats. But some, more ambitions, teams selected novel and original names like: "Top-Knockers," "Jumping Jacks," "Head-Hunters," and "Noodle-Punchers."

For days the tournament raged, and along with it raged the loser's' tournament.

The referees report several amusing incidents to have happened. For instance, during one game, the ball "fell down and went boom" with such a loud explosion that the teams scattered to the four corners of the court. Another referee declares that during one hard fought game the sum total of one team lay piled on the floor as a result of combined effort to return a "swift one".

Altho "Mentality", is whispered by some, is quite (shall we say gentle?) game we have seen several black eyes and not a few blue bumps on heads as a result of the tournament.

The class losers' tournament was won by the "Brainless team." In the contest between the class winners the "Mighty Head Knockers", knocked, the "Bouncers," bounced, the "Jolly Jumpers," jumped, and the "Eagles", roared right on up to semi-finals. "The Mighty Head Knockers" won first place in the finals.

## "PHYSIES" GO TO CAMP

"Burly's"—no end! But how they can chop wood. The Physical Education Majors, in spite of the cold weather and rain, managed to raise Whoopee on their outing camp.

Miss Britton, Miss Saylor, and Miss Grayson were the dutiful chaperones—and take it from us—the "physie" teachers are the best chaperones to be had.

And really—please don't say that you don't believe it—but we used our feeble brains! Concentrated—far, far into the night—when "the early to beders" were rudely awakened from peaceful and unrealistic dreams of millions of woven blankets by the strains of "Hot Time in Old Town To-night"—such irony!

The Freshmen Majors were initiated into camp rites and rules by the old members, who performed their job of "bossing" with great glee and gusto—and in spite of their freshness, the new physies were the best cooks yet.

## NO MORE HIGH SCHOOL TOURNAMENTS AT ALABAMA COLLEGE

The following is a letter received by the Woman's Division of the National Amateur Athletic Federation from Dr. G. R. Shannan of the State Department of Education.

"I believe you will be interested to know that the Central Board of the High School Athletic Association at their annual Fall meeting, which was held in Tuscaloosa, on Saturday (Oct. 5, 1929) voted to discontinue basket ball tournament for high school girls. They endorsed a series of district play days for girls who have won their school letters by means of our States point system, and a state play day for the girls who have won their state letters under our point system."

Every member of the Central Board, which is made up of representatives from several districts of the state, expressed as their opinion that a large majority of the school people of the state are opposed to state basket ball tournaments.



# CAMPUS WORLDS

In an interview with a group of American college students recently, George Bernard Shaw declared that Americans are a barbarous people, who are gradually returning to the ways of the red Indian.

Madison, Wis.—When Iowa students rushed onto the field here following the Iowa victory over Wisconsin, and attempted to tear down the Wisconsin goal posts, as Wisconsin students had done a year ago at Iowa, a near riot was caused.

Police, in a clever effort to break up the riot, had an accomodating spectator run from the stadium with police officers in hot pursuit. This caused such a sensation that the students forgot their battle, and left off their rioting at the goal posts.

Antioch College has introduced what is believed to be the first collegiate "Leap Week", during which co-eds do all the dating.

Attempts are being made by Turkish leaders to interest the people of that nation in American sports.

Oberlin, O.—Co-education as an American college institution began here 98 years ago, but it is difficult for Albert Brown, Oberlin College freshman from Jackson, Mich., to realize it.

In 1843, ten years after Oberlin College was formed and began admitting women students with the men, Brown's great-grandfather met his great-grandmother here.

All four of Brown's grandparents were Oberlin students, their marriages climaxing college romances.

Albert's father likewise found his mother at Oberlin, and three of his aunts met their future husbands in the student body here.

Although Freshman Brown hesitates to commit himself, he declares after looking around that he is not decided at yet to let the tradition drop.

Milwaukee—Dr. William Dehorn, head of the modern language department at Marquette University, recently witnessed his first football game. The professor came from Germany many five years ago, and has taught also at the University of Minnesota.

Princeton—Sunday evening discussion groups are being tried at Princeton university as a solution of the compulsory Sunday chapel attendance rule here, which has had such little support recently among the students. Those who attend the discussion groups need not go to church on Sundays.

In instituting the new plan, Dean Wicks is following out his own belief that one can get to the heart of religion with students far better by talking informally than by holding prayer and hymn-singing meetings.

## MORE "BULL" SESSIONS

What has become of the once popular "bull session"? We do not mean the gatherings where smutty stories are passed back and forth between puffs of cigarette smoke and gusts of coarse laughter, but those "old time" sessions—which began at nine o'clock and lasted into the "wee sma' hours"—where conversation and discussion of really worthwhile subjects was the rule. Everything from Prohibition to the settlement of the war debts was argued. Everyone had a chance to display his great or small knowledge of the subject. Everyone profited.

Everyone profited because logical and free discussion of worthwhile topics is always educative. It aids students, as no course in reading composition, or public speaking can do, to take a broad-minded attitude toward all things. It crystallizes into a homogeneous, easily accessible body the knowledge normally stowed away loosely and carelessly. It speeds up the process of thought and develops alertness. It increases the vocabulary, for in order to take a worthy part in these rapid-fire debates one must be able to choose the right word without an instant's hesitation.

"Bull sessions" are educative. We need more of them.—The Brackety Ack.

## NEW STADIUM DEDICATED

The new million dollar Portes Gil Stadium in Mexico will be dedicated on November 20, by a game between the Sewanee Tigers and the University of Mexico. The Sewanee football team received a personal invitation from the President of Mexico to participate in this game and he is to pay all expenses of the visiting eleven from his own personal income. An elaborate program of entertainment and sightseeing has been arranged for the Sewanee team—The Tech.

## CALIFORNIA CO-EDS GET 2:00 A. M. CURFEW

Los Angeles—Two o'clock in the morning has been set as the deadline for coeds at the University of California at Los Angeles to return from dates. This decision was reached at a woman's council meeting headed by Mrs. Helen Matthewson Laughlin, dean of women. The time limit for week night dates was set at twelve o'clock. Freshmen have been limited to two week-end dates only; sophomores have been limited to two week-end dates and one during mid-week, while upper classmen may use their discretion so long as they are in their rooms before the deadlines. Special regulations governing houses where girls are staying were also discussed.

## TAKES CHARGE OF COLLEGE

Jackson, Miss.—Miss Nellie Kiern, vice president, Mississippi State College for Women, Columbus, was recommended by Gov. Bilbo, recently, to take charge of the institution pending selection of a successor to Dr. John Clayton Fant, deceased. A successor to serve out the unexpired term of President Fant will be selected by the board of trustees.



### HIGH GRADES, HIGH WAGES

Statistics gathered for the past twenty years at the University of Kansas show that those who receive high grades in college are more likely to earn higher wages than those who receive low marks. The experimenters found that the upper ten per cent of the class increased their salary rapidly over a period of years.—The Critograph.

### EDUCATIONAL DEVELOPMENT BELOW THE POTOMAC

Dr. William F. Russell, dean of Teachers College, Columbia University, in his report to President Nicholas Murray Butler, remarks engagingly upon the relatively recent development of education in the Southern States, saying that he regards this as the most significant lesson which foreign students can learn and carry back to their respective countries.

"At the present time the South affords the North and West examples of the best that is found in American education, especially in certain aspects of State school administration and rural education," Dean Russell said in his report.

Continuing, Dean Russell says:

"Many countries in the world today curiously resemble the South of a generation ago. There is the same spiritual discouragement resulting from unsuccessful welfare, the same economic depression due to losses of men and property, the same inability to forge ahead and the same pride and self-reliance that refuse to ask for aid and scorn it when offered.

"From the educational experiences of the South the foreigner can see what to imitate and what to avoid. Of special interest are the long efforts to provide schooling for all, the tendencies toward democracy, the development of the science of education, the attempts to solve the educational problems of the Indian and Negro and the experiences in the Philippines and in Porto Rico.

"Sixty years ago the United States faced the problem of rehabilitation of the South. In a sense the whole world is facing this same question in relation to certain backward countries today. Everywhere there are war-ridden areas populated by proud peoples who are dispirited and economically impoverished, whose advance is blocked because they lack men of vision, men of training, an economic base and schools.

"It is in the nature of novel experience for evidences of Southern genius to be commended to foreigners."—(Reprinted.)

### MONTCLAIRE VARE CUP GIVEN YALE STUDENT

Montclair, N. J.—The Montclair Vale cup for 1929 is to be awarded to Saunders MacLane, of Norwalk Conn., who has the highest scholastic record ever attained by a Yale undergraduate. The cup is to be given annually hereafter to the Yale senior who is the best scholar.

MacLane made an average for the first three years of his work of 96½. The lowest grade he ever got was 87½ for one term in his freshman year. In three years he has had nine term marks of 100.

### AS MISS BROOKE EXPLAINS IT

(Continued from page 3)

course to the curriculum but enlarging the course already offered."

This and much more I learned from my chat with Miss Brooke as we sat baking before her hospitable fire. But other facts I learned from other sources. Among these, that the first course in sociology in the state was taught by Miss Brooke at Alabama College, during the session 1912-13; that she has been foremost in contributing toward the development of scientific social work throughout the state; that she was the inspiration of the "Myrtle Brooke Scholarship Fund" at our college; that through her wisdom and foresight the establishment of the department of Social work at this college was made possible, and that she continues to lend every assistance possible to any individual organization on the campus.

Miss Brooke is a native of Canton, Georgia. She received her A. B. degree from Peabody College, and studied at the University of Chicago and Columbia University where she took the Masters Degree in Sociology.

### LETTER TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from page 9)

In the **choice** of a chaperone, however,—and at least we could choose for ourselves to that extent—one had an opportunity oftentimes to get for one's self that which Dr. Vaughn recently characterized as a rare privilege belonging to the college woman,—association with the real aristocrats.

Can you imagine anything more genuinely helpful or delightful, more stimulating or inspiring, than a two hour walk over the hills and dales surrounding Montevallo, with a **really-truly** teacher, one who had something worthwhile to give to young students, and who gave it without self consciousness or affectation?

During many of those teacher-chaperoned walks, poets and authors studied in class were made to live by

the teacher; problems discussed in classes were illuminated by a free, frank, friendly discussion between teacher and pupil; the best in the teacher unconsciously passed to the pupil; a basis was formed for a larger friendship and friendliness than was possible in hurried and distracted class room procedure.

When one stops to think about it, is not something lost to both teacher and student through the wider separation of their social life which marks the modern college?

I have no disposition to "hark back to the old". I am out and out for progress. I look forward to the day when there may be at Alabama College a truly self-reliant, self-restrained, self-governed, "self-starting" student body.

I stoutly maintain, however, that the much-talked-of "Spirit of Alabama College" really existed and thrived in the old days, despite the co-called teacher handicaps. Moreover, the student morale was really a credit to the institution.

And I sincerely believe that any criticism of the old regime, or any comparison of it with the new, should carry with it at least an attempt to catch the spirit of it, and an understanding of the general social order which prompted and supported it. Is it not in that spirit that real progress is possible?

The old regime, after all, differs from the new in exactly the same relative proportion that the general social order of that day differs from the general social order of the present day. That it was worse or better can best be determined by a correct estimate of which best served, or serves, the common end sought, namely: the development of a dignified and dependable young womanhood which is capable of responding adequately to the intellectual, social and moral demands of society.

Every change in the general social order offers a challenge to those who foster and enjoy it. The change from teacher to student self-chaperonage, while placing the responsibility where it morally belongs,—upon the individual, carries with it also a distinct challenge and a decided personal responsibility.

Association, enforced or otherwise, with those who are older, wiser, more experienced and more mature, however, may serve to reinforce the morale of youth, no matter how strong and dependable it may be already. Such association, therefore, one may well be thankful for, and not, necessarily, thankful from.

Yours very sincerely,  
FLORA BELLE SURLES ('15).



# "Now, Where Does Mary Live?"

Abercrombie, Thelma	Montgomery, Rt. 5	Bradford, Elizabeth	Linden	Coble, Josephine	B'ham, 201 W. 9th Court
Alexander, Lucile	Newville	Brannon, Virginia	Roanoke	Cocke, Justina	Demopolis
Allan, Kathleen	Helena, Rt. 1	Brannon, Mary Evelyn	Headland	Coffield, Minnie	Delta
Allen, Mary	Montevallo	Bransford, Margaret	Ensley, 2032 26th St.	Coleman, Anne	Selma (Montevallo)
Allen, Mildred M.	Ensley, 2705 Ridgeway Av.	Brantley, Imogene	Evergreen	Colley, Sarah	Brandidge
Alsobrook, Virginia	LaGrange, Ga.	Brantley, Mary	Evergreen	Collier, Laura F.	Wetumpka
Amos, Marie	Keener	Brock, Jeannette	Anniston, 1729 Leighton	Collins, Eugene	Gallion
Andrews, Cornelia	Louisville	Brock, Virginia	Decatur, 701 Canal St.	Collins, Evelyn R.	B'ham, 528 10th Court St.
Armbruster, Mary Eva	Talladega	Brodnax, Rachel	Eutaw	Collins, Ruby	Ashford, Rt. 1
Ashurst, Mary Winston	East Tallassee	Brown, Clembentine	Ozark	Colvin, Allene	Albertville
Ashmore, Cecil	Scottsboro	Brown, Hilda	Tallassee	Combs, Mary Joe	Roanoke
Atkinson, Dorothy	B'ham, 3320 Cliff Road	Brown, Ila Merle	Jasper	Cook, Josephine	Butler
Auston, Codie Lee	Daleville	Brown, Izelle	Banks, Rt. 1	Cook, Mary Joe	Fairfax
Avant, Alpha	Electric	Brown, Myrtle	Vincent	Cook, Mildred	Butler
Averyt, Elizabeth	B'ham, Rt. 1	Bryant, Virginia	Siluria	Cook, Nina	Butler
Averyt, Estelle	Orrville	Buckner, Ella Louise	Headland	Copeland, Margaret	Attalla
		Buckner, Sarah Frances	Headland	Copeland, Marguerite	Bessemer
Bailey, Inez	Evergreen	Bullard, H. W.	Anniston, 1530 W'stock Av.	Cory, Lucile	Prattville
Bailey, Marion Holt	Auburn, 128 S. Gay St.	Bullock, Meredith	Geneva	Cottingham, Margaret	Montevallo
Bailey, Mary Agnes	Gordo	Bullock, Elizabeth	Geneva	Cotton, Louise	Tallassee
Baker, Katherine	Alexander City	Bumgardner, Alice	Bessemer, Box 284, C. H.	Couch, Maxine	Guntersville
Baldwin, Lillian	Dothan, Rt. 7	Burdette, Martha	Blossburg	Counselman, Elizabeth	Foster Falls, Va.
Bandy, Dorothy	Gadsden, 1117 Sixth Ave.	Burge, Edwina	Grove Hill	Coward, Lettie	Banks
Barber, Annie Lee	Lineville	Burgess, Norma	Brewton	Cox, Martha	Ashville
Barclay, Iva Lee	Scottsboro	Burks, Dorothy	Ensley, 2222 Ave. J.	Creighton, Nellie	Whitley
Barker, Anne	Jackson, Miss.	Burns, Carmen Ersel	Monroeville	Crenshaw, Clara	Greenville, Rt. 6
Barnard, Kathryn	Arab	Butler, Leota	Greenville	Crook, Helen	Monroeville
Barnes, Katherine	Eutaw	Butler, Laurice	Greenville	Croom, Ineor	Pansy
Barnes, Mary Augusta	Talladega, 116 So. St.	Bynum, Mildred	Lineville	Crostwaite, Annie Joe	Moulton
Barnes, Olivia	Plantersville	Byrd, Rosa Nell	Frisco City	Crowder, Ruth	Lanett
Barnett, Audrey	Ensley, 2026 29th St.			Cruit, Edith	Atmore
Barnett, Ethel M'tgomery	408 Cloverdale Rd.	Cabaniss, Mildred	Trussville	Cummins, Tommie Lee	Ashford
Barnett, Evelyn	Monroeville	Caddell, Avis	Brent	Cumby, Currie	Quinton, Rt. 3
Barnett, Frances	Monroeville	Calder, Janice A.	Talladega	Culpepper, Elsie	Cuba
Barnett, Sara	Selma, 318 Union St.	Caldwell, Elizabeth	Adamsville	Cunningham, Frances	Aliceville
Barr, Margaret	B'ham, 3921 Bessemer Blvd.	Caldwell, Mattie Leah	Akron	Cunningham, Margaret	Aliceville
Barrett, Esther L.	Bessemer, 1728 8th Ave.	Campbell, Julia	M'tgomery, 106 Thorne Pl.	Currie, Barbara	Atmore
Barton, Annie Mary	Demopolis	Campbell, Sadie	Fort Payne		
Bates, Geneva	Huntsville, Eighth Ave., W.	Cantrell, Maureen	Pratt City, Rt. 2	Dale, Annie Louise	Camden
Batson, Estelle	Lanett	Carmichael, Charlotte	Newton	Daniel, Elizabeth	Cedar Bluff
Battle, Jacque	Ashby	Carmichael, Ruth	Goodwater	Davidson, Bonnie	Cordova
Bean, Dovie	Adger, Rt. 1	Carney, Winifred	B'ham, 306 Princeton Av.	Davies, Dorothy	Gadsden, 8th St.
Bean, Euda	Adger, Rt. 1	Carpenter, Dora	New Hope	Daughtry, Nellie	Hartford
Bean, Ruth	Heflin	Carpenter, Virginia	New Hope	Davis, Bernice	Talladega Springs
Beaty, Iva	Boaz	Carroll, Kathryn	Ozark, 60 East Ave.	Davis, Daisy	Tuscumbia, 706 N. Main
Beckham, Hilda	Kinston	Carroll, Louise	Ozark, 60 East Ave.	Davis, Dorothy	Tuscumbia, 706 N. Main
Bell, Edna Steele	Boligee	Caton, Louise	Selma, 19 Church St.	Davis, Ellodee	New Market
Bell, Margaret D.	B'ham, 5407 Ga. Rd.	Carter, Emma Knox	Geneva	Davis, Evelyn	Anniston, 1400 Leighton
Bennett, Lucile	Butler	Caruthers, Anne	B'ham, 3201 12th Ave., N.	Davis, Hazel	Citronelle
Bethune, Jim	Clayton	Catanzano, Helen	B'ham, 1129 N. 13th St.	Davis, Mary Elizabeth	Prattville
Black, Hattie Lee	Montevallo	Catanzano, Teresa	B'ham, 1129 N. 12th St.	Davis, Margaret	Vincent
Black, Marjorie	Montevallo	Caughran, Vera Sue	Talladega	Dees, Hazel	Franklin
Blackerby, Dorothy	Uniontown, Box 217	Causey, Lucy	York	DeHoll, Elizabeth	B'ham, 1701 S. 16th Ave.
Blair, Allison	Centre	Chandler, Agnes	Andalusia	DeLoach, Junita	Thomasville
Blair, Sara	Hartselle	Chandler, Mayme	Andalusia	Densmore, Maudie Mae	Woodward
Blake, A. Ensley	Rt. 1 c/o Edgewater Store	Chandler, M. J.	Bessemer, Dartmouth Ave.	DeShazo, LaVerne	Leeds
Blake, Kate	Heflin	Chandler, Rubie	Andalusia	Dickinson, Martha	Evergreen
Blaum, O.	B'ham, 1513 Grove Pl., Homewood	Chappell, Mary Frances	Alexander City	Dickinson, Mildred	Grove Hill
Bledsoe, Annie	B'ham, 102 Cotton Ave.	Chester, Grace	Camp Hill	Dimick, Catherine	B'ham, Glenwood Ave.
Bledsoe, Martha Kate	Armstrong	Childress, Dorothy	Bessemer, 1516 3d Ave.	Dinsmore, Frances	Decatur, 339 Sherman St.
Bonner, Sara Miller	Camden	Christian, Ruth	Columbiana	Dix, Mary Vernon	Decatur, 304 Line St.
Boone, Mildred Norma	Wedowee	Clark, Charlotte	Dozier	Doane, Kathleen	Abbeville
Bosworth, Helen	B'ham, 2514 7th Ave., S.	Clark, Martha Mildred	Dozier	Dodson, Evelyn	Reform
Bouldin, LaVonne	Scottsboro	Cleveland, Lucia	Centerville	Douglas, Maxine	Opp, 209 College St.
Bowerman, Mary	Blountsville	Cloud, Merle	Prattville	Dowdey, Perry Frank	Labuco
		Cobb, Bernice	Huntsville, 507 C. St.	Dowell, Mary	Macon, Ga.



Dozier, Katherine	Union Springs	Goff, Majorie	Enterprise	Hill, Ernestine	Auburn, 271 S. Gay St.
Duckworth, Trannie	Kennedy	Goldblatt, Rosie	Marion	Hill, Georgia	Russellville
Dunlap, Blanche Louise	Ensley, 2506 Ave.	Gordon, Junita	Deatsville	Hill, Margaret	B'ham, 1030 N. 24th St.
Dunn, Clara	Gadsden	Gosdin, Doris	Goodwater	Hill, Thelma	Lanett
Dupuy, Ruth	B'ham, 2501 Bessemer Blvd.	Graham, Mildred	Huntsville, 488 C. St.	Hinote, Ella	Brewton
Earnest, Agnes	Cordova	Graham, Emaleen	Prattsville	Hinton, Edna	LaPine
East, Charlotte B'ham, 1630 S. 29 Ct., H'w'd.		Granade, Lillian	Brilliant	Hix, Donna	Greensboro
Eatman, Betty	Pell City	Grant, Mildred	Livingston	Hixon, Maiben	Monroeville
Edwards, Martha Kate	Enterprise	Graves, Ouida	Russellville	Hodges, Mar. M'tgomery, 1108 Frdler Ave.	
Edwards, Pauline	Tuskegee	Graves, Sue	Russellville	Holbrook, Mary Frances	Akron
Eich, Lois	Fort Davis	Gray, Virginia	B'ham, 808 Cotton Ave.	Holbrook, Sara	Akron
Eiland, Vera	Sprott	Greene, Bernice	McCollough	Holcombe, Lucy	Calera
Elliott, Levice	East Tallassee	Griffin, Ellen	Carrollton	Holley, Elizabeth	Holley
Ekworzel, Anna	Pell City	Griffin, Estelle	Carrollton	Holman, Doris	Hartford
Elliott, Julia	Carrollton	Griffin, Evelyn	Talladega	Holmes, Mary Helen	Abbeville
Ellis, Evelyn	Columbiana	Griffin, Floyce	Montevallo	Hood, Mary	Carrollton
Ellis, Louise	Columbiana	Griffin, Katherine	Talladega	Hooten, Kathleen	Ashland
Emerson, Virginia	B'ham 4101 N. 33rd St.	Grimes, Anne H. Montgomery, 306 Sayre St.		Houston, Mary Stewart	Hartselle
Enerson, Elinore	Barron, Wisconsin	Gwin, Mary Helen	Tensaw	Howard, Mary Toler	Lowndesboro
Ennis, Evelyn	Montevallo	Hackmeyer, Anna Gertrude	Mobile	Howell, Kathleen	Mount Hope
Fant, Ruth	Fairfield	Hadaway, Marie	Jasper	Howell, Sarah Annie	Ozark, 70 Newton St.
Farr, Clara Mae	Detroit	Haffner, Artie Mae	B'ham, 118 S. 60th St.	Howell, Sarah Frances	Stroud
Fenn, Mary Joe	Brantley	Hall, Margaret	B'ham, 1138 N. 13th St.	Howle, Luroine	Hightower
Finch, Maybelle	Lamison	Hall, Lynnoytte	Albertville, Rt. 3	Howton, Gladys	Bessemer, Rt. 5
Fisher, Marianna	Electric Mills, Miss.	Hamilton, Carmon	Sweetwater	Huddleston, Roberta	Deatsville
Fleming, Ruth	Ozark	Hamilton, Louise E. Demopolis, 406 Wash. S.		Hudson, Frankie	DeArmanville
Floyd, Belva	Abanda	Hamilton, May J.	Talladega	Huff, Sarah	Yolande
Floyd, Bessie	Abanda	Hammond, C. Margaret	Columbiana	Huffman, Agnes	B'ham Belview Hts.
Fondren, Ruth	Centerville	Hamner, Arnita	Loachapoka	Humphrey, Jean	Decatur, 428 Johnson St.
Ford, Leila	Hartford	Hamner, Edyth	Lisman	Hunley, Edith	B'ham 2522 29th St., West
Ford, Ruth	Woodward	Hanlin, Mary Plant	Plantersville	Hunt, Mattie	Vincent
Ford, Martha	Alexander City	Haney, Pattie	Woodward	Hurd, Aloise	Brewton
Ford, Sarah Josephine	Decatur	Harden, Mary C. B'ham, 4128 Court S. Cen.		Hurd, Marguerite	Brewton
Foshee, Carrie	Clanton	Hardy, Juliette	Brewton	Hutto, Ellen	Pinson
Foshee, Georgia Mae	Red Level	Harper, Agnes	Beatrice	Hybart, Rebecca	Hybart
Foster, Mary Lee	Franklin	Harmon, Margaret	McCalla	Hyndman, Martha	Mobile, 411 Mich. Ave.
Foster, Ruth "Zookus"	Manchester	Harmon, Nelle	B'ham 1421 N. 22nd St.	Ingersoll, Frances	Battles Wharf
Fraley, Flo	Marion Junction	Harris, Corinne	Flomaton	Israel, Jean	West Blocton
Frederick, Jamie	Opelika	Harris, Elizabeth	Monroeville	Ivey, Evelyn	Luverne
Frieze, Myrtle	Talladega, Rt. 1	Harris, Leonora	Barton	Jackson, Hazel	Deatsville
Fulford, Evelyn	B'ham	Harris, Ollie	Abanda	Jackson, Rebecca Sue	Lineville
Fuller, Frances	M'tgomery, 1144 S. Perry	Harrison, Margaret	Selma, R 1	Jacobs, Mary Catherine	Goodwater
Fuller, Marie	Alexander City	Hart, Bell McCall	Selma, Church St.	Jeffers, Elizabeth	Glencoe
Fuller, Nora	Alexander City	Hart, Inez	Dothan	Jenkins, Kathleen	Scottsboro
Fulton, Anndora	Bessemer, 515 S. 27th St.	Hart, Jessie	Lanett	Jennings, Pauline	Camp Hill, Rt. 1
Fuqua, Mary	Clayton	Hart, Taska	Blountsville	Jester, Julia	Camp Hill
Fussell, Carolyn	Decatur, 715 Ferry St.	Harvey, E. V.	Atmore	Johnson, Estelle	Pike Road
Fussell, Marjorie	Decatur, 715 S. 27th St.	Harvill, Sara J.	Jasper, 2104 Euclid Ave.	Johnson, Louise	Grand Bay
Galloway, Opal	Frisco City	Hassell, Lessie	Holly Pond	Johnson, Mary Alice	Georgiana, Rt. 1
Galloway, Elsie	Frisco City	Hatcher, Dorothy	Hartford	Johnson, Mary Ellen	Banks
Garren, Susan B. Decatur, 346 Sherman St.		Hawkins, E. Bessemer, 2304 Dartmouth Av.		Johnson, Wilma Adine	Vernon
Garrett, Eleanor	Dadeville	Hayes, Mrs. (Ester K.)	Hanceville	Johnston, Myrtle	Canton, Ga.
Garrett, Elizabeth	Dadeville	Hayes, Mary	Thomasville	Jones, Aileen	Prattville
Garrett, Oleene	Pine Apple	Hayley, Mary Ling	Satsuma	Jones, Etta Ruth	Cedartown, Ga.
Garrett, Willie	Uriah	Hayley, Sarah Ann	Satsuma	Jones, Frances L. Bessemer, 303 Jeff's'n Av.	
Garrigues, Sue	Louisville, Miss.	Haynes, Annie Maude	Ashland, Rt. 2	Jones, Helen	Keener
Gates, Jennie	Mt. Willing	Haynes, Irma	Lineville	Jones, Lillian	Quinton
Gibbons, Elizabeth	Bay Minette	Hayssen, Ida	Mobile, Kenneth St.	Jones, Mamie	Selma, 115 Lamar St.
Gibbons, Mary	Abbeville	Hayssen, Miriam	Mobile	Jones, Mary Evelyn	Columbus, Ga.
Gibbs, Frances	Crossville, Rt. 1	Heald, Clennie Jane	Ashville	Jones, Nina	Collinsville
Gibbs, Mary Frandes	Hefin	Heath, Vivian	Montevallo	Jones-Williams, Marion	Montevallo
Gibson, Marguerite	Hartselle	Hefin, Josephine	Moulton	Jordan, Edwina	Sylacauga, 1100 S. Bdwy.
Gilliland, Mildred	Roanoke	Hefin, Madeline	Moulton	Jowers, Rubye Alice	Seman
Glasgow, Martha	Belgreen	Helms, Vera B.	Opp, 208 Park Ave	Karrh, Dorothy	Carbon Hill
Gloster, Mary	B'ham, 1027 30th St.	Helton, Martha	Abbeville	Kaylor, Eunice Lee	Millport
Godfrey, Annie L. Pensacola, Fla., Box 155.		Hendon, Nelle	Gadsden, 1128 Walnut St.	Kaylor, Jessie Mae	Millport
Goff, Margaret Louise	Ozark	Hester, Beulan	Russellville, Rt. 3	Kemp, Louise	Bessemer, 1609 2nd Ave.
		Hicks, Myrtice	Andalusia, Rt. A.	Kendrick, Esther	MaCalla
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Kendrick, Annie Ree	Montevallo	McKinnon, Annie Ruth	Geneva	Nelson, Evelyn	Daphne
Kennedy, Nell	Clayton	McLane, Helen	Talladega, S. St.	Nettles, Alice	Monroeville
Kilgore, Elizabeth Gadsden 409 Haralson Av.		McMillan, France	Decatur, 709 3rd Ave.	Nettles, Julis	Tunnel Springs
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Kincaid, Gwendolyn Leeds, 2724 Ashv. R., N.		Mahaffey, Martha	Montevallo	Nichols, Madeline	York
King, Dorothy M'tgomery, 5 Finley Curve		Mahler, Helen	Loxley	Nix, Bernadine	Opp
Kirby, Sarah	Marion Junction	Majors, Sara	B'ham, 2111 Humbolt Ave.	Nolen, Lila	Alexander City
Kirk, Lorene	Gordo	Marsden, Pauline	Ragland	Nolen, Mary Elizabeth	Alexander City
Kirkpatrick, Berta	New Castle	Marsh, Ellen Morristown, Tenn., 620 2d St.		Norman, Elizabeth	Union Springs
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Knox, Mabel M. Ensley, 2831 W. 20th St.		Martin, Madeline	Pell City	Northrup, Mazie	Uriah
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Kroell, Patty	Montevallo	Martin, Ruby	Greensboro		
Krout, Maxine	Bren	Martin, Zona	Enterprise		
		Matthews, Frances	Five Points	O'Barr, Virginia	Morris, Rt. 1
Lacey, Esther	Maylene	Matthews, Hazel Pauline	Scottsboro	Olive, Lucy Mae	Moulton
Lancaster, Emma Pearle	York	Matthews, Sarah	Camden	Orr, Dannie	B'ham, 133 Richardson Ave.
Land, Mary Evelyn	Tallassee	Maulsby, A. L. Decatur, 520 Gordon Dr., E.		Orr, Georgia	LaFayette
Langston, Sarah	Ashby, Rt. 1	May Bernice	Selma, 715 Dallas Ave.	Orr, Mary	LaFayette
Lanier, Irene	Talladega	May, Eugenia	Selma, 715 Dallas Ave.	Osborn, Aline	Heflin
Lassiter, Myrtle	Hope Hull	Mays, Grace Gertrude	Dallas, Texas	Owen, Annie Seay	M'tgomery, 1031 S. McD.
Latimer, Carolyn	Geneva	Megginson, Bernice	Grove Hill	Owens, Carol	Pleasant Ridge
Latimer, Ruth	Geneva	Merrill, Frances	Andalusia	Owen, Mary Ruth	Fort Payne
Launius, Ellen	Warrior	Merritt, Annie Laurie	Dixiana	Owings, Marietta	Carrollton
Lawlis, Mary Agnes	Jackson	Merriwether, Irene	Atmore		
Leak, Evelyn	Bay Minette	Metcalf, Elizabeth	Hartford	Page, Charlotte	Opp
Lee, Martha	Haynesville	Methvin, Mary Lou Eufaula, 224 Barbour St.		Painter, Marie	Albertville
Lewis, Frances	Montevallo	Miller, Bessie	Geneva	Painter, Orene	Albertville
Lewis, Mary Nell	Montevallo	Millican, Lucile	Bqaz	Parker, Annie M. Bessemer, 417 Fairfax Av.	
Levie, Mary Frances	Sylacauga	Milner, Ruby	Glencoe	Parker, True	Sylacauga, 1020 Main St.
Lide, Sarah	Selma, Rt. 1	Mitcham, Evelyn	Bessemer, Rt. 3	Parker, Dorothy	Columbiana
Linch, Emily	Haleburg	Mitchell, Eugenia	Sycamore	Parnell, Elizabeth	Maplesville
Little, Dora	Mobile, 7 N. Catherine	Mitchell, Helen	Hamilton	Parkman, Ruth	Langdale
Little, Mary	Mobile, 1154 Palmetto	Mitchell, Jack	Hamilton	Parrish, Claudine	Ashland
Littleton, Minnie	Blountsville	Mizell, Josephine	Samaon	Parrish, Lucille	Midland City
Liston, Jean	Decatur, 302 Line St.	Mobley, Vera G. M'tgomery, 622 S. McD. St.		Parsons, Susie	McCalla, Rt. 1
Logan, Doris	Moundville	Molton, Nathalie	Mobile, 54 S. Catherine	Patrick, Eula Inez	Billingsley
Long, Carolyn	Atmore	Montgomery, Jessie M. Decatur, 606 Oak St.		Patrick, Maude Lee	Billingsley
Long, Elizabeth	Atmore	Moody, Edith Marion	Scottsboro	Patton, Clara	Eldridge
Long, Eloise	Hurtsboro	Moody, Jewell	Russellville	Patton, Vera	Bessemer, Rt. 5
Longshore, Louise B'ham, 1308 11th Av. S.		Moore, Agnes A. Mobile, 112 Herndon Ave.		Fearson, Evelyn	Pell City
Love, Gladys	Andalusia	Moore, Marguerite	Union Springs	Peavy, Agnes	Wetumpka
Lowman, Merle	Andalusia	Moore, Mattie Lou	Bessemer, 400 Ash St.	Peebles, Kathleen	Mooresville
Lowrimore, Willie Mae	Ragland	Moore, Nellie	Mobile, 1700 Dauphin	Pennington, Carolyn	Vernon
Lumpkin, Margaret	Albertville	Moore, Ruby Lee	Yolande	Pennington, Flora	Vernon
		Moore, Sammie Forrest	Shannon	Penton, Sarah	Goodwater
McAndrew, Lucy	Union Springs	Moore, Virginia	Mobile, 1309 Brown St.	Peoples, Stella	Hamilton, Rt. 1
McAuley, Esther Lou	Mobile, 28 Demyon	Moorer, Bessie D. Bessemer, 1501 6th Ave.		Peters, Mable	Selma, Box 318
McBryde, Bernice	Uniontown	Morgan, Mary E.	Selma, Rt. 4	Pettusm, Lucille	Pyriron
McCain, Mary	Lineville	Morrison, Clancy	Greensboro	Pfaff, Virginia	B'ham, 1433 S. 18th St.
McCall, Virginia	Selma, 232 Water Ave.	Morrow, Eugenia	Marion Junction	Phillips, Doris	Headland
McCampbell, Mary M'tg'ry, Rt. 1, Box 107A.		Moss, Marjorie	Selma, 325 Lauderdale	Phillips, Nora Lee	B'ham 1617 8th Ave. N.
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McConaughy, Kate	Montevallo	Moyers, Elizabeth	Fowl River	Poindexter, Margaret	Eufaula
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McCord, Pauline	Foley	Murdock, Mary	Boaz, Rt. 6, Box 11	Porter, Mildred	Tylertown, Miss.
McCormack, Lucy	Falkville, Rt. 1	Murphy, Elizabeth	Aliceville	Porter, Louise	Jackson
McCorquada, Bessie B.	Jackson	Murphree, Elizabeth	Gadsden	Pow, Mary	Woodward
McCoy, Florence M. B'ham, 4108 N. 40 Palace		Murphee, Martha	Gadsden	Powell, C. Elizabeth Gadsden, 205 College St.	
McCrary, Margaret	Prattville	Murray, Vista	Dadeville	Powell, Lucille	Andalusia, Rt. E.
McCree, Annie	Dadeville	Musick, Corena	Guntersville	Power, Inez	Bountsville
McCrorie, Martha	Pratt City			Powers, Ruby	Montevallo
McCurdy, Frances	Burkeville			Prather, Gertrude	Five Points
McDonald, Katherine	Sylactuga	Nageley, Sudie Bates	Ensley, 1712 Jeff. Av.	Prnett, Lucy L.	Sylacauga, 1306 Broadway
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McIntosh, Myra	Dadeville	Nathan, Jewel	Blountsville	Purefoy, Annie Laurie	Furman
McKinnon, Sara Boyd	Union Springs	Neill, Ella Mae	Falkville	Purefoy, Christine	Furman
		Neill, Joe Anna	Sommerville, Rt. 3	Purefoy, Margaret Ula	Talladega
				Purvis, Bido	Geneva



Radney, Dorothy	Columbia	Smith, Margaret	Pinson	Trammel, Jimmie Elsie	Pine Hill
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# Abamian



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## Moon-Moth

MARY HAYES

He was a queer little fellow, was Tarquinita. Often he would sit on the steps and gaze into space—thinking, thinking, thinking. One night, and a beautiful night it was, with the night wind a-cooling everything and the stars a-twinkle and the moon a-shine, he was sitting on the steps with his chin in his palms, looking at the shadows against the ground. Suddenly, through the black lace of the shadows, a big green moon-moth floated down. The moon-light showed silver on its wings and it became magic—silver-green on black lace. Tarquinita stared a moment, then with a cry that was half-laugh, half-sob, he stumbled to his feet and ran toward the moth. Jumping high, he grabbed at it, but it floated upward, just out of his reach. Broken hearted, he flung himself on the grass and sobbed silently.

Like all children, Tarquinita grew up. He grew into a tall, slender man with slender, clear-cut features and long slender hands. He became an artist of much renown. Always he used the same colors, always he drew a brush of silver green across a background of black lace.

One night, and such a night it was as that when he first saw a moon-moth, he was standing on the edge of a terrace. There were a number of people about because there was a festival. Now and then dancers would appear. Tarquinita stood apart from the rest, staring into the night. All of a sudden, across the black of the terrace and against the moonlight—there danced a girl and her dress was silver-green in the moonlight—silver-green against black lace. Tarquinita desired her above all other things of earth—her pale face in the moonlight—her pale hands against the silver-green of her dress. It was fascination. He reached for her, too—and she danced away into the night always, in his heart was the hurt of that.

When he grew still older and lay dying one day, the physicians heard him say, slowly but distinctly—"Always I have wanted it—ever since I can remember—now—I have it—silver-green, against black lace."



# Palmer Hall: Dreams Come True

By ETHEL BARNETT

**B**EAMS of steel thrust in mid air. Rafters held by mighty bolts. Cement poured into great forms. Materials being transformed into a building, plans and dreams coming true.

Reynolds Hall has embodied the student body of Alabama College as an intimate small group; Palmer Hall shall embody the people of a state. Memories of Reynolds Hall crowd closely together, press upon each other; plans of Palmer Hall extend far into the future.

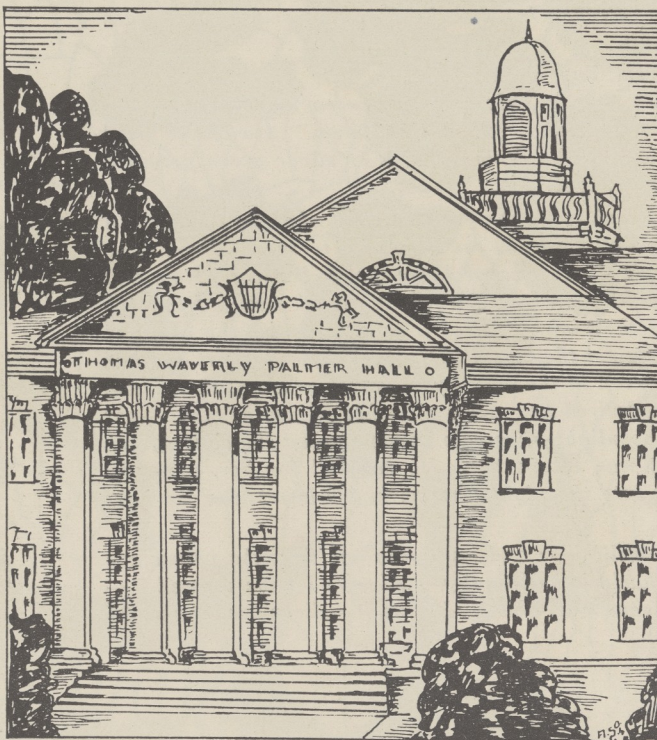
Upon its steps shall gather those from far and near, in its spacious lobby they will stand about in groups. Many softened footsteps shall tread its long aisles. Freely students will pass up and down the wide stairs, freely that will pass before rows of service windows, patiently they will await admittance into the office, waiting room and thence into the inner office. From the balcony there will be seen a sea of human heads. Soft music, dying echoes, a profusion of audible tones. Dim lights, mingled hues, shifting shadows, the spot-light upon the stage. Art, drama, the accomplishments of an age. These shall be Palmer Hall, the central point of our state.

Even in its unfinished stage Palmer Hall is a thing of undescrivable wonder. The marvel at its singular features, we are amazed with it as a unit. The auditorium, the central place of interest of the building is 110 feet in length and 82 feet in width with a floor slant of eight feet from the entrance to the stage. The balcony is supported by an iron beam which extends entirely across the building. No columns are used in its support. The simplicity of the auditorium will be made more striking by a color uniformity of blue in the draperies, curtains, and leather upholstered seats. The stage opening is 34

feet wide. The equipment is such that the most difficult plays may be produced. Shifts in scenery are facilitated by raising and lowering. The switchboard makes possible any desired lighting effect.

The pipe organ has been from the formation of the blue prints one of the chief items of interest. Apparently the building has been constructed about this organ which is second largest in educational institutions of the South. It consists of four organs; the great organ to the right of the stage, the choir organ to the left,

the solo organ in the ceiling above the orchestra pit and the echo organ in the ceiling above the balcony. These different organs are played from the console located in the orchestra pit so as to disappear under the stage when not in use. Four thousand six hundred pipes comprise this mammoth organ. In this building also are located, first floor, the trustees' room and information bureau; second floor, all offices of administration, and third floor, the projection room for motion pictures with wiring provision for the "talkies." The basement



PALMER HALL

contains four dressing rooms and a rehearsal room. Later the installation of a broadcasting room will be made on the third floor.

It is not surprising that so many of the girls and faculty members go over every day to count the bricks, examine the huge switch board and look at the beautiful new office of the president.

From the aspirations of some has come this, one of the most complete theatres of the South. Time has brought a realization of their plans, of our hopes; time has effected a building of a dream come true, a building when dreams shall come true!



# Reynolds Hall: Visions and Dreams

By ANDORA FULTON and ETHEL BARNETT

**D**ARK velvet hangings. Thick black carpets. Dusk. Mystery! In the center of this darkness a shining crystal sphere. Look! Shadows slowly weave through murky, mistiness into shape. Ah! A two story building, brick walls fashioned by obedient hands—of slaves—imposing, stately white columns set in a grave of whispering oaks. Stately line of Soldiers before there stately columns, and Morgan is presented with the play of the Confederacy. Men in blue-grey uniforms stroll here and there. It is Reynolds Hall, a Confederate hospital.

A span of time and a shift of scenery—It is night. Lights gleam from every window. Groups of people throng the tall steps. A hush, a stillness; a procession of girls in caps and gowns. It is Reynolds Hall the scene of past graduations.

The rear of the building is viewed. Wings expand from either corner. The left wing constructed of bricks from Birmingham's first theatre, the O'Brian. It seems to be moving, just before noon. Suddenly, every door flies open, girls crowd toward one door near the center of the old building. Girls in "gym" suits, girls in dark sweaters and skirts, girls in bright summer dresses—golden-haired girls, black-haired girls—all types of girls rushing toward that one door. They emerge, one absorbed in a letter, another reading a newspaper, and another bringing forth a package. This is Reynolds Hall, the present class room, gymnasium, the post office.

The shadows shift—a court, enclosed on all sides by flowering, ivy-covered, red brick walls, tiled floor, a wide porch, roofed with multi-colored tiles around all four sides; beautiful ferns and flowers; girls sitting in rustic chairs, reading bright covered magazines, playing

bridge about in groups. The Reynolds Hall which is to be—the scene of social and religious life.

Reynolds Hall—where the ghosts of the past mingle with the actuality of the present, with the vision of the future! Old building of a thousand legends.

Reynolds Hall! Ghosts of the past, realities of the present, visions of the future.

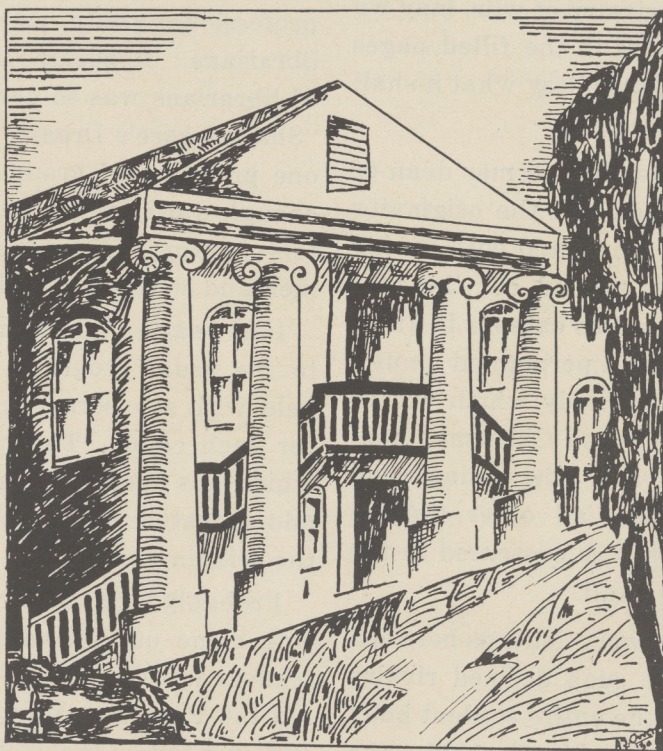
## WATER SYSTEM OF A. C.

Can a school use 100,000 gallons of water per day? Alabama College does it. Even the elevation is operated by water power, and each time it is raised or lowered 200 gallons of water are used. This enormous amount of water is supplied by Big Spring, limestone water, and by Gentry Spring, freestone water.

Gentry Springs, a group of four or five springs are situated on a hill three miles from school toward Aldrich. This water is conveyed to the campus by the force of gravity, the springs being sixty-five feet higher than the tank at school. It flows, between 15,000

and 20,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, into a cistern at the school and from thence to the power house. From here it is pumped into the "Soup-pot," the huge reservoir over the kitchen. This water is used in the boilers for the heating system and to furnish the hot water for the campus. It, being free-stone water, does not form the scale on the inside of the pipes, boilers and radiators as limestone water would.

Big Spring, just at the edge of the town near Shoal Creek furnishes at the rate of 150,000 gallons of water per minute. The spring is covered over, just as Gentry Springs are. The water is pumped to the picturesque old tower on the campus. The tower (Continued on page 12)



REYNOLDS HALL





# A Rah for the Purples!

## A Rah for the Golds!



COLLEGE NIGHT—streamers of purple and gold, high enthusiasm, excitement, busy girls, an expectant audience! To most of us that is college night without any reflection on its origin and purpose. To the believers of fairies it is just another wish come true by Aladdin's lamp.

As our College Night now stands on the eve of branching into an annual event of great art and drama rather than a rivalry of wits, may we glance over it as it appears in the filled pages of our memory books and prophesy what it shall be in the pages yet to come.

Miss Mary Goode Stallworth, former dean of women at Alabama College was the originator of College Night. She is accredited with having planned and successfully carried out the first performance of its kind on this campus in 1919. Her motive was to instigate a permanent amusement for the entire student body which was to break the long period between Christmas holidays and the end of the year. The dining room was the scene of this and all other College Nights until 1928 when it was presented in the auditorium of Reynolds Hall.

The first performances were contests between the classes. They led to such defined rivalry between the classes that the entire student body was divided into two sides, March 1921—the Purple and the Gold. The programs have always included stunts, impersonations, toasts, and songs. They have been thus in order to include as large a number of students as possible, to encourage the composition of songs and music—for from College Nights have come the songs of Alabama College,—and to foster a friendly spirit of rivalry in the student body.

The Student-Government Association sponsors College Night and offers a prize to the winning side. This is some gift significant of the school, such as: Dr. Palmer's picture, the drinking cooler, a vase, a piano, and last year's radio.

Dedication of each year's College Night is made to some person or body of persons who have made a conspicuous contribution during the year to their Alma Mater. Former College Nights have been dedicated to Miss Stallworth, Mrs. Palmer, Erskine Ramsey, Alumni of Alabama College, and last year to Gov. Graves.

Judges of the occasion include competent people from off the campus who have no side preferences. Formerly they included each year one professional group, as lawyers, legislators, and librarians. It became apparent after a group of librarians was so completely taken away by "Shakespeare's Dream," an impersonation, that one professional group did not include a wide enough variation of interests to insure competent judging. Now the group is comprised of men and women of varied fields.

Last year an additional attraction was added to the usual program. A hockey game was held with sponsors, cheer leaders, and boosters for each color. This year the usual play-day which has been held in the Spring is to be the added feature of the contests and count toward the winning of College Night.

Probably new comers are wondering which side came out ahead last year, and who the leaders were. Mary Gloster and Janet Wilson led the Purples. Margaret Farish and Laurice Butler headed the Gold line. Both sides put forth every effort to win a clean fought battle, and such success they had that it was difficult to render a decision. The Golds were acclaimed victors in the end.

The customary date for College Night is in February. It is to be held in Waverly Palmer Hall this year on February 21. This occasion perhaps does more than any other to promote skill, ingenuity, and originality among the students to show to the outsiders the true spirit and comradeship of a great student body that "Keeps Faith."

A Rah! for the Purples! A Rah! for the Golds!



# EDITORIAL

**Hear Ye** THE college polls will soon be open again—student election will be held early in March and the student body will elect its leaders for another year.

In the past years student elections have been an hour or so of general chaos accepted by the majority for the student body as a lot of fun. On this night it was an event where only hasty consideration and practically no thinking was evidenced.

It was about four years ago that the Junior League of Women Voters backed by students who realized the vital need for reform in election, instituted the present satisfactory plan of carrying out student government elections.

But, satisfactory results of the highest type can never be hoped for until a greater percentage of votes are cast. Only after serious reflection and a consideration of the characteristics that make for leadership.

**What the New Chapel Promises** THE opening of Thomas Waverly Palmer Hall will add new interest and enthusiasm to the outstanding events that are always eagerly anticipated by the entire student body.

Stunts, impersonations, and toast will hold glamour and thrill anew at the first "College Night" performance in the new auditorium. The dignity and beauty of the first commencement exercises to be held there will lay the cornerstone for graduation exercises of future Alabama College that will long be cherished in the hearts of its students and chapel that will again permit the entire Student Body and faculty to assemble together, our assembly that keeps alive intangible spirit that is to our college.

THE American Federation of Teachers, holding its convention recently in Chicago, insisted that women teachers should not be required to resign upon marriage. The women teachers plead for consideration as "human beings."

THE women of Egypt are slowly but surely winning the rights and privileges of their American sisters, says Mme. Sayba-Garzouzi, practicing lawyer of Cairo, who is in the United States on her first American lecture tour. She believes that at the present time equal divorce laws are the most need reform. An Egyptian husband, simply by saying three times before witness, "I divorce you," becomes free, while there is no power on earth which enables the Egyptian woman to divorce her husband. Near East feminists are also working for compulsory education measures and laws regulating women's hours of work.

A HOSPITAL designed by a woman, run entirely by women, and named for a woman—the Marie Curie Cancer Hospital for Women, in London, will be patronized exclusively by women. Mme. Curie, co-discoverer of radium, will officially open the radium clinic of the hospital next Fall. Plans for the building were drawn by Elizabeth Scott, the architect who designed the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon.

SPANISH ladies are the leaders of all Latin women in having attained the vote. Some three years ago King Alfonso, with the help of Primo de Rivera, promulgated a royal decree giving the right to vote and to be elected to office to all women householders, and making the voting age for both sexes twenty-three years. Married women, said the King, were already represented at the polls by their husband and were fully occupied in their natural home tasks.

A CHURCH designed by a woman—Miss Adah Robinson, Director of the Tulsa Art Association and head of the Art Department of Tulsa University—is just nearing completion in her home city. Erected at a cost of \$1,300,000, the building is said to be expressive of Oklahoma and of America, and to have borrowed no structural ideas from other lands or other ages.



# FUDGE AND FACULTY

## BACK FROM THE N. S. F. A.

THE National Student Federation of America was founded five years ago at Princeton University with the one aim of permanently organizing all of the Universities of America. Though this federation is only in its infancy its effects have been far reaching and gratifying. Through the N. S. F. A. travel to foreign countries has been encouraged and special rates secured, contacts with foreign students in foreign colleges have been made possible, debate teams from Oxford, Cambridge, and University of Sydney have met American teams and many other advancements have been made to further international thought and contact and to break the barriers heretofore existing. The N. S. F. A. has also attempted to clear up problems existing in the various colleges of America by formal and informal conferences from which delegates may evaluate facts, plans, results and possibilities and learn methods for accomplishments in their own Colleges. The N. S. F. A. also aspires to solve national problems. Monthly radio programs are being sponsored, consisting of addresses by men and women prominent in American affairs. Surely a federation with these three objectives—international fellowship, solution of student problems, and interest in national affairs—is worthy of the attention of every Alabama College girl as well as every other student in America.

Stanford University was especially well adapted to house the fifth annual convention of this confederation. This University was founded by Leland Stanford and his wise and capable wife, Jane Stanford. The hopes and aspirations of these two people were centered in their only child, who while traveling with his parents abroad was stricken by "Roman Fever" in Rome, Italy, and died. After this calamity the parents thought long and earnestly over the disposal of their fortune. One morning Mr. Stanford awoke with these words on his lips: "The children of California shall be my children." Today Stanford University

stands as a memorial to the son of parents who heroically gave their fortune and lives to the cause of education. The University is set in the heart of an estate of some seven thousand acres of rolling country liberally studded with live oaks. The Romanesque architecture with its low, tiled roofs and sweeps of arches is suggestive of the hospitality of old Spain and fits well the surrounding landscape. The beauty and fitness of climate, hills, arcades and courts are the dominant factors in creating that charm which Stanford holds for every one. This University with its wealth of facilities and centers of interest and beauty extended a most gracious reception to the N. S. F. A.

The delegates spent most of the first day trying to get acquainted. In the afternoon there was an informal tea at which each delegate was to introduce himself to and meet as many delegates as possible. In the evening the congress had its first formal session. Addresses by Norsel Narver, President of the N. S. F. A. and R. E. Swain, acting President of Stanford were the features of the program. Mr. Narver told something of the history of the N. S. F. A. and Mr. Swain extended greetings from Stanford. Mr. and Mrs. Swain entertained the congress at an informal dance in the evening.

On the second day the congress swung into a day of business. The first roll call revealed delegates from all parts of the United States, one from Canada and two from Japan. Mr. Almon E. Roth, comptroller of Stanford University, was the chief speaker of the morning. In his talk on "Student Influences on Visitors and the Public in General" he emphasized the importance of the good will of the public in the life of a university, and the part of the student in creating this good will by his contacts with the public. Mr. Roth's proposed contact points were: friendliness of students to strangers, impressions made by teams, merit of campus publications, radio and motion picture influence, respect for university property, and types of dress displayed on the campus. After

this address the Theta Xi's served lunch to the congress. Following this refreshing recess all of the delegates attended an organ recital at the memorial church. Later in the afternoon our thoughts were again turned to student problems. In the conference held many interesting things were brought out. That freshman hazing has gone the way of hoop skirts and peg-leg trousers was developed. Considerable friction was evidenced among the representatives toward faculty participation in student affairs. In many colleges faculties assume dictatorial control of student activities. The general tendency seemed to be a cooperation between students and faculties. The second day ended with the N. S. F. A.'s New Year dance as guests of the Associated Students of Stanford.

In a radio address Dr. Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of Interior and President of Stanford University, stressed the responsibility of American students in the citizenship of the modern world. Conferences, he maintains, are becoming increasingly important as a means of settling international strife and they stand forth as a cardinal method for the attainment of world-wide amity. "Students", he says, "form one of the unifying forces of a nation. They are young, enthusiastic, idealistic and not overweighted by the voice of authority. Student bodies present excellent fields for new approaches to such subjects as arms conflict."

Dr. James B. Scott, Secretary of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, discussed the topic of internationalism. "We live in an international age," he said. "The international community is the largest of units and it humanizes the conception of international law."

George Creel, chairman of the committee on Public Information during the World War, addressed the convention Friday afternoon on "The Power of Opinion." Creel feels that students should take an intellectual interest in world affairs and should attempt to put the United States into the World Court.

In analyzing the collegiate ath-



letic problems of today, Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor, Director of Stanford Food Research Institute, advocated to enforce academic standards to govern extra-curricula activities. This should be done without reference to the gainful employment a student participating in them may have undertaken.

"National unity and national ideals can be furthered by meetings such as that of the N. S. F. A.," Secretary Wilbur told the convention at the closing banquet Saturday night. He did not appear in person but addressed the congress through a motion picture. "The strength of a great country," says Dr. Wilbur, "depends upon its ability to bring together all of the favorable forces in every part of it."

The Student Federation held separate and general conferences on Student Government, honor system, publications, athletics, and fraternity and non-fraternity organizations. At the conferences on athletics, resolutions were drawn up opposing subsidy. The formation of a national and international intercollegiate press association was suggested.

Honor systems in many colleges and universities were found to be a complete failure. They are fairly successful in a few of the universities and highly successful at other smaller colleges. Stanford herself admitted that her honor system had failed, but Student Government is a great success. A majority of the delegates believed that the honor system is most effective when narrowed in scope to include only scholastic work. The principal obstacle in the way seems to be the general ethical objection to reporting violations. Unfair examinations were thought to be one of the chief causes of dishonesty in scholastic work. Though no vote was taken, the congress seemed to favor some kind of an honor system or code.

Mr. Carroll, president of the Canadian Student Federation, attended the congress. According to Mr. Carroll, cheating in Canadian colleges is unheard of.

Adoption of an extensive expansion program marked the final reorganization session. The following points were included: creation of the office of executive secretary, selection of a citizen advisory committee composed of prominent men and women of the nation, appointment of local campus committees, and assessment of dues two cents per student in all member colleges with a minimum fee of fifteen dollars and a

maximum of one hundred. The approval of the program makes available immediately a gift of thirty thousand dollars from Harry Chandler, publisher of Los Angeles Times. Ed. Murrow, of Washington State College, was elected president of the N. S. F. A., and Georgia School of Technology chosen as location for the Sixth Annual Congress.

This discussion could not be closed without telling you some of the rare experiences we had both en route and at Stanford. First of all the thoughts of being shut up in a train four whole days gave us quite a

### WITH THE WHOLE GANG THERE

(Anonymous)

Chapel doors filled o'er flowing,  
Seats filled 'till floors are sunk,  
Such a picture would greet my sight  
Perhaps, if I were drunk.

Auditorium surfeit with girls  
In purple and ochre and red  
A sight our campus can boast of  
Perhaps, when I am dead.

Students on time and gobs of them  
In sociable, chatty fuss  
I might see this—if I could stretch  
My imagination thus.  
Oh, make me a sot, or kill me quite dead  
Or, imagination, swirl  
But one last plea is a chapel hour  
With the whole gang there—to a girl!

fright, for we are used to the spacious little city about seven miles from Calera; but my! what interesting people to occupy one's time. Surely Lower Twelve was going to Palo Alto too. He looked just like a convention man. We would ask him about Stanford the first chance we had, but lo, he had hardly placed his luggage in Lower Twelve when he disappeared. Our efforts to find him were in vain. We made one very important discovery which we must not omit. Alabama College has two perfect types. Yes, a real sculptor said he would like to do us! We beamed with pride as we sympathized with the poor soul (and a rare old character he was).

A stop was glorious; we could get off and buy souvenirs. At Yuma, Arizona, there were Indian saleswomen seated in rows in front of the station exhibiting their wares to the curious crowd of passengers. Found

at last! Number twelve in person, and he really was going to the convention.

The next most important item was the stop over in Los Angeles and the trip out to Hollywood. The only thing that bothered us was that we did not have eyes all around our heads so we could see every thing at once.

We felt the same need in San Francisco, as in Los Angeles we boldly started forth alone to tour the city and especially to see Golden Gate Park and Chinatown. It was about ten o'clock when we reached the latter, and much to our surprise the stores were closed. Very impatiently we walked from door to door deciding what we would buy when the stores did open.

There are too many things to tell about Stanford to go into detail here, but I must say that you will certainly be surprised at the two demure little daughters of Alabama College when you learn that they even got into the boys' dormitory on the very first night!

Never before did we feel that we possessed a brogue in our estimation that belonged only to Northerners and Westerners, but from the time we reached Texas people began laughing and telling us we came from Alabama. We did not object though, because we felt proud of our state, and then too we rather like to be noticed.

We heartily approve of one phase of our visit at Stanford—breakfast served in bed every morning at eight or eight-thirty! We came back to Montevallo quite spoiled, and what a disappointment we have met!

The return trip held almost as many thrills as the trip out. We simply had to visit Chinatown again and buy those things we picked out on New Year's day, and then we had to go out in the ocean and over to Beverly. By the way, Mary Joe seems to be interested in buying a lot and settling down in California. Ask her about making money easily.

At last we felt ourselves speeding over the highway from Calera to Montevallo, and believe it or not, we were glad to be back. There are many more things we could tell about our trip but space is limited and some are better kept secrets. In case you would be interested in the inside gossip though, just come over to see us.

We wish to express our deepest appreciation to all those who made our trip possible.

MARY JOE AND NAT.



## THE BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK

**T**HE Beggar on Horseback is the next play to be presented on our campus—and in Thomas Waverly Palmer Hall! It will be the first production in the new auditorium. The wonderful facilities, afforded by the large stage, allow it to be very elaborate.

This play is a satyric fantasy—the nightmare of a musician. The title comes from the German quotation “Set a beggar on horseback and he’ll ride a gallop.” Although the play is one of the best examples of expressionism, it is interpreted fundamentally by the realistic method.

**The Beggar On Horseback**, which is a successful and popular play, was written by two young American newspaper men—George S. Kaufman and Mare Connally. As a contrast to the last **College Theater** play, this one is quite modern.

The principal cast is given, but due to the large number of players, the names of many of the minor characters are omitted.

Dr. Albert Rice	Margaret Wallis
Cynthia Mason	Laurice Butler
Neil McRae	Evelyn Leake
Mr. Cady	Alice Stone
Mrs. Cady	Florence McCoy
Gladys Cady	Evelyn Fulford
Homer Cady	Evelyn Norton
Jerry	Sammie Sutton
Miss Hey	Anne Tibbs
Miss You	Evelyn Land

Butlers, Ushers, Dancing Teachers, Jewelers: Ruth Fleming, Dorothy Davies, Eunice Shannon, Mary Helen Gwin, Martha Simpson, Sarah Holbrooke.

Business Men and Sight-Seers: Margaret Thompson, Marjorie Goff, Emily Lynch, Pauline Wilson, Mary Katherine Moyers.

### Pantomime—A Kiss in Xanadu

Prince	Juliette Hardy
Princess	Rachel Brodnax
Lady-in-waiting	Ruth Dupuy
Lord	Anne Bledsoe
Policeman	Martha Wilson
Lamplighter	Bernice May
Pages	Dorothy Radney
Watchmen	Frankie Hudson

The music for the pantomime was written by Dr. Deews Taylor, and

is played by Dorothy Stallworth.

Due credit must be given to those girls who do not appear in the play, but who work backstage so that the play may be produced. This play, especially, requires much of that kind of work, as there is a great deal of scenery shifting which is done with no intermission. The girls helping with the scenery, lighting, shifting, costuming, etc. are: Claudia Schwoon, Winfred Carney, Maury Wisdom, Anne Barker, Nelle Hendon, Janice Calder, Grace Motley, and Bessie Mae Young.

### TO MY LEAKY FOUNTAIN PEN

Ink upon my fingers,  
And ink upon my hose;  
A blot upon my sweater;  
A spot upon my nose!

My Ethiop Niobe,  
Who cries black tear for aye,  
I’d curse you and with fervor,  
If I knew what to say.

But no; spout on beloved;  
Leak on this hand, I pray!  
These spots will tell all people  
I wrote a theme today!  
—“Fiji.”

### MORE SOLITAIRES!

Twinkle, twinkle, solitaire,  
On my lucky finger there;  
Winking at me . . . yeah, I bet  
He has four more payments  
yet . . .

Strangers wandering about the campus on especially sunny days are advised to wear darkened glasses, for they tell us that the sight of several has been impaired by the scintillating rays from all these engagement diamonds that have come back after Christmas. Ask any pointed questions about whence they came, and the owners will blush prettily and murmur, “Santa Claus”, or something equally as unsatisfactory. We understand that three classes and a chapel have been disrupted while an eager crowd of admirers gather about some of these diamonds and chatter things like “Georgeous!”, “Beautiful!”, “Gee, that’s a knockout!”, “Gosh, where’d he find that?”, “Which bank did he rob?”, “Can I be engaged to him when you get tired?” and so on.

Not only the size of the crop of solitaires, but the size of the stones themselves has increased. We have seen two or three owners who simply stagger under the weight of their jewels.

Yes sir; this certainly is a year for bigger and better diamonds . . .!

## A CARD OF THANKS

**W**E want each of you, who so willingly bestowed upon us your loving sympathy and revealed your true friendship by kind comforting words, and lovely flowers, to know that from the depths of our sore bleeding hearts we are grateful.

May God’s richest gifts be yours when they are needed most.

W. T. HAYNES AND FAMILY.

## BEN GREET PLAYERS TO BE HERE SOON

**A**PPROPRIATELY marking the golden anniversary of his first public appearance as an actor, and closely following the Knighthood conferred upon him by the King of England, Ben Greet — eminent Shakespearean producer and actor — is scheduled for an American tour that is notable in dramatic history.

The first American tour of Ben Greet since 1914 should be the crowning triumph of his notable career. He is bringing a carefully selected and personally directed company of English actors. His actors are unique because they can give the poetic content of the lines, instead of the modern colloquial tang which disguises the tone of Shakespeare. He creates an essential atmosphere of mediaeval reverence. Nothing detracts from the play’s significance. His only modification of the true Elizabethan manner is in the use of riches and more elaborate hangings than were employed in the Elizabethan days. The simplicity of his productions is based upon the theory that the stages should stimulate and inspire, rather than relieve the imagination. He presents the best in dramatic literature with true histrionic art and in a way which has not been excelled by any other producer. He is considered one of the great living authorities in the English drama, and is world famous for the remarkable production of Shakespearean plays and old English comedies. Ben Greet’s Company was the first to be invited to appear at the White House grounds in Washington. This was during the administration of Theodore Roosevelt.

Come and see Ben Greet and his notable English company, February the eighth.

His appearance at Alabama College will be made February 8, with the presentation of two of his four most noted plays — “Everyman”, “Hamlet”, “Twelfth Night”, and “Much Ado About Nothing”.



## WILL IT BE AN ADVANTAGE TO ALABAMA COLLEGE TO GO ON THE SEMESTER HOUR BASIS?

WHAT are the advantages and disadvantages of Alabama College's going to the semester hour basis?

When we first look at the question we are apt to be prejudiced by our past experience with either the quarter or the semester hour plan. Students or teachers may become attached to the plan they have been accustomed to, and it is easy to give a hasty answer to this problem.

As the rooster said to the bantam hen when he was showing her an ostrich egg, "Look what they are doing in other parts of the world."

The first necessary step in making a decision to change plans is to see what other colleges are doing. From a survey of 109 leading colleges and universities, we found that three-fourths of them are on the semester plan at present. We also found that there were only a very few who had made any change during the last five years, and that a relatively small number were planning any future change. Of the schools that had changed, or that contemplated a change, there were about the same number moving both ways. This means that a college not on the semester plan is in the minority and that a student entering it from another college may be handicapped. This point is rather important.

As one would expect there are both advantages and disadvantages in making a change. I shall briefly list both.

### Advantages:

1. Being on the same basis as over three-fourths of the leading colleges.

2. Saving time in enrolling and giving examinations.

3. Most college text books are written with a view to their use on a semester plan, and consequently fit this scheme best.

4. The semester plan fits into the holiday plan better than the quarter term.

5. Most high schools are on a semester plan, and students can enter college in the middle of the year. This is also advantageous to students graduating from college in the middle of the year as very fre-

quently high schools are in need of teachers at this time.

### Disadvantages:

1. It will create a great deal of work in changing records.

2. Upper class students may be handicapped in making up a required subject they should have had in freshman or sophomore years.

3. The unit of work is larger and failure on a subject will be more important than at present.

4. The semester plan does not fit in quite so well as the quarter with a twelve-week summer session.

I believe the above covers the main points. As can be seen from a survey of them there will be some personal disadvantages to teachers and students. My own work for example will be increased in making recommendations for teachers' certificates. Looked at from all angles the change seems very advisable, and I am sure we are all willing to be troubled a little for the future benefits that will result from it.

DR. H. W. JAMES,

Prof. Education.

## CHRISTMAS IN NEW YORK

MISS HELEN OSBAND, with five hundred other speech teachers from all over the country, attended the national convention of Teachers of Speech, held December 30 through January 1, in New York City. There she was elected fourth vice-president of the National Organization of Teachers of Speech. The newly-elected president in John Dolman, Junior of New York City.

The main theme of the convention was the Standardization of American Speech, in order that all words be pronounced the same in different sections of the country. It was stated that the radio and "talkies" are great aids in furthering this cause of a universal speech. The delegates to the convention were invited to attend talkies and visit radio studios. There were speeches on How To Use a Microphone. They visited speech clinics with whom they discussed speech defects. At theatres they studied lighting equipment and effects.

Miss Osband made the interesting comment that extremely long skirts are not being worn in New York. three or four inches below the knees is the most fashionable length there. Long evening dresses are, however, much in vogue. They are worn with lovely evening wraps. Pastel shade in sport suits are quite the thing for Spring.

## LEAD OUT

THE Assembly Hall was filled to overflowing once again and many eager to get at least a glimpse, crowded about the doors, when the social clubs made the annual presentation of their pledges at "lead out," Saturday, January 18.

Appearances of the clubs were determined by drawing. They were:

Castalian presentation in representation of books and book ends: Lenice Vaughan, Kate McConaughy, Martha Mahaffey, Frances Krell, Dorothy Davies, Ester Barnett, Margaret Waller.

Alpha Pi Omega: Selection of Jewels for the Queen from "The Jewel Box:" Bernice McBride, Mary Claire Randle, Elsie Culpepper, Mary Carolyn Sims, Amy Vaughn.

Tutwiler: Feature Dance, participants wearing costumes of club colors: Mary Dowell, Virginia Brannan, Jamie Frederick, Margaret Van Wert, Emma Euslyn Robison, Dorothy Bandy, Mary Pow, Evelyn Leak, Margeurite Moore, Aileen Jones, Margaret Chandler.

Kappa Sigma Phi: lovely flowers from "The Flower Garden:" Elizabeth Bradford, Perry Frank Dowdy, Belva Floyd, Bessie Floyd, Mildred Graeit, Thelma Hill.

Philamathic: Mother Goose and Her Children Preparing to Broadcast: Mary Augusta Barnes, Lesta Butler, Susan Beach Garrne, Grace Mays, Sarah Hubbard McConnell, Olivia Richey, Roberta Taylor, Nelle Tucker, Maiben Hixon, Eunice Shannon, Alice Nettles.

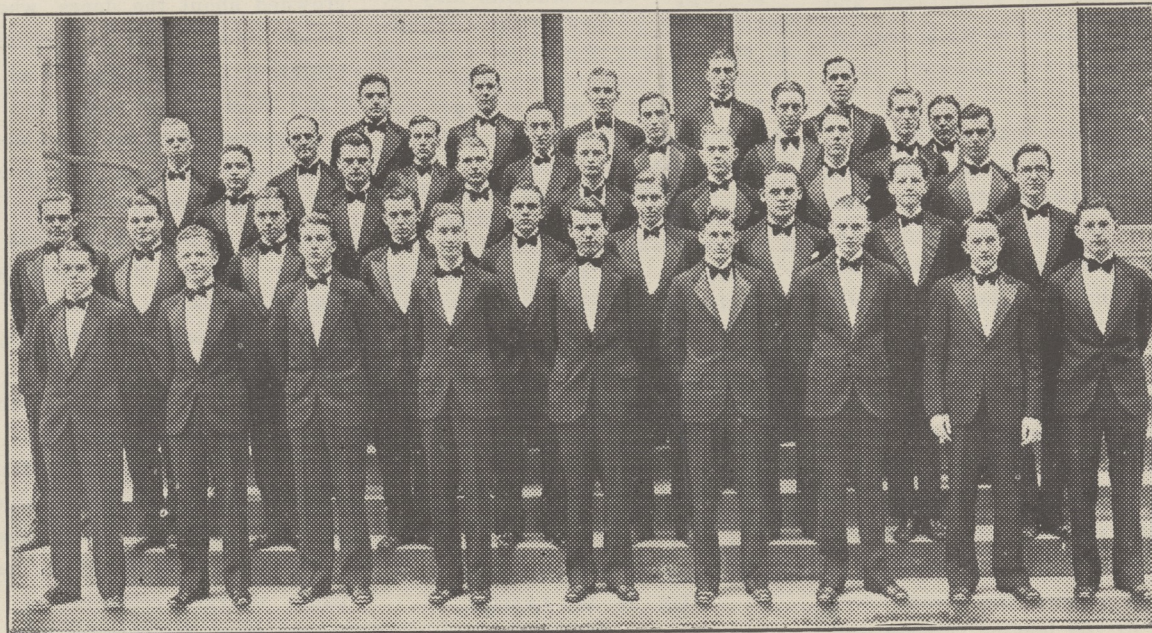
Phi Delta Sigma: A very Collegiate presentation in "The Drop Kick," adorned in track suits of club colors: Sammie Sutton, Louise Johnston, Ester Lou McCauley, Mary Ruth Owen, Mamie Jones, E. V. Harvey.

Zeta Pi Delta: Each Day's child in Colonial costumes from "Ye Old Fashioned Diary:" Ann Lee Walker, Dorothy Kitchens, Lois Williams, Frances Jones, Ruth Rieves, Floyce Griffin.

Beta Sigma Delta: The lovers dream in "That Old Sweet Heart of Mine:" Anna Ekwizel, Pauline Marsden, Martha Simpson, Jean Humphries, Josephine Ford, Frances McMillan, Abby Lou Shearer, Frances Densmore.



## THE AUBURN MEN'S GLEE CLUB



The Auburn men's Glee Club who will present a concert at Reynolds Auditorium February 13. The club is composed of 53 voices and will give the concert here while on its State tour. Prof. John W. Brigham, head of the music department at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, is director of the club, and Prof. Earl Hazel, of the same department, is accompanist.

Gleesters shown in the picture are: Left to right, front row, J. R. Farris, Van D. Durrett, Erle H. Foy, Barney M. Muse, Allen C. Tull, L. E. Owen, W. C. Ellis, J. Roberts, W. M. Keller. Second row: Bob Howard, I. K. Roth, Jesse M. Jones, Jr., J. S. Rogers, G. S. Christopher, S. K. Bernard, W. O. Predock, John H. Meagher, Bill H. McLaughlin. Third row: Howard Upchurch, W. W. Bryant, Jr., H. Y. Shaefer, B. Q. Scruggs, George Williamson, C. Bruce Gregory, J. E. Wood. Fourth row: R. E. Martin, L. W. James, H. E. Lewis, M. B. Dinsmore, V. L. Vines, W. D. Key, B. C. Matthews. Fifth row: E. C. Hazel, accompanist, I. W. Mann, Jr., Clarence R. Lecroy, Robert R. Martin, Jr., J. W. Brigham, director, Earnest Collier.

NEWS from Auburn is to the effect that the men's Glee Club at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute is undergoing a series of practices in preparation for their concert at the Reynolds Auditorium here February 13.

The club includes 53 voices and is the largest ever assembled at Auburn. It is being directed this year by Prof. John W. Brigham, head of the Auburn music department, who says that the objective of his plans for the club has been to produce a strong singing organization. Judging from early season appearances of the club at Auburn, he says, this objective has been satisfactorily reached.

The program for the concert here includes a wide variety of attractions. A male quartet, a comic opera burlesque of college life, college pep songs, and other features will be presented. Among the soloists will

be Earl Hazel, brilliant young pianist whose appearance recently in a recital at the Tutwiler Hotel, Birmingham, established him as an outstanding musician.

The name of the opera burlesque is "Cleopatra" and it was written by Professor Brigham. Both the male and the female characters in the play will be depicted by members of the club. Van D. Durret, sophomore from Gordo, Alabama, will play the leading role of Cleopatra. Other characters in the play are William, a student, lover of Cleopatra, alias the Ghost of King Tutankhamen, J. M. Jones; Antony, a college football hero, Tull C. Allen; Pompey, a campus sheik, in love with Cleopatra, I. K. Roth; Caesar, an ex-athlete, in love with Cleopatra, Samuel Wade; and Students, members of the club.

A resume of the play follows: "William, a student, is lamenting over the fact that Cleopatra, his

sweetheart, is receiving attentions from so many other men. He decides to disguise himself as a Ghost in order to frighten her lovers away. When "Cleo" is making merry with a large group of students, including Antony, the football hero, the Ghost appears and all take flight. One by one, Pompey, Antony, and Caesar are interrupted while having a tete-a-tete with "Cleo," by the sudden appearance of the Ghost. In despair, because of "Cleo's" being haunted, the trio die of grief and "Cleo" also in despair decides that "naught is left for me but suicide" and upon being threatened by the students, attempts suicide. The Ghost again intervenes, reveals himself as William and claims "Cleo" for his own. The trio of dead suitors, put out at "Cleo's" failure to die with them, come to life with many sighs and all join in the happy outcome with the final chorus.



# ATHLETICS

## PLAY DAY

**P**LAY DAY! When?—soon, in other words February 22, the day after College Night. But why change it to winter—why not have it at the usual time? It's just this, we have had girls to visit us and play with us in the spring for two years, and of course, at that time of the year we played summer sports—so this year we have decided to have it in the winter and have different type sports. Then, again many invitations were declined last year because Play Day was so near the end of the school term that it was impossible to leave. But best of all, what a glorious "send off" the Play Day teams will have—think of the "pep" from the night before; "College Night" and the first to be celebrated in a brand new auditorium. Now, see if you don't like the idea.

"College Night" is February 21. The visitors will come on Friday evening. As they arrive they will be divided into two teams "Purples" and "Golds", Friday night they will go to the College Night Program rooting for their side. Surely, one will lose, but what of it?—wait for Play Day and see who will win that.

The program for Play Day is that each side will have two teams in every sport. The teams of the same side will play each other; then the winners will play the winners of the opposite side and the losers play the losers. From 9-12 basket ball and some minor sports such as Dodge Ball, Bat Ball and Club Snatch will be played. There will be a rest period from 12-2. From 2-3 Volley Ball and Soccer will be played, and from 3-4 there will be a Mock Track Meet. Four o'clock will end the Play Day events with refreshments served on the play grounds, and the winner announced. But even this is not all—has the camp been forgotten? Surely not.

What could be better than having a grand ending at camp that night and then—sweet dreams until next year.

## THE GAME A. C.

Hey ho, Everybody! Let's play hide and seek and search for those girls who have worked so diligently and who will be rewarded with A. C. letters. We'll let sports count first. Ready to begin? "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Bushel of wheat, bushel of rye, all ain't hid

holler out I". (Sports opens her eyes blinks and spies two girls scrambling for the same hiding place.) "I, 2, 3, for Annie Bledsoe and Louise White. You all would be the first two to be seen—'cause you're so little I guess. There, Nell Reese and Eloise Long come down that apple tree, you can't find oranges on an apple tree. Whew! Gladys Stevens, I never knew you could run so fast until now, but I beat you to the home base. 1, 2, 3, for Agnes Chandler. She would be hiding in some place playing with a little innocent bug thinking she would probably see it again in a laboratory some day." (Nell Rodgers crawls out at the top of a barrel and runs over to another and says, "Lucy get out quick and let's run fast"), Nell yells "home free" and turns in time to see Lucy Causey fall down. She had looked around to motion for Mary Hayes to come in too and had stumbled over some object on the ground. She learned later that it was one of Nell's shoes. "There you are, Francis Smith, behind an oak tree. Are you trying to close your mouth on a big word or are you trying to crack a pecan?" Sports looks and looks but is about to give up hopes of finding the last one. Just behind her once she heard a smothered giggle. She whirled around to see Rubie Chandler standing on her head in a clump of bushes, feet thrown apart and sprigs of limbs attached to her shoes. One might have mistaken her for a stump for you know she does look rustic. Everyone has been found. The game is ready to be played again. What other girls would like to join in and have fun playing the game this time? Goodie! Just look at the girls who want to play, now that they know how the game is played.

## FACULTY VERSUS ATHLETIC BOARD

**Yea blue! Yea black!**  
**Yea faculty!**  
**Hit 'em high! Hit 'em low!**  
**Yea Athletic Board!**

And really and truly, though you may have your doubts (if you weren't one of the breathless spectators) the Faculty-Athletic Board game was the game of the year.

When the Blues and Blacks (faculty) galloped on the field, a roar of applause greeted them from their Junior and Freshman rooters.

Then the Athletic Board, resplendent in brilliant orange and red, pranced on in great glee amid lusty cheers from the Sophs. and Seniors.

When the whistle blew, the teams clashed in the mightiest struggle ever witnessed in these sports. First, the faculty rung a goal, then the "board", and so on, one after another, in rapid succession, 'till at the end of the first half, the faculty score headed the list.

The water boys rushed on the field to revive dying spirits, the sponsors appeared and were given the "high sign", a hand of the "bath towel order" rendered mortal and heart rending music, and all was well when the whistle marked the beginning of the third quarter.

The fight continued with the faculty still ahead the end of the third quarter. But ho! the Oranges and Reds got a break—they gained—and their score slowly rose.

Tense excitement reigned—fallen faces on faculty side—drawing hope on Athletic Board's side—then—the whistle and the game was over, the Athletic Board winning by a margin of 6 points, the final score being 27-21.

## BASKET BALL

Basket ball season has ended for '29-'30. Athletics already look forward with pleasant anticipation to another like it in the coming year.

The tournament closed with a bang, the Freshman class winning first place, Sophomore second, Junior third and Senior fourth. Who can tell what the mighty Seniors might have done had they had a second team.

To tell of the high points of the tournament would take much time and space, for every game and every minute of the game was such a high point itself that all of them could not be mentioned. The three last games were especially good because they told the final tale. First, the Senior-Junior game, the Juniors topping the score until the last minute there, the Seniors broke loose and won the day. Everyone said it was the best game of all, but what of that, they said the same of every other one. Next, was the clash between the Sophomores and the Freshmen, with the Sophomores winning. Last the Freshman-Junior second team game won by the Freshmen and giving them first place, which they so rightly deserved.



## AND WE ALL HAD FUN

WHOOPEE in several forms was made at camp Thursday night when the Athletic Board entertained the basket ball teams in honor of the Varsity.

The night was clear and cold, and, to the crowd who hiked over in the dusk, the log fire, roaring and crackling, was a welcome sight at the journey's end. As soon as everyone "thawed out" dancing was enjoyed until supper.

The room was bedecked in the school colors. The table which was laid lengthwise the room held as its center piece a basket ball decorated with a large bow of gold and purple. The ball was surrounded by fruit, streamers of gold and purple, and gold and purple candles completed the table decorations. The supper was delightful and very plentiful! Very clever toasts were given by Fannie, toastmistress, and by Rachael, Nannie, Miss Andrews, Dora Little, Lucy Holcombe and Sue Beach Garren. Everyone sang with pep to the Seniors, to the Juniors, to the Sophomores, to the Freshmen and to the Varsity at intervals throughout supper.

While every one was playing with the balloons which were given as favors, Mrs. Hardy got up a stunt with a few of the girls in another room. Every one sat hushed and expectant, while she led in eight girls blindfolded. Neither they nor we guessed—until they turned around and the placards on their backs were read—that they were the Varsity! On being "unblind-folded" they proved to be Izelle Brown, Flo Fraley, Sue Beach Garren, Aileen Jones, Amy Tidwell, Elizabeth Bailey, Winnie Mae Toomer and Inez Hart.

The song hit of the evening was,

Am I Blue? (And How!)

Am I black?

Am I blue?

Ain't these scars on these limbs telling you?

Am I sore?

You'd be more

If you played basket ball like I do—

Was a time—when I was young and gay

That was 'ere I started out to play Lawdy—

Have I pains?

Without gains?

Now it's o'er, there's no more

Am I blue?



IRMA HAYNES

"But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the rank.  
Play up, play up, and play the game."

In her memory her fellow students visualize a true sport. Irma carried as her major Home Economics but through her minor she won for herself the admiration of the Physical Education Department and the love of the entire student body. During her stay at Alabama College she made volley ball, basket ball, baseball, hockey and tennis teams. She was one of the fastest and best hockey players on any team and one of the prize players on the Junior basketball team. She was a general favorite as hiking chaperone. She held a coveted A. C. and was within 100 points of receiving a sweater. This seems enough, indeed, to have taken her entire time but she worked in the dining room all three years and, here, as elsewhere, she was a general favorite. She also participated in several organizations of the Baptist Church. In spite of all these extra curricula activities she made honor roll several quarters.

Although Irma has left Alabama College forever, behind her remains that pleasant smile, cheery word, and her loftiness of purpose—a spot of sunshine in our memories.

## YE EDITOR TAKES UNTIMELY VACATION

CAN you imagine it? How could anybody prefer to do practice homing in one small room, with someone to tuck the covers under her chin and bring in sustenance on a tray, to a nice big house where she'd get lots and lots of interesting activity? That's just like a woman!

And how could anybody go off and leave a perfectly innocent, unsuspecting staff to put forth its efforts unaided? That's just like an editor!

But you'll get well soon, and come back double quick? Well, that's just like you!

## ALL-AMERICA PICKED

## BY LITERARY DIGEST

A composite 1929 All-American Football Team has just been compiled by The Literary Digest from eleven major All-America selections and the opinions of more than five hundred sports writers and critics of all sections of the country.

This mythical "team of teams" includes:

Ends: Donchess, Pittsburgh; Fessler, Ohio State.

Tackles: Nagurski, Minnesota; Sleight, Purdue.

Guards: Cannon, Notre Dame; Montgomery, Pittsburgh.

Center: Ticknor, Harvard.

Quarter-back: Carideo, Notre Dame.

Halfbacks: Cagle, Army; Banker, Tulane.

Fullback: Parkinson, Pittsburgh.

## WATER SYSTEM OF A. C.

(Continued from page 3)

is 112 feet high and holds a tank built within it eighty feet above the ground which is 32 feet deep and holds 109,000 gallons of water.

Until the last year, Alabama College furnished the town of Montevallo with water, but owing to the increase in the population of both the college and the town, the franchise has lately been given to the Warrior Water Company.

West Virginia Wesley and University of West Virginia have clashed twenty-two consecutive years on the football field. The series opened in 1902.

Joseph Hackman, University of Tennessee halfback, entered the University without ever having seen a team he played on defeated. This is his sixth year of football.





LOST DAWG

*We miss you since you've gone away.  
Gee! wish you hadn't gone to stay.  
Did you get lost an' wander on  
To slip away into the dawn?  
Did you lie down a nap to take  
And then—somehow—forget to wake—  
So tired of life you're sleeping yet?  
Keep dreamin,' then—we won't forget.*

—E. MARSH, '33.



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# AbAMIAN

FEBRUARY





# ALABAMIAN

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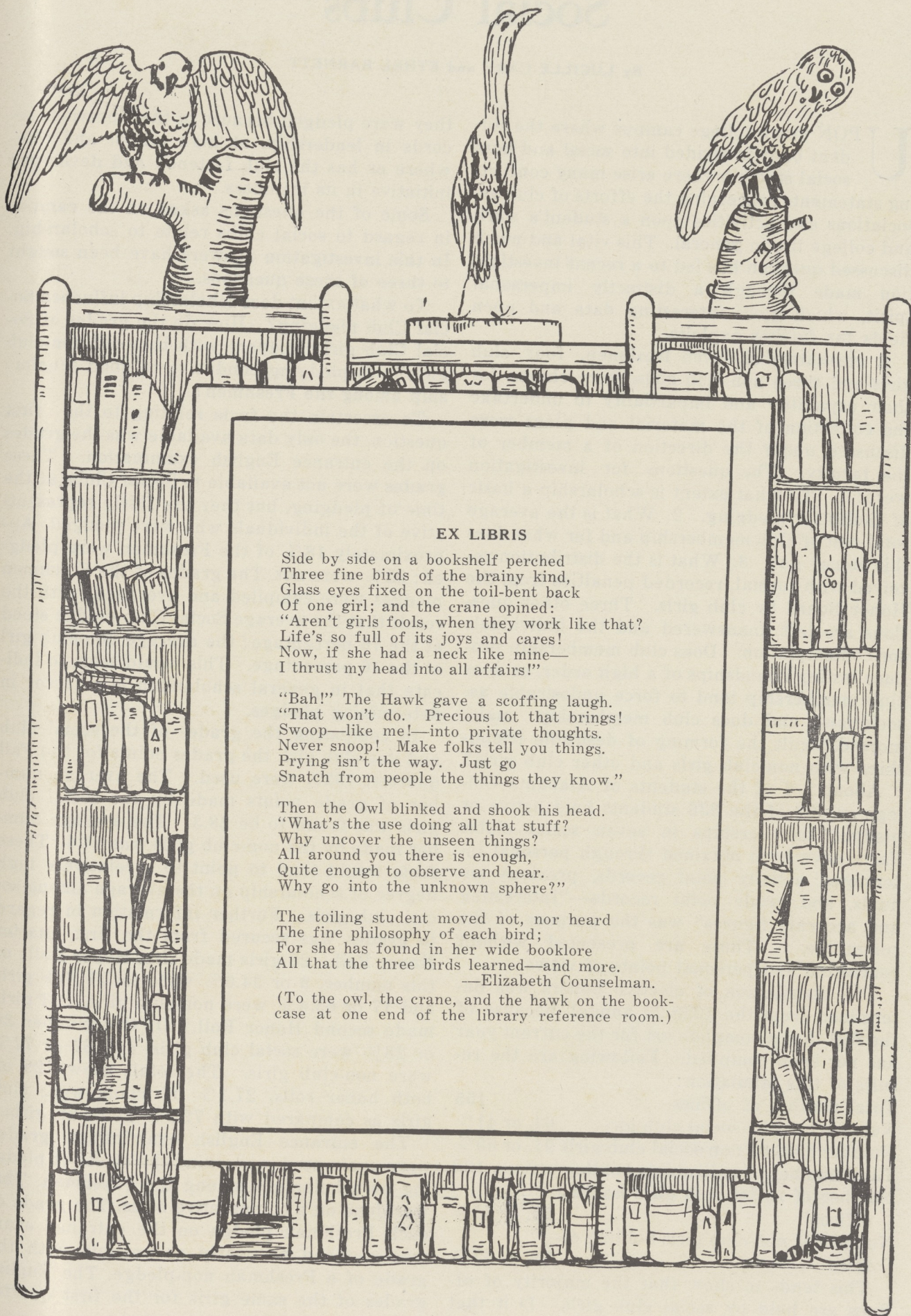
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## EX LIBRIS

Side by side on a bookshelf perched  
 Three fine birds of the brainy kind,  
 Glass eyes fixed on the toil-bent back  
 Of one girl; and the crane opined:  
 "Aren't girls fools, when they work like that?  
 Life's so full of its joys and cares!  
 Now, if she had a neck like mine—  
 I thrust my head into all affairs!"

"Bah!" The Hawk gave a scoffing laugh.  
 "That won't do. Precious lot that brings!  
 Swoop—like me!—into private thoughts.  
 Never snoop! Make folks tell you things.  
 Prying isn't the way. Just go  
 Snatch from people the things they know."

Then the Owl blinked and shook his head.  
 "What's the use doing all that stuff?  
 Why uncover the unseen things?  
 All around you there is enough,  
 Quite enough to observe and hear.  
 Why go into the unknown sphere?"

The toiling student moved not, nor heard  
 The fine philosophy of each bird;  
 For she has found in her wide booklore  
 All that the three birds learned—and more.

—Elizabeth Counselman.

(To the owl, the crane, and the hawk on the book-  
 case at one end of the library reference room.)



# Social Clubs

By LUCILLE CARY and ETHEL BARNETT

UPON every college campus where the student body is divided into social and non-social students there arise many conflicting statements concerning the efforts of club associations and activities upon a student's work and college life in general. This vital and much discussed question has led to a recent investigation made through a distinctly impersonal spirit, which gives interesting data and open fields for further exploits.

A committee of seven freshmen, four club girls and three non-club girls, were chosen for their capability and impartiality to undertake the collection of the material and plans were discussed under the direction of a member of the faculty. The questions for investigation were: 1. To what extent is scholarship a basic of choice for pledging. 2. What is the average total cost of club membership and for what does this money go? 3. What is the distribution received with formal, recorded penalties from the Honor Board by club girls. Three other questions are left unanswered and the individuals for contemplation. Does club membership produce lasting friendships of a high order, or does club membership tend to force undesirable associations, and does club membership make more difficult the forming of desirable friendships with non-club girls and other club girls?

About 1/6 of the students of Alabama College or 123 of the 836 students hold active or pledged memberships in seven social clubs. Facts have been obtained through personal interviews, activity point records, previous annuals, and grade point records—"Interesting and accurate figures" was the purpose of the committee. . . These are presented without conclusion and personal points of views.

The distribution of elective honors was determined from the 1928-29 annual, because of the fact that a complete list for the current year has not been compiled. Following are the results of this tabulation:

Total number of offices .....	155
Number held by social club girls .....	64, or 41%
Number held by non-social club girls .....	91, or 59%
Total number of individuals holding offices .....	128
Number of social club girls holding offices .....	55, or 43%
Number of non-club girls holding offices .....	73, or 57%

This tends to show that the majority of offices are held by social club girls. Is it that

they were pledged because of their previous records in leadership, at high school and elsewhere or has the club fastened and developed initiative in its members.

Some of the questions asked on the campus in regard to social clubs relate to scholarship. In this investigation answers have been sought to three of these questions.

To what extent does scholarship influence Social Club pledging? How do the grades of Social Club girls compare with those of non-club girls? Is pledging conducive to good scholarship among the Freshmen?

To ascertain the facts relating to the first question, the only data available was the grades on the entrance English examination. These grades were not available to Social Clubs at the time of pledging, but they are fairly representative of the individuals who were pledged. Approximately 18% of the Freshmen were pledged; 82% were not. The grades of the Freshmen pledges were compiled and averaged, with the result that the average Social Club pledge stood at the 76 percentage; the average non-club girl at the 46 percentage. This would seem to indicate that in general scholarship is a factor in determining pledges.

In comparing the grades of the social club and non-club girl, the grades points for the Fall quarter, 1929, were used. The average number of grade points made by the social club girls was found to be 28.3. The average number made by the non-club girls was 14.4. These facts would tend to point to a relatively high degree of scholarship on the average among social club girls. Further information in regard to grades was secured from the first quarter Honor Roll. 26 girls made first Honor Roll; of this number, 9 or 34.6% were social club girls and 17 or 65.4% were non-club girls. 93 girls made second Honor Roll. Of this number 26 or 28% were social club girls, and 67 or 72% were non-club girls. The totals show 129 on both honor rolls, 27.1% of whom were club girls as compared with 72.9% non-club girls.

The entrance English examination grades were again used concerning the effect of pledging on scholarship among the Freshmen. This was done on a comparative basis. The grade of each Freshman pledge on the entrance exam was matched as nearly as possible with the grade of a Freshman non-pledge. The English grades of the same girls for the first quarter



were then obtained, and the corresponding number of grade points totaled. The results showed 233 grade points for the non-club girls and 217 for the social club girls, which was a close margin. Data was necessarily limited by the fact that only entrance exam grades on English were available.

In the second place, what is the average yearly sum spent by individual club girls and for what is this money spent.

- I. Number of girls interviewed, 16.
- II. Number of clubs represented, 7.
- III. Average.
  1. New pledges — costumes and money for lead out .....\$ 4.00
  2. Pledges—Initiation fees ..... 5.00
  3. Rush week ..... 2.00
  4. Entertainment throughout year.. 3.00
  5. Dues ..... 9.00
  6. Pin ..... 12.50
  7. Average cost for the year .....\$28.35

Money from the treasuries is spent for club entertainments, for local social cases and in some instances for a scholarship fund.

The questions asked of the individual are, is the cost for entertainment in a social club greater than the cost for obtaining entertainment and diversity elsewhere and is the entertainment sufficient without further encurrence of expense?

Upon the bulletin of the Honor Board from the opening of school, September 10 to February 6 there have appeared ninety-four penalties, a little less than one-half of which were inflicted upon the social-club girls, or about 1/6 of the student body has received about 1/2 of the penalties.

In conclusion, from the investigation made on the effect of social clubs at Alabama College it was found that club girl's scholarship average stands higher than that of the non-club girls, that the average cost for club membership is around \$28.35, that the majority of student elective offices are held by club girls, and that about half the penalties imposed by the Honor Board go to social club students. These facts have been gathered in an effort to provide a real basis for future club discussions—both pro and con.—upon which opinions and judgments may be accurately founded.

## ALL TO CHAPEL

With the opening of the new quarter for all, faculty and student body, chapel will begin. The new plans for chapel hour as given by Dr. Farmer, chairman of the chapel committee include five days per week.

Monday and Friday—Devotional and outside speakers.

Tuesday—In the hands of various departments. Purposed to acquaint the school as a whole with what happens on the campus.

Wednesday—All school chorus to be directed by Miss Farrah who has the reputation for building up singing.

Thursday—Student government and Student affairs in charge. Mass, class, and student organization meet.

According to the Student Government three chapel hours per week will be required. An excellent method of checking on attendance has been perfected by which all whose names begin with A-E, F-J, K-N, inclusive, etc., will enter doors 1, 2, 3, respectively, receive an "exclusively" colored card, upon which they write their names and the date, and leave these cards at the doors as they pass out. No individual seats will be assigned. Tuesdays and Thursdays will not be compulsory but will be open to students desiring to make-up previous cuts. Thursday has been set aside to fill the need of a time to meet "when every-one is not busy." Mass, class, and other student organizations will meet on this day at the chapel hour. Punctuality is one requisite of this new plan. No one will be admitted to the auditorium after the exercise has begun.

Other plans include the organization of a vested choir and the establishment of many other features. The pipe organ and a new supply of hymnals will add to all the programs. It is the hope of the committee to have interesting and attractive services which will be brief and dignified. The student body is separate in dining halls and dormitories, it will be together as a school in chapel. This pause in each day's routine will aim to take the student body away from the petty details of life and from the school tasks.



# Banking, Buying, and Baseball

By MELLIJO WILLIAMS

THERE is quite a bit of hidden talent on the campus that even college night leaders, in their diligent search each year, have failed to unearth. Of course there is talent and talent—and one perhaps wouldn't expect to find talent of any kind in a very remote little cage off the corridor of Main, fairly buried beneath an avalanche of ledgers, files and documents of **every** description. But nevertheless I contend that Mr. Wills, whose abilities have titled him business manager, purchasing agent, and registrar of Alabama College, is a man of no small talent.

However, wishing to confirm my own impressions and to gather something of a background in which to set them forth I ventured into the little cage one afternoon purposely—disregarding the warning on the door "Bank is closed" for I had an appointment!

At first there was only a very insignificant looking back, bending over innumerable figures, that any student may view through the bars of Miss Lee's window when drawing or depositing money. But if that back should turn for a minute, as it did when I entered, and a very pleasant voice demanded, "Well, what can I do for you, young lady?" you would immediately think as I did, that this person could do any number of things for you—and he did.

In a very brisk sort of way without any preliminaries, he sketched for me his twenty-one years spent at Alabama College.

Mr. Wills received his A. B. in 1901 from Auburn, and his A. M. from Cornell in '25. He came to Alabama College in the fall of 1909 as purchasing agent and assistant in the history department. Four years later Mr. Wills became head of the department of history, holding this position until the school offered four years of College work. At this time the duties of business administrator had so increased along with the growth of the school as to demand Mr. Will's entire attention in this phase of his work alone. He still retains instructorship in Business Law, this being "about his only contact

with students for the past few years," he said.

In the twenty-one years that Mr. Wills has been at Alabama College he has watched with intense interest and pride the school's growth and development.

"But of course its growth has meant for me less actual contact with the students and their activities," he said with an air of genuine regret.

His speaking of activities reminded me that in those other days before he became so weighed with his world of business and its responsibilities that he must have had some special interest in student activities. Questioning him I was not disappointed—

"I guess I've always liked athletics best," he said, "we used to have great fun in the days when the "gym" inclosed an open court down by the post office. I organized the first indoor baseball, ever played on the campus, there"—he added as an afterthought.

As I arose to go he laughingly inquired, "Is there anything else you would like to know?" There was a great deal more that I would like to have known about from this connoisseur of all college purchases; from this mind that so skillfully handled the finances of a large college, from this personality that had known twenty-one years of college life and college students.

But there was not time for more—already people waited impatiently outside to have orders approved, and orders given perhaps.

As I left the office I suddenly remembered that both Mr. Wills and Miss Lee would soon be leaving the back corridor where for so many years a long line of students have waited to register. And they would be exchanging their small cage for a really and truly bank office with shiny brass bars, gleaming mahogany desks, and a wide expanse of campus stretched out before them.

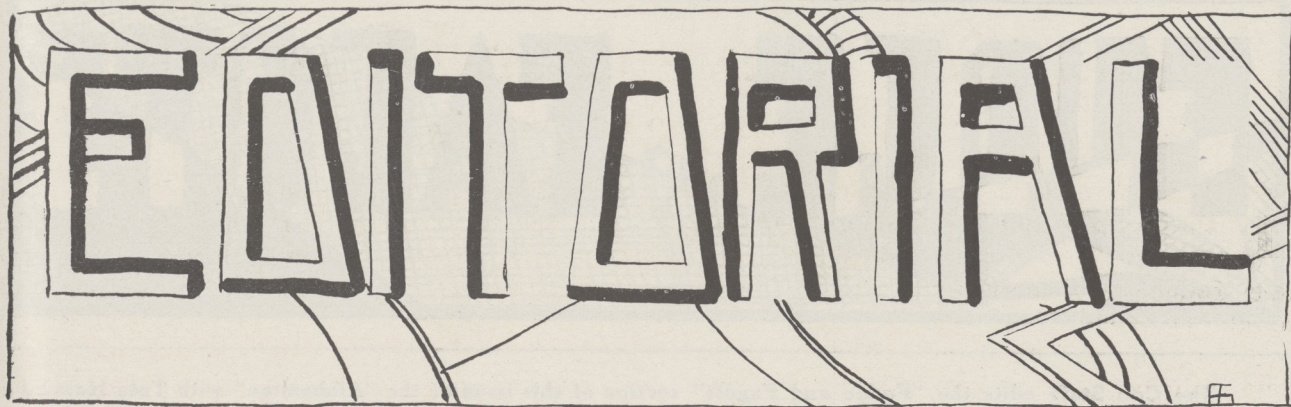
It was a happy thought! How infinitely they deserved these and more!



E. H. WILLS

Business Manager, Purchasing Agent and Registrar, Alabama College





# EDITORIAL

## "ALABAMIAN" FUTURE

The following paragraph appeared recently in The Nebraska Alumni, "The publication of the college student newspaper has come to be a business, the extent of which few people realize." The Alabamian Staff wonders, if its fellow students realize just how hard a business editing a magazine may grow to be when unaided by contributors other than the staff. Last year you asked for a magazine—next year will you support one?

## WHEN THE NEW WEARS OFF

Chapel attendance last year was rather discouraging for the faithful chapel committee. This year it has been rather alarming not only for the harassed committee but for the student and faculty members who believe there is a vital need for such student contact in an ever enlarging institution where segregation of the student body into small units has become necessary.

Division of students has even been found necessary for chapel hour itself until larger facilities could be provided. However, can it be division alone that is responsible for the lack of interest in the chapel hour evidenced on our campus? Many have believed this to be the case while others have suggested uninteresting programs as a likely cause. In the past few months much has been done to improve both. The splendid facilities of the new auditorium will offer ample room for students and faculty alike. And a great amount of time and

thought is being spent on plans for programs during the remainder of the school year.

When the thrilling newness has worn off the blue leather seats, and the immensity of the curved dome seems no longer such an indispensible marvel, will the spirit of the student body stand exposed as the basic cause for poorly attended chapel hour?

## SPRING SPECULATIONS

"In the Spring a Senior's fancy turns seriously to thoughts of the future and to speculation of what it may hold for each of them."

For those who come to College with definite goals and plans that no amount of hard knocks and new fields have been able to dim, the speculations are no doubt delightful and inspiring. But what of the larger group whose speculation as to the future cannot embrace any thing more fascinating and interesting than mere teaching "because there's nothing else to do." Then there is to be found in every Senior class yet another group perhaps more tragic than the latter—though the point is debatable—those who haven't even a shred worn alibi with which to face an unplanned future.

## BRAVO CUBS!

The members of the cub staff give their effort, as a group, a formal debut in this issue of the Alabamian, editing Fudge and Fagots under their own supervision, using their own ingenuity and originality.

And surely, judging these efforts—"from amongst the cubs will come our lions."



# FUDGE AND FAGOTS

The Cub Staff edits the "Fudge and Fagots" section of this issue of the "Alabamian" with Toto Howard as Cub Staff Editor. The staff announces the addition of Mary Sue Thomas and Dorothy Davies to the Cub Staff.

## MOST RECENT DISCOVERY

**H**ERLOCK Sholmes, the campus Defective, made a few cracks about engagement diamonds last month, remember? (Feverish thumbing of back "Alabamians.") Well, the sparkler of the century has been discovered on the finger of our own staff's tiniest member, Eleanor Garrett. You never saw such a big diamond on such a little girl! And she tells us the fatal step will be taken within the next six weeks.

Well, let us tell you, monsieur—whatever you are—if little Eleanor can cook steaks and darn socks like she can draw and write—*you lucky stiff!*

## IMPRESSIONISTIC PICTURE OF COLLEGE NIGHT

The tense excitement—the mad scramble for a seat—the impatience for things to start—the medium songs, lifted to the ceiling by hundreds of sweet voices—at last the curtain—the Purple stunt—the mermaids and undersea scenery—the starfish—Belle McCall singing to Ruth—the "Baby Beebe"—the Gold stunt—"I'm the Dean! I'm the Dean!"—the steps in black, gold, and green, the choruses—"Gold can get anything!"—the grand finale—the two slow songs, swelling like hymns and tugging at the hearts of old students and new—the Purple impersonation—those horrible "heads"—the prisoners—the heads-woman—the bloodstains on the chopping-block—the Prince's courtly bows—the white pigeon—the admirable behavior of the horse—the Gold impersonation—Pee Wee's success with those gorgeous costumes and the scenery!—Galahad and his exalted look—Katherine the proud, in black, red and silver—the thunder behind scenes—the little maid—Betram the Bitter—Bedivere—"The times lead up and on!"—the pep songs! Pete

and Janet, their intense excitement and unbeatable pep—Dora and Nonnie—Dora's famous grin—Nonnie's grace in leading the songs—"Let's all stand up! let's all sit down!"—the purple's confetti—"Gold-Purple! Gold-Purple!"—the Gold's colored handkerchief stunt—the toasts!—Virginia's charm—Helen's magnetism—the Judges filing out—the suspense—decision—the insane joy of the Golds—the marvelous sportsmanship of the Purples—College Night—College Night—Yea Purples!—Yea Golds!—Yea-ea Alabama College ! !

## THOUGHTS OF A HOME ECONOMICS MAJOR

How I love to see 'em wiggle,  
An' slip an' slide an' squirm;  
An' hear the teacher's smothered giggle  
As she hears the girls rave about worms.

Slitting their dorsal view seems all the rage,  
'Cause everybody's at it—for Home Ec.'s sake:  
But maybe someday we'll turn the page  
An' find a recipe for "Lumbricus Terrestris Cake."—Sue Thomas.

## THESE WARBLERS

Screams from within, shouts from without; coats, overcoats and any other handy article to make nets to catch those on third who were unlucky enough to be that high up at such a critical time.

Lucky victims winding in and out of waiting arms, trying to look in all directions at the same time, and send glances of pity and scorn at the unfortunates that hung from the windows above.

Fire? Man in the building? No, my child,—the Auburn Glee Club has just arrived.

## Y. W. OFFERS INTERESTING NEW FEATURES

An interesting series of Y. W. services began Sunday evening, February 14, when the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. of Birmingham Southern took charge of the entire program. The first Sunday's program of March will be conducted by the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. of Howard. It is hoped that these programs will be followed by similar ones from the Woman's College Y. W. and perhaps from the University's Y. W.

With the completion of Palmer Hall and the transfer of Y. W. programs to this larger building the possibilities for better programs will be greatly increased. Musical and organ recitals will become outstanding features of the Y. W. programs in the future.

One of the most looked forward to programs in the new auditorium is that of March 6, when Peter Marshall of Columbia Seminary, Decatur, Georgia, will speak and sing. Mr. Marshall is Scotch, having been in this country only a few years.

Later in the Spring the Y. W. cabinet and Dr. Carmichael are both eager to have a quartet of singers from Tuskegee as a feature Y. W. program.

## NOBILITY MINGLES WITH THE COOKS

The orderly silence of the Practice Home was shattered by a frightened scream the other day, and general disturbance resulted in the news that a strange man had come wandering in through the back door. Fright turned to delight, however, when it was discovered that the visitor was none other than Sir Phillip "Ben" Greet.

The Six Cooks were not attired to receive nobility—they wore smocks and mules; but the call was unexpected. They rose to the cc-



casion admirably, however, served him coffee, and gave him and his players their rooms to dress in. What the actors did to those prim practice rooms would make any "home-ec" major scream and faint. But the Six Cooks considered it a lark to have the Ben Greet players put their neat little rooms in chaos!

Sir Phillip expressed delight at the practice home idea, saying that more cooks in America would lessen the number of divorces. He is highly in favor of the long bob, too, advising several girls to let their hair grow out and complimenting that of several who had done so.

Sir Phillip's personal charm, his English accent, and his friendliness delighted the Six Cooks of the practice house, and his cheering praise made them reach for their frying pans with renewed purpose.

#### ABOUT THE NEW AUDITORIUM

Final inspection of Palmer Hall has not yet been made nor the date of its dedication been definitely set, due to the uncertainty concerning the finishing of the organ. The tentative date is the first week in April.

The Skinner Organ Company, from whom the instrument was purchased, has promised a nationally known organist to play for the dedication of the organ. This will probably be on Sunday, and the dedication of the building on the Saturday previous.

#### HOME STUDY SERVICE

Alabama College, through its Home Study Service, has available for use of Women's Clubs of the State more than forty complete programs, each containing material for a full year's study. These program outlines are prepared by faculty members.

No charge will be made for any club program service. Books will be loaned upon request to those clubs using the programs of the Home Study Service. Clubs, however, will pay postage both ways on reference books.

The Home Economic's staff has prepared some topics to study for the girls' Home Economics Club. Each topic furnishes material for eight club meetings, so that only one topic will be needed during the year. Two of the most interesting topics are: "Child Life of Other Lands" and "What Women Can Do."

For the women they have prepared topics such as: Home Making as a Career; American Women in

Law; Education; Politics, Social Service; Literature; Drama, Art, Religion and Sport.

#### RAP! —BUT ONCE

"Sing a song of system,  
Meetings full of pep,  
Parliamentary order,  
Makes the moments step."

In the parliamentary law class it is system, pep, and order that makes the moments step, led by its instructor, Narcissa T. Shawhan of Mobile. Another class under her supervision has perfected the P. L. language, for even as the florist advertises, "Say it with flowers," the parliamentarians advertise, "Say it with parliamentary language."

That single stroke of the gavel demands the attention of us all. It

#### RADIO REVIEW FOR MARCH

March 6. Mr. M. L. Orr, Director of the Training School will talk on "Education of Women." Readings by Miss Helen Mahler. Musical selections.

March 7. All music hour.

March 13. Monthly program of Alabama Federation of Women's Clubs. Miss Lacey, Head of the Home Economics Department, will speak.

March 14. Mr. W. J. Kennely, Dept. of Physics and Chemistry, will speak on "The Inter-High School Meet."

March 20. Continuation of "Education of Women" by Mr. Orr. Musical selections.

March 21. "Education in Germany," Mr. J. S. Ward, Dept. of Foreign Languages. Several readings by Miss Helen Osband, Speech Department. Musical selections.

March 27. Miss Golson, English Dept. will speak. Continuation of "Education in Germany" by Mr. Ward. Musical selections.

March 28. All Music Hour.

speaks one tense, sharp word—"hush", and silence reigns.

The P. L. class has surely learned one rule: "No two persons should have the floor at the same time." In meetings they should be just like well buckets; when one goes up, the other comes down. A mechanical and orderly arrangement, we think.

The class has learned that the president and secretary should sit side by side; but it is whispered that certain class presidents and secretaries on this campus sit so far apart, that they need a telephone to communicate with each other.

As to answering roll call—a cheerily piped "Here!" is "unparliamentary." The correct answer is "Present!" Now, don't forget next time.

Maybe there is something to this P. L. class after all. Who knows?

#### JUGENDBEWEGUNG

Doesn't sound very youthful, does it? And yet the Jugendbewegung, or Youth Movement, has been a very remarkable force in the social, religious, and intellectual life of Germany for the past twenty years.

Some times prior to 1910 a group of youths gathered outside of the city of Berlin and there held the first meeting, setting in motion an influence now nation wide. This movement took place, as it were, from an impulse of the German breast, wholly without systematic organization of any kind.

This original group was dissatisfied with the old order of things. They stood for a high social and moral standard; and for a ground of common contact between parents and children, between teachers and pupils. In keeping with Romanticism of a hundred years ago, close-to-nature became the urge. And such is the spirit, the idealism, of it, the Youth Movement is no longer confined to youth alone, but all persons of either sex who stand for its principles are bearers of its point of view.

And its achievement? It is creating more wholesome social intercourses, it cultivates the beautiful in art, song, and poetry, the inner life—the spirit, the soul—is to the fair as against materialism.

And never do they ride! Walking is the rage in Germany. A few main highways are designated for automobiles, but the paths, the forrest lanes, are set aside for the pedestrian. This wandering movement of youth met at first with a serious obstacle—lack of shelter, but there are fast devolving "Jugendbewegung," shelters for Youth. Wandering has become an important element in the program of practically all schools. They have appropriated the idea as a means of "ripening for culture."

One of the most striking examples of this new spirit is the transformation of the beautiful old castle of Hohnstein—once the stronghold of a robber-knight, afterwards for hundreds of years a prison—into a shelter for the youth of a country, one of the "Herbergms."

With this leaven of democracy at work can we not predict that the nation is safe, that the world is safe, so long as these forces shall prevail?



## SIXTH NATIONAL INTER-COLLEGIATE ORATORICAL CONTEST

THIS contest is open to every college student in America. The subject this year ranges widely on the field of the Constitution of the United States. The entry lists closes March 25. Each college is to finish selecting its representative by April 15. The State contests are held from April 26 to May 3; zone contests from May 16 to May 30 and the National final held on June 19.

Each year Alabama College has won some honor in the State contest, and one year Miss Clyde Merrill won the Seginal and was sent to Atlanta for the zone.

Alabama has a great deal of talent in the debating field. Lets go to Los Angles this year.

## ELECTION AND CAMPAIGNS

This year the election of Student Government officers, which is to be in March, will be conducted by members of the Political Science class, as was done year before last. The election will be modelled after State elections with the Political Science students officiating as sheriffs of the various precincts into which the campus will be divided.

Miss Givins, instructor of Political Science and advisor of the Junior League of Women Voters, is very anxious that there be political campaigns before the election this year. This as yet has not been definitely worked out.

## ANOTHER COLLEGE PROBLEM

Math majors, chemistry majors or any old majors on Alabama College campus who can solve problems, please lend the art appreciation class a hand. Their problem is to make a park of the triangular plot between Miss Beck's house and the new apartments. They can't have grass because it costs too much to have it mowed; they can't have hedges as they have no one to trim them; they can't have flowers because they have to be watered. Now, any resourceful person who can suggest something that requires neither money, water, labor, or anything to make survive, please reply. We need solutions! ! !

## CATS ON EVERY HALL

Cats! Ten thousand miscellaneous cats, doomed by a too-cruel Fate to take up their abode in the halls and rooms of Main! S. P. C. A., where art thou? Something really ought to be done. Think of it, gentle readers;

thousands of helpless, hopeless, hapless felines forced to live amid scores of fiendish noisy annoying girls who know nothing and care less of the aesthetic feelings of cats! Locked away from the sun and pure air to wander meowing along gloomy halls, into chaotic student parlors, through unkept rooms and beneath unmade beds; Pity the poor creatures, O ye who sit in the seats of the mighty! Give these unfortunate cats a break and provide for them a home other than Main Dorm!

—"Fiji."

## HELPLESS HOSPITALITY

By HELEN MAHLER '30

SATURDAY, and we leave the library with a sigh of relief, and turn our minds wholeheartedly to the prospect of shows, camp, rest, and guests.

There are always guests of all

## IN EXASPERATION

Wicked heartless pedagogue,  
With no more conscience than  
a frog!  
What ingeniousness you show  
Asking just what I don't know!  
On exams, inventing more  
Terms I never heard before.  
Though I cram the whole night  
through,  
Study till my face is blue  
Your exam involves the spot  
That I skipped or else forgot—  
Do you slip into my nook  
When my nose is in my book,  
Jot down what I'm studying,  
And for exam leave out that  
thing?

—"Fiji."

kinds,—mothers and fathers, little sister, boys, and "old girls."

The only part some of us play with the "old girls" is to overhear a remark, "that used to be where this is", or "why, I don't know a soul!" or to sit passively while unknown guests inspect our rooms, patting the walls, exclaiming over "the same old chair!" But generally there is someone we know well, and are glad to see.

Frances has already said, "Caroline is coming to see me this weekend."

And I say enthusiastically, "Well, grand! I 'sho' do want to see her."

Now I really liked Caroline. Perhaps she was a club sister, or we were in a play together, or sat by each other in chemistry lab. At any rate I liked her and "sho" do want to see her.

But somehow when I see her she seems a little different. Is she really looking down at us with that "I'm out in the world" expression? Or is

it that I simply can't think of a thing to say that would interest us both?

After the awkward embrace, during which a dab of lipstick appears somewhere between my nose and ear, I say, "Well, I 'sho' am glad to see you!"

She says something that sounds very much like that.

I continue, "What are you doing?" and she replies that she is teaching, married, or staying at home. In answer to my inquiry as to how she is enjoying it, she registers disparagement, attempted enthusiasm, or boredom, respectively.

I remark that she's wearing a pretty dress, and she says she likes my hair this way. I strive to think of an excuse to leave, and become self-conscious because of the silence. She realizes it all rests with her now, and she says insipidly:

"Well, what's happening?"

"Oh nothing, of course!" I laugh while I think of the grand show I'll have to miss because I'm going to the dance tonight, and then out to camp tomorrow—

As we are exchanging "wells", another old friend approaches and receives her embrace. Under cover of her "Well, what are you doing?" I jabber "Well, Elizabeth is waiting for me. I'm glad I got to see you. Want to see some more of you before you go." And when I meet Elizabeth (who probably wasn't waiting for me), I like her better than I ever have before.

## THIRTY-FIVE NEW PREXYS

According to Archie M. Palmer in the November issue of the Bulletin of the Association of American Colleges, thirty-five new college presidents have been elected since January 1, 1929; six that were elected in 1928 inaugurated, and change of heads in ten other institutions effected in the same period.

Commenting on this apparently serious situation in his article headed "Fifty-five New College Heads," Mr. Palmer says, "When 45 such changes are received within the brief span of nine months and the existence of at least ten vacancies is reported, it is time for those interested in and concerned with the welfare of the American College as a useful factor in the training of our youth, to take notice."

The reason why a college president does not hold his office for more than ten years, is due to the hardships imposed on him while in office and the severe strain that goes with such a position, so Palmer thinks.





*Feather Flakes~*

Slim little feather flakes sliding,  
sliding,  
Down a silver sky—  
Slipping, skipping, gliding, sliding,  
Down a silver sky.

Soft little feather flakes drifting,  
drifting,  
Down a baby valley—  
Deeping, sleeping, sifting, drifting,  
Down a baby valley.

Shy little feather flakes dreaming,  
dreaming,  
Down a brownny ground—  
Resting, nesting, scheming, dreaming,  
Down a brownny ground.

—Ellen Marsh, '33.







### NOTE TO "SPORTS"

IN the game "A. C.", written up in the January edition of the *Alabamian*, "Sports" failed to mention one girl who got "home free" but the Sophomores refused to let you forget Amy Tidwell. You see, just because we're young, don't try to overlook us and think we Sophs are not in it, for Amy is only one of many that may surprise you some day! So here's to Amy! !

### WHO'S GOT THE PEP? WHO'S GOT THE REP? YEA PURPLES! YEA GOLDS!

They both had an over abundance of "everything" Saturday night, when the Athletic Board gave a formal (?) "tacky" dance for the Golds and Purples.

The gym was cleverly decorated, carrying out the color scheme, and the music! well, Eddie's saxophone would set anybody wild.

Everybody looked their worst, and a good time was enjoyed by all—the three "tackiest" (of which title, they all were fully capable of capturing) were: Margaret Van Wert, Anne Gaines Tibbs and Ruby Moore—they were rewarded with a sody pop!

A prize was offered to the side having the most people there—the lucky break went to the Golds.

Here's to another dance and another College Night next year!

### TOO MUCH SLUSH, MUSH AND RAIN

Mud-mud-muddy hockey field—and so, we have to give up the class hockey tournament. Each class was "all set" to become champions.

The mighty Seniors who have never lost a game were ready to repeat. The Juniors were ready for "sweet revenge," the Sophomores were sure they couldn't lose, now that they know more of the game. Who knows what the Freshmen might have done; even with the few practices they had they were playing a beautiful game (on the blackboard).

After all it can't be helped—when, it wasn't raining it was snowing and when it wasn't raining or snowing, the ground was too slippery to stand on or it as freezing cold. About the time we thought every thing was just right to begin practice over again, down came more rain.

But did you say, you saw girls practicing mighty hard after the tournament had been called off. Well, don't show your ignorance; one bunch was **Golds** and the other **Purples**.

### MORE PLAY DAYS

Play Days are quite the thing these days. Do you remember three years ago when four of our girls went to Brenau to a Play Day? Whey they came back they were very much "pepped" over it, and that very spring we had our first Play Day. Then last spring another and of course, the third is this year.

Last week a letter was received from M. S. C. W. saying that they are going to have a Play Day in April, and wanted to know if we would be interested and would it be possible for us to send seven or eight girls.

Would we be interested! No, not much. And as for sending seven or eight girls the Athletic Board has already decided to send not seven, but eight.

### INTER-HIGH SCHOOL MEET

PLANS were made at a conference of representatives of the girl's division of the State Athletic Association, of the department of Physical and Health Education of the State, and of Alabama College for the eighth annual enter-high school meet for girls to be held here April 17-19. One of the chief features of the meet will be the first state wide "Play Day" for high school girls.

Participation in the meet will be based on the winning of school and State letters under the point system adopted by the Athletic Association in the Spring of '28. Each individual who registers for the meet is required to apply for a state letter.

According to Miss Sellers, chairman of the committee for the inter-high meet, the program will include basket ball, base ball, bat ball, volley ball, tennis, track meet—individual and group stunts. Many social features will also be provided.

The feature of competition will be on the basis of color teams into which participants will be divided at the opening of the meet. Individual members of the team winning the highest number of points will also be conducted again. These contests include fields of home economics, music, art, speech, and dramatics with prizes to individual and school winner. President Carmichael has announced that all State Physical Education teachers will be extended an invitation.

General organization will be under directions of Prof. W. J. Kennerly of Alabama College.

Plans are under way for a complete filming of "Play Day" that a permanent record may be had of the first state-wide play day for Alabama high school girls.



# CAMPUS WORLDS

The Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard recently acquired what is said to be the greatest collection of horns and antlers in the country.

Harvard, with an endowment of more than eighty-two million dollars, is the most heavily endowed university in the United States or Canada.

Oberlin, with an endowment of more than \$14,000,000, is the most heavily endowed college in the United States or Canada.

One hundred and eighty-two colleges and universities in the United States and Canada have an endowment of one million dollars or more.

Touch football is the latest craze which has struck the co-eds at Birmingham Southern. This game, in which the idea is to touch the one in possession of the ball, has been adopted by the freshmen co-eds.—“Vo. Tech.”

New York—Professor David Snedden of Teachers College, Columbia University, believes that in the near future colleges will have to divide themselves into three types, one for the “bread and butter” students who come to college to get a foundation for later business, one for the coonskin coated youth who prefers a football game to the class room, and one for the quiet seeker after learning.—“The Critograph.” Rotunda.

The Flat Hat, the newspaper from the College of William and Mary, proudly announces that this college is the only one in the state and one of the few colleges in the country that conduct a summer school in France. The Bulletin of the 1930 Summer Study Tour in Europe is a pamphlet of sixteen pages. It outlines in detail the study, travel, and sightseeing in England, France, Germany, and Belgium.—“The Breeze.”

## SWEET BRIAR TO THE FRONT

Probably the first girls' college in the South to allow smoking on its campus is Sweet Briar College. The Sweet Briar News says that Sweet Briar has now taken her place among the leading women's colleges in another way. The highest consumption of cigarettes, we suppose, will soon be an asset to the institution.

## “FRIENDS” DISCUSSED

### AT JUNIOR FORUM

The regular meeting of the Junior Forum was held Sunday afternoon in the Student Activity building. Katherine Frost led the discussion on “Friends.” It was shown that when a line is drawn exclusively about two, and the world is shut out, the two miss riches and adventure, and the exercise of many faculties which ought to be actively and constructively at work; and the world misses what the two could be meaning to people if they were not concentrated upon each other.

“Boy Friends” will be the topic of discussion at the next meeting.—“Spectator”—M. S. C. W.

## I'M THE GINKETTE

I'm the ginkette who kicks about the way the school is run. Of course I realize that everything in the school can't be perfect, but I grumble continually about the poor enforcement of school laws and regulations. That I make little effort to observe them myself does not matter, though I realize I do not set a very good example for new girls. I fuss because so few girls bother to vote when elections are held; of course I didn't vote myself but I had a good book to read that day and couldn't wait till another time to finish the last chapter. I am so sorry the best girl didn't get the place. I knock the school to outsiders, for effect I must admit; it isn't true, but it gives me something to talk about. If everyone were like me, we would have a perfect school.—“Ward-Belmont Hyhnn.”

## HOUSEKEEPING FOR BOYS

After an inspection of the boys' dormitory at Transylvania College, there has been much thought on whether a course on housekeeping should be given to boys or not. It seems that even after the boys knew that there was to be an inspection and just when that still their rooms were unclean. The only hold-back, as seen at present, is that the boys are incapable of wielding a broom or duster as skillfully as the girls. We see no reason why a little coaching wouldn't help.

## A FRESHMAN'S CONCEPTION OF A SENIOR

A Senior stood on the railroad track,  
The train was coming fast;  
The train got off the track  
To let the senior pass.  
—“Plainsman.”

## EDUCATION EAST AND WEST OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

England has recently passed a law that goes into effect in 1931 which raises the compulsory age of school attendance from fifteen to sixteen years. This will increase the school expenditure about seven and a half millions pounds per year. In cases of need England is offering compensation for the salary that is taken from the parents when the child is put in school another year.

What is the attitude in the United States toward school?  
“The Reflex,” Ga. State Teachers' College.

Law students at Georgetown University have departed from usual custom in their efforts to gain practical experience. They hold weekly sessions of moot courts in connection with meetings of various law clubs in the school. These moot courts are doing much to stimulate interest in pleading and a knowledge of regular court procedure.

—Judson “Triangle.”



## WHERE ARE THE CAMPUS KINGS OF YESTERYEAR?

"THE great majority of the Campus Kings have what is usually called personality," Henry F. Pringle reveals in the February College Humor. "And they follow, with diligence and no small degree of skill, a program approved by generations of alumni. The important thing about college, they have been told, is success on the campus. It was well enough for a prospective teacher to make Phi Beta, America's standard of culture, but the man who planned some other career must concentrate on more important things. Student success counted in that most dim and forbidding of all places, the outside world. The business manager of a college paper knows how to run an office. He knows, the alumni whisper, 'how to handle men.' The athlete of a varsity team has learned how to fight. Life, it is set forth, is very much like a football game. Adopt this system, many an undergraduate has been advised, and the path to success lies smooth before him.

"Sometimes, alas, it does not. I make no generalizations. I am willing to concede, statistics to the contrary being lacking, that Taffy Brown, the Football Star, the Shingle Hound and the Social Light may be exceptions. The fact remains, however, that the Campus King frequently finds it impossible to adjust himself when he leaves college. The success so glibly promised proves elusive, and the contrast with the days he has known is terrific.

"So, too, the campus Queens. These enchanting girls, after whom the stag line edged farther and farther into the center of the dance floor, return to Emporia or Middletown or Henderson and marry the village Babbitt. There they are bored or neurotic as they settle down into their middle-aged spread, wistfully unhappy as they dream of the days when men clustered on the porch of the sorority house. There I shall leave them! I knew them when they were slim and young and lovely, when a date for April was elaborately negotiated in February.

"Among all the disillusionments which follow commencement day, the saddest is the discovery that the very alumni who have shouted the loudest regarding the value of outside activities are often the least inclined to take care of the men who have, as the saying is, made good on the campus. They share with other

business men a coldly practical point of view. To an increasing degree they are beginning to make inquiries regarding the scholastic records of the men they hire. It often dawns on the Campus King too late that the accomplishments which meant so much at school were but parlor tricks after all. Why learn to run an office by being business manager of the paper? He could have found out more by working in an office for six months.

"It may be excellent practice to boss compets and thereby handle men. But the new graduate discovers that no one asks him to handle men."

Several state universities are trying to cut down enrollment. At Wisconsin President Glenn Frank advocates the establishment of stringent admittance examinations in order to keep out mediocre students. That university already demands a 10 per cent higher scholarship above the regular standard from out-of-state students as a means of keeping down non-resident attendance. Now it is faced with a resident attendance that is too large.

—"Plainsman."

## NEW TYPE OF COLLEGE

A professor of psychology at the University of Denver proposes a new type of college. His new type would not produce mighty warriors of the gridiron, sorority sisters, and fraternity brothers inflated by their superficial knowledge of the classics, but "students of purpose, scholarship and invention of the highest kind." He proposes to drive from the halls of this institution the "flapper, the loafer, the sport and idle rich," to eliminate the red tape of examination and ignore athletics. In other words the old boy wants to retire; because we have never seen the type of student he dreamed of.

—"Plainsman."

## HOW ABOUT THESE?

Did you know that the total registration of New York University for the first term of the present academic year has reached 26,791 for its twelve degree conferring colleges? The total registration for the entire university is estimated at 40,000. Now we estimate, from the preceding article, that 39,999 of the grand total are football players, sorority sisters,

fraternity brothers, flappers, loafers or the idle rich.

—"Plainsman."

A negro sorority, Alpha Kappa Alpha, led the sororities at the University of Kansas in scholarship during the 1928-29 school year.

—Judson "Triangle."

Now is the time for all good students to come to the aid of the beauty situation! We have just perused the list of young ladies selected for the beauty section of the *Entre Nous* and find therein, some startling facts. Here is the low down on the situation:

Of the first six beauties selected, five of them are wearing frat pins, which usually labels them as engaged. And to cap the climax of it all, the sixth one is a man hater! Believe it or not!

—Howard "Crimson."

To learn all and anything because it is "knowledge" is not only nonsense but a species of pedantry. The intelligent man must learn to differentiate between those facts which are necessary to him and those which are of no use whatever.

—Howard "Crimson."

## CROSSING CAMPUS

Spring, with her lovely new wardrobe is already making her appearance. The President's Home has a new coat of white paint. Buds but wait another call or two from the sun and wind before peeping. Grass is more bold—There are lovely new green blades coming up everywhere. Shrubs are being transplanted to deck the sides of our newest buildings. Everything thinks rather consciously of being beautiful for commencement.

"Crossing campus causes ceaseless calamity." If we expect to have a lovely school we can not endure to trample thoughtlessly over the spot where grass is endeavoring to grow. And because of our carelessness, neat but formidable wire fences are being constructed. These distract rather than add, having a two-fold point in that fences are not fitting in a natural landscape and in that fences, barbed wire ones at that, are a constant reminder of our former forgetfulness.

Another inevitable preachy bit—banana peels and candy wraps belong where the pigs exist, not where ladies live.

—M. S. C. W. "Spectator."

"Ditto" for A. C.



# BERINGER'S

**THE FRENCH BOOTERY** has some eighteen (18) distinguished universities and private schools throughout the south on its private mailing lists. Most of the smartly dressed young women at these institutions wear French Bootery Footwear Exclusively because they are both to the manner born.

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MARCH—SPRING ISSUE

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## MARCH





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## SPRING COMES TO THE TAILOR

By ELLEN MARSH

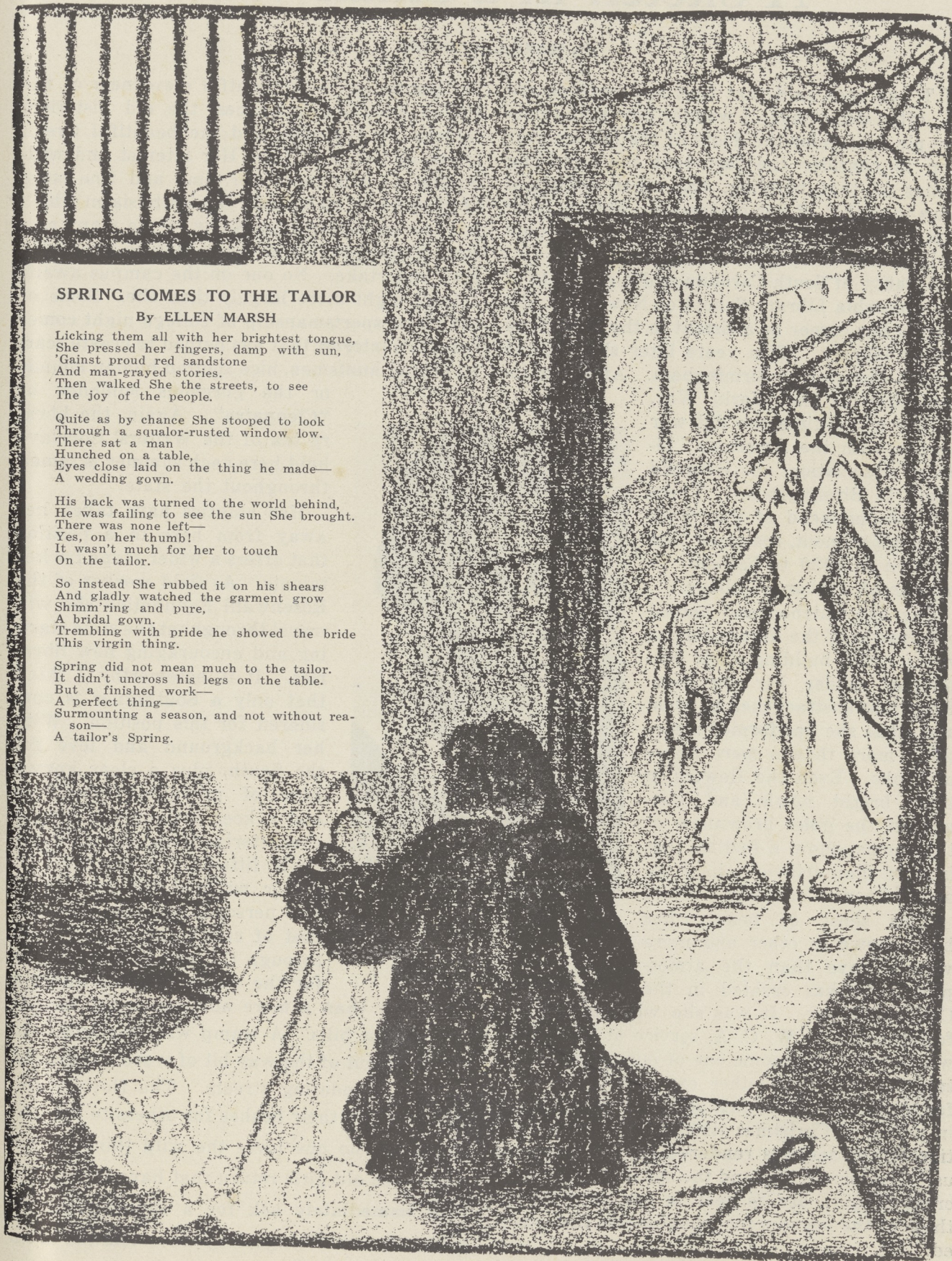
Licking them all with her brightest tongue,  
She pressed her fingers, damp with sun,  
'Gainst proud red sandstone  
And man-grayed stories.  
Then walked She the streets, to see  
The joy of the people.

Quite as by chance She stooped to look  
Through a squalor-rusted window low.  
There sat a man  
Hunched on a table,  
Eyes close laid on the thing he made—  
A wedding gown.

His back was turned to the world behind,  
He was failing to see the sun She brought.  
There was none left—  
Yes, on her thumb!  
It wasn't much for her to touch  
On the tailor.

So instead She rubbed it on his shears  
And gladly watched the garment grow  
Shimm'ring and pure,  
A bridal gown.  
Trembling with pride he showed the bride  
This virgin thing.

Spring did not mean much to the tailor.  
It didn't uncross his legs on the table.  
But a finished work—  
A perfect thing—  
Surmounting a season, and not without rea-  
son—  
A tailor's Spring.





# A Sketch in a Small Way

By MARY G. GLOSTER

IT has been said that first appearances are often deceiving! I wonder how many people who enter the doors of the library ever stop to consider the fact that the presiding genius of that building, has other delightful sides than that of her professional ability. And that her ability has been proven we need only to look into her past to find that proof.

A native of South Carolina and a graduate of the Columbia Library School of New York, she started her career as assistant in the New York Public Library. Two years later she became branch librarian in Birmingham. After the interruption of the World War, during which time she did war service with the American Library Association, she returned again to Birmingham. There she became head of the children's department, resigning that position in 1920 to become librarian at Alabama College.

She has watched and helped the growth of the library for ten years. The building itself was planned under her direction. From that abstract shell of wood and stone she has formed something more than a mere house of books. Even the flowers in their bright bowls and jars, against the quiet brownness of the rooms, show a feeling that is more than artistic in its sense of the fineness of things.

This sense of beauty has been shown in other and more varied ways than the atmosphere she has created in the College library. It was she who started and fostered our Y. W. C. A. service at Christmas, which has now become one of our most beloved traditions. It is another example of her love for the South that at this period she should join in praise of Christmas time, with an appreciation of the services rendered by those around us. The annual tree and the spirit of merriment created by it, are as dear in our hearts as in those of the negroes for whom it was first started.

The beautiful pageants that we look forward to from one May to the next have all known her guiding hand. Who will ever forget the care-free joyousness of "Robin Hood" in the am-

phitheatre, or the delightful cleverness of the Indian and Gypsy dances, the old historical tableau of Alabama, and the beautiful Greek frieze of last May Day. Her interest and willingness to contribute her time and fine store of ideas know no bounds. Her enthusiasm which is of an infectious type is one of the many reasons for her success in every venture which she may undertake. No one on the campus awaits college night more largely than she. Some of the finest sportsmanship of college night comes from this interest that has helped to create scarlet coated huntsmen, nice spotted human hounds or the gorgeous splendor of "Cleopatra". Again, the library tea of the Writers' Conclave held here each summer is famed throughout the state.

Her abilities have taken her away from here to a position that offers a wider scope for her talents. As field worker of the Rosenwahl Foundation she will travel throughout the state starting and encouraging new libraries. It is noteworthy I think that only a Southerner is considered for this position. With her background and love for the South, plus a clear knowledge of prevailing conditions and a keen insight into human characterizations, she is especially fitted for this work.

Her wit and the sparkle of her personality make her the best of companions for a walk through the woods. Her liking for the outdoors is shown in a

finer way than a mere admiration for sunsets and distant hills. A tramp with her will take one to an out of the way bit of woods or ground to some wandering stream. The flowers and vines stay on their bushes for others to see and enjoy, yet no one loves the wild things more. And when old girls return that have known her they immediately ask for a supper, hike or tramp, for the things they have learned from her companionship are the sort of things that last forever.

We'll miss you Fanny Taber.



MISS FANNY TABER  
Librarian  
Alabama College



## On Growth

By LEILA FORD, EDITH HIGH, and DOROTHY BURKS

GROWING pains are the indications of physical development both in an individual and in an institution. If properly supervised the child's reaction during such a period is never that of despondency or inactivity but one of happiness with a feeling of self confidence for the future. This year Alabama College has had its first attack from these pains, but because we are proud of its great physical expansion the accompanying characteristics have caused little alarm. To relieve the stress of this normal complaint we are anxious for the maintenance of a school life that will fill the needs that have arisen from this speedy growth.

With the situation diagnosed we can contemplate the conditions existing before the growing pains become chronic. Shortly over a year ago the entire student body resided in two dormitories and gathered into one dining hall for meals. Excepting about a hundred seniors one dormitory accommodated the student body and this arrangement promoted unity in the school and fostered a spirit which permeated the institution. The underclassmen mingled with the more experienced students and thus derived much benefit from these contacts. With the addition of Hanson Hall and the new dining room the advantages of Alabama College were extended to a larger number of girls, but with a resulting division in the student body. This division has made physical unity more difficult with a corresponding decline in spiritual unification. Yet we all enjoy the conveniences offered by the new buildings and point to them with great pride. Because the group within one dormitory is small enough to make possible more intimate contacts the girls in each are better acquainted. The various dormitory groups are inclined to live rather isolated because they are satisfied with their own communities and are indifferent to those in other dormitories. We rejoice that the smaller groups make possible more satisfying relationships but we are concerned that the unity of the school not be subordinated to the pleasure derived from these clanish habits.

Trusting in it as a remedy we are anticipating the splendid results that may be obtained from the united chapel when the entire student body will meet in a mass convocation. Surveying the beautiful physical plant of Alabama College let us buoy our spirit to meet its challenge.

## A Tribute to the Seniors

WHEN a girl enters college as a Freshman, she has in her head all those blood-freezing tales her friends and older sisters love to tell, how all Seniors frown upon Freshmen, refusing utterly to admit they are real human beings, but tolerating them as necessary evils, like spinach or exams. She need expect no friendly notice from a Senior; indeed, she is signally honored if one desires to speak to her. For these immortal beings a Freshman must have breathless and profound respect, must treat them second only to the Dean, must speak in hushed voices in their presence.

When I entered Alabama College as one of the dumbest and most frightened Freshmen you will find, I firmly believed this popular idea about Seniors, and I looked cautiously about me for tall goddess-like women, forever clad in black capes and gowns, and forever wearing an expression of regal contempt for lesser mortals. I looked for these—and I did not find any.

The girls about me were not clearly defined types to be labeled instantly: "Sophomore", "Junior", etc. I could not tell the Freshmen from the Seniors! In the student parlor it was especially confusing. I became a little weak several times (to find, by asking timidly), that I was dancing with a Senior. She was just like any other girl; she chatted pleasantly in my ear as we danced, laughed genuinely at a wise crack I made, and, to my elation, said, as the music stopped: "Come over to see me some time—Ramsay one-twenty something!" I told a Junior friend about it breathlessly. "Sure!" she said, "All the Seniors here are like that."

It was a startling statement, unbelievable; and yet the months that followed proved it a fact. Especially during College Night is it true. Freshman talent is recognized and praised just as much as Senior talent.

Ramsay Hall is not a forbidden sanctuary where a mere Freshman may not enter. Freshmen are welcome in the Senior rooms, and are often invited to spend the night with special senior friends.

Even in town, which is the most unbelievable fact of all, Seniors and Freshmen sip their drinks or see a movie together. There is not

(Continued on page 4)



# We Dedicate Palmer Hall

By MELLIJO WILLIAMS

ONE by one the dreams and plans for Palmer Hall have been shaped into a beautiful reality.

First, there was the reality of the building itself, an edifice that will be dedicated to the memory of the late President, Dr. Thomas Waverly Palmer, whose spirit, firmly incarnated in the hearts of his followers, has played a large part in fostering and developing more than mere wood and stone on the campus.

For a year we have watched this building, with ever swelling pride, pass through the slow stages of construction from the first spade of broken ground to the final polishing of its stone and brick cornices.

Then breathlessly we watched the blue leather lined seats fill in the beautifully curved and perfectly elevated auditorium. Next we stroked with awed wonder the exquisite softness of the blue velvet draperies and stage curtains; examined with wordless admiration the pipe organ chambers, the perfect view from the balcony and the maze like switchboard with all of its intricate levers and drops.

Then, one night, with bated breath we awaited the rise of the curtains on the first program, given in the new hall, "Beggar on Horseback," the College Theatre's second production of the season.

And with even wider enthusiasm there again, we saw unfolded the matchless pageantry of College Night before the largest audience in the history of Alabama College.

Then on March fifteenth a varied and lovely program of music, presented by the Glee Club and assisted by their guest artist, Walter Sprey, pianist, was broadcasted direct from the new auditorium—another triumph for those who had dreamed and planned.

On this same day yet another step forward—lumbering trucks weighted with furniture, books, files, and papers, wheezed and rattled all day between Main, Bloch, and the new building, and night found Palmer Hall sheltering permanent occupants—the administrative staff.

And so we come to the dedication program announced for Saturday morning April the twenty-sixth. The program will include the presentation of the third college theatre play "Antigone" on Saturday night, a devotional service Sunday morning, and an organ concert Sunday afternoon.

Then, May brings for the Seniors, who have watched with perhaps even more interest than others the erection of this magnificent building, the final triumph—graduation and Commencement, with the same ideals and aspirations that made Palmer Hall a reality firmly implanted in their hearts and lives.

## A THIRD-QUARTER FRESHMAN WRITES HOME

Ma chere Mere:

Being endowed with uncommon legerity of hand, it is my delectation to indite to you tonight.

It is arduous for any one to write under existing circumstances. These indolent disciples of learning are transcendently obstreperous at present.

I am happy to come to the termination of such a vexatious day. The ominous of my professors abashed me no end. Perhaps they will regret the harassment of their sedulous students when we are unmewed May 23, or thereabout.

I have dreadful odontalgia, and deem it advisable to come home Friday afternoon instead of Saturday, as planned. Please mention this fact in submitting my excuse. Incidentally, my wardrobe is becoming obsolescent, and it is exigent that it be replenished immediately.

Jupiter Pluvius is raging outside, so I must go to the arms of Morpheus.

Your obsequious daughter,

## A TRIBUTE TO THE SENIORS

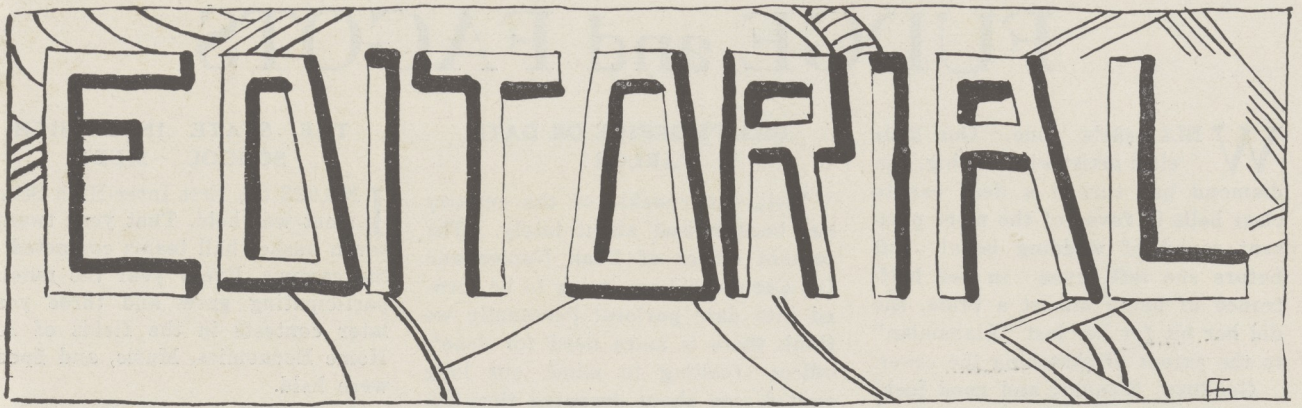
(Continued from page 3)

the slightest expression of condescension on the Senior's face as she pilots a Freshman into the drug stores. This is not due to the Big Sister system; it is a code itself, a wonderful and a rare code, more noteable at Alabama College than anywhere else.

Thanks, Seniors! In behalf of the eternal Freshman of Alabama College, thanks! You've no idea how much confidence it gives us to have you consider us real human beings—and rather nice human beings at that. We hope your attitude will live on forever at Alabama College, and that when we send our daughters here to school as verdant Freshmen, your daughters will be as friendly Seniors to them as you have been to us!

—By a Freshman.





# EDITORIAL

THE present staff will have completed its year's work with the editing of this issue of the *Alabamian*, and the Staff members elected for the new school year will assume their offices on the first of April.

However, because of the change in character of the school publication at the beginning of the year the last four issues of the magazine will not be edited by the respective classes as has been the custom in the past. Instead the September issue was set aside as Freshman issue, and last two issues, April and May, will be edited by the Scribblers' club and the Senior class, respectively, under the sponsorship of the new staff.

The old staff, on retiring, wishes to express its appreciation to those, among faculty and students, who have so faithfully fostered and aided their new venture with contributions, advice, suggestions, and constructive criticism throughout the year. . . . And to the new staff we offer heartiest congratulations and every wish for "*Alabamian*" success in the future.

## A LAST WORD FROM THE EDITOR

At present there is no way of measuring the success or failure of a monthly magazine on the campus, no way of determining exactly how good or bad a publication it may have been during the year. The venture in itself is too new. There are few standards and ideals by which to test the qualities that this year's "*Alabamian*" has developed. For it is the first student magazine to appear on the campus, and it possesses characteristics that cannot be measured by previous campus publications of another type. Neither can it be measured, entirely by similar magazines of other schools, for in doing

that there would be grave danger of losing a valuable characteristic, that any school paper should wish to preserve—which is a certain flavor, or originality, that is genuinely representative of one's own particular campus and student body.

Thus the "*Alabamian*" this year, has been only a beginning, but in its beginning it offers to the students a firm basis on which to build up the highest standards possible in a school magazine of its type; it offers an excellent opportunity for combining the literary, the artistic, the creative, and the useful abilities on the campus into a worthwhile undertaking, and lastly it offers a wonderful means of catching and reflecting the finest and best aspirations that belong to Alabama College.

## COMMENT ON THE FRESHMAN TRIBUTE

THERE appears in this issue of the *Alabamian* the comments of a student, outstanding in campus activities, on some of the advantages and disadvantages of segregation of student life into small groups, due to the growth and expansion of the college.

It is a topic worthy of discussion and consideration on the campus for it is hoped that from such a discussion there will arise worthwhile suggestions for overcoming to a large degree, the situation that is, at present, a very normal one in its every aspect.

Incidentally there came, also to the Editorial Staff, "*Tribute to the Seniors*", found in this issue, which seems to indicate that much is being done already to meet this problem in an admirable way.



# FUDGE and FAGOTS

WELL, she's gone. Our little elfin artist with the big, big, diamond has turned a deaf ear to class bells in favor of the more pleasant sound of wedding bells! But before she left, even in her half-trance of being almost a bride, she did her bit for her last "Alabamian" to the extent of sketching the cover.

Goodbye, Eleanor, and good luck! consider yourself sprinkled by a shower of rice from the staff!

## KNOW EACH OTHER WEEK

Know each other week is sponsored by the Senate. This is one way in which Alabama College differs from other schools. The aim is to get the students to know names and not just faces. This year the plans for the week are different from the previous years. A class spirit is brought in. The class having the greatest number (in proportion) present wins \$5.00. A place will be marked off with class colors for each class to sit separately. The best known girl gets a pennant and the one who knows the most girls gets a pillow. Yea Sophomores, Freshmen, Juniors and Seniors!! let's all be there and help win the \$5.00. Every person counts.

## KAPPA DELTA PI PLEDGES

The Beta Lambda Chapter of Kappa Delta Pi, National Honorary Fraternity in Education, announces its pledges for the year 1930-31. The group includes the following girls from the prospective Senior class: Rachael Broadnax, Frances Fuller, Oleene Garrett, Belle McCall Hart, Jule Reynolds, Myra Bell Smith and Hermie Whigham.

## BEAUTIES REMAIN UNDER COVER

That is—until May! The four beauties selected by each class were sent to a very eminent artist in New York who has selected from this group what he himself considers the five most beautiful girls. These beauties will make their formal debut on the campus when the first shiny new pages of the 1930 Technala are opened—Ssssh—and it has been whispered that this gentleman, too, prefers blonds!

## DEAN'S OFFICE OR DATE PARLOR?

Well, the chuckle of the century has been noised about lately. The present offices of Dean Napier and Dr. Carmichael are going to be turned into date parlors! Personally we think there is more need for dean's offices (calling to mind our long wait to see about dropping that history class) than there is for date parlors (still scowling about that boy from home who didn't show up last Sunday).

Anyway, the idea of holding Johnny's hand in the erstwhile most High Sanctuary gives us a feeling of vague discomfort and a self-conscious desire to look furtively over our shoulders for Deans and things.

### ON SPRING

Trees are bursting into bud—  
Skies are turquoise up above—  
"In the Spring o young"—aw  
bunk!

I've no time for Spring and  
love!

I've an English theme to write  
I've no time to go Berserk.  
—But the sky, the budding  
trees—!

Aw, I haven't time for work!

—"Fiji."

## NEXT COLLEGE THEATRE PRODUCTION

The third College Theatre play, "Antigone", Sophocles' greatest of Greek dramas, will be presented on the evening of April the twenty-sixth. The play is over twenty-three hundred years old, having been written around 429 B. C.

Dr. Walter H. Trumbauer announces the following cast:

Antigone.....	Dorothy Davies
Ismene.....	Rachael Broadnax
Creon.....	Evelyn Leak
Haemon.....	Mary H. Guin
Eurydice.....	Floyce Griffin
The Guard.....	Dora Little
1st Messenger.....	Lucile Sellars
2nd Messenger.....	Annie Seay Owens
Teresias.....	Alice Nettles

Chorus of Elders—Inez Hart, Hazel Jackson, Sara Matthews, Inez Powers, Martha Wilson, Margaret A. Wallis, Patty Thomas.

Mendelssohn music—double quartet playing. Saylor-Natural dancing class as dancing chorus.

## THE STATE INTER-HIGH SCHOOL MEET

IN 1922 the first Inter-High School meet was held. That year twenty-seven basket ball teams competed on the campus. Every year the number participating grew and three years later contests in the fields of Art, Home Economics, Music, and Speech were held.

Again this year all these contests will be held as well as the athletic events. The method of selecting girls for the athletic meet is different from that of previous occasions. It is based on the state point system. Only Juniors and Seniors who have won their state or school letters from the school in the Alabama High School association are eligible.

In the Home Economics contest the State Department of Education is cooperating with Alabama College. In music only four representatives are allowed from each school although they may enter in voice, violin and piano. There is also an added contest in organ.

The speech section consists of (1) Dramatic Readings, (2) Humorous Readings, (3) Plays. No orations will be held.

The new auditorium will lend added charm to the dramatics. It has the necessary lighting system and stage equipment for any type of play.

Valuable prizes will be offered for the winner in the above mentioned contests. Scholarships are offered in Music and Speech. All schools, teachers, and friends are invited to Montevallo April 17, 18 and 19 to attend the 8th annual Inter-High School meet.

## TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Listen, World—we have the nicest batch of Seniors this year that Alabama College ever turned out. Anything from cooks to creative writers! We can fill your every need in ambitious young women. We know the annual financial rainfall hasn't been so heavy this year, and that you haven't what one would call a bumper-crop of jobs—But you ought to see our Seniors, World! They're a pert lot, I'm tellin' you! So won't you save that job you were going to give to your Cousin Letitia from Idaho, and let one of our Seniors have it? Aw World, c'mon! Give 'em a break!



## LANDEN STRING QUARTETTE



ONE of the newest organizations on the campus is the Landen String Quartette. This group is composed of four very talented freshmen: Clarkie Margaret Hammond, first violin; Kate McConaughy, second violin; Elizabeth Powell, viola; Lenice Vaughn, cello. The quartette has already found a very definite place for itself and has set a new precedent for any musical organization in making four appearances in one day, one of which was playing two groups at the last Studiosis meeting. It is scheduled to broadcast on March 27 at 5 o'clock for thirty minutes. These four girls have already displayed their ability at ensemble, playing with gusto and rhythmical feeling. If they continue their zeal and enthusiasm, splendid things will be accomplished.

### WE WISH!

IT seems just a bit unfair that the Physical Education department had to pack all that lovely music, heard for weeks out on the hockey field, and all those flitting figures that danced to its lilting tunes into little black boxes and cars, and transport, what has been rumored to be their masterpiece of the year, off to Birmingham.

This Dance Drama which was written by Miss Margaret Greyson of the Physical Education department is based on an old historical legend of Mobile, the theme having been worked out into beautiful interpretive dances by the instructors in the Physical Education department.

Having aroused such curocity and anticipations as have been expressed on the campus, concerning its beauty

and originality, we suggest that Miss Andrews plan an immediate presentation for the Student Body.

### ALL FOR THE SAKE OF TENNIS

In the Spring—fancies may also turn towards tennis. This wonderful weather gives you the "good old fever", so why not use the safest method of giving vent to your feelings with the tennis racket. But—to play tennis, courts may sometimes be necessary. Ever thought of that? Probably not, for many seem to think that the courts are able to keep themselves in good shape, in spite of high heel tracks, and what-nots. And when it rains, the courts accidentally become wet and muddy along with the rest of Montevallo, so remember that playing on them in that condition does them no good what-so-ever.

### GLEE CLUB CONCERT SERIES CONTINUES

On the night of April the twenty-fifth, the second of the Glee Club series of concerts will be given. At this appearance Mr. Zilkomiski will be the assisting artist. And on May eleventh the third number of the series will be presented with Mr. Richmond as assisting artist on the organ.

### ORCHESTRA

The Alabama College Orchestra is hard at work on its annual concert. Of particular interest is an English Suite written by Miss Ina L. Strom of the music faculty and to be sung by Miss Katherine Farrar, lyric soprano guest artist from the music faculty, with orchestral accompaniment. The orchestra now numbers thirty-four members.



## ALUMNAE PLAN LUNCHEON

At a recent meeting in Montgomery of former students, plans were made for the Annual Reunion Luncheon of former Montevallo students, faculty and friends, to be held this year at the Jefferson Davis Hotel, in Montgomery, April 11.

Among those who are assisting with program plans are Miss Fanny Taber, who is now stationed in Montgomery, Bess Williams, Susie Powers, and Dean Olive Stone, Woman's College faculty member, who is contributing some of her clever suggestions.

Judge Florence Allen, of the Ohio Supreme Court, and Stefansson, the arctic explorer, both of whom have been heard on the campus, will be the honor guests at the luncheon. Dr. and Mrs. Carmichael, Dean and Mrs. Napier, and other members of the faculty are to be present.

Seating arrangements are being worked out with a view of bringing Alumnae in contact with faculty and honor guests, as well as with classmates.

The following tentative program has been worked out by the committee:

Mrs. Joy Cawthorn Pierce, Program Chairman, Presiding.

"Welcome to You", The Montgomery Group.

Greetings (the Alumnae President), Mrs. Marion Spidle.

Greetings (2 minutes), President Carmichael.

Presentation of Honor Guests: Judge Florence E. Allen, Stefansson, Mrs. Pierce.

Toasts:

To the Faculty (Brief).

Response (2 minutes), Dean Napier.

To the Trustees, (Brief).

Response (2 minutes), Mrs. J. B. Jones.

To Alabama (Brief).

Response (2 minutes), Governor Graves.

Our Past—A Revue (stunt), Montgomery Group.

Announcements, Alumnae Secretary.

Alma Mater Song.

## A TREASURE HUNT

Well, we're willing to play "ring-around-the-rosie" in gym class since the game is required in Physical Ed., but we draw the line at hunting packages of new "Alabamians" that "Prince" has hidden. Yep, on the eagerly awaited day on which the

February issues were to come out, the entire staff took part in a treasure hunt whose ultimate goal was the lost "Alabamians". According to "Prince", he had left them in the "date parlor" of Ramsay. We left no stone unturned in that room, but there just weren't any "Alabamians" there!

Somebody clairvoyantly thought of looking in the firehose closet—and there the long sought "Alabamians" were! Of course, we all laughed at the idea of that little glass-doored compartment being a date parlor; but then "Prince's" ideas are a little more Bohemian than ours.

## OWED TO A FRIEND EGG

Breakfast morsel in my plate,  
Harmlessness you simulate!  
Limp and flabby from the fry,  
Staring with your yellow eye—  
Begging, almost, that I eat  
Of you ere I seek the street—  
Treachery; thy name is that;  
Lying in my platter flat!  
Should my fork your form convey  
To my mouth, scarce half the way  
There, you'd spring with vicious glee,  
Yellowing the front of me;  
Stains no damp cloths can undo!  
I must change my dress for you.  
No! Lie there—untouched, forlorn!  
Ham will have to serve this morn.

## BUGS ABOUT BASEBALL

Sore arms—black eyes—broken fingers—but think of being the winning class in the baseball tournament this spring!

Miss Saylor is trying to get at least six Juniors out—Miss Britton is of course loyally surrounded by the Sophs—Miss Grayson will coach the willing, all powerful Frosh—and Mrs. Hardy, the good old Seniors.

Come out and keep up your class spirit!

Miss Brooke, head of the Sociology Department, has accepted a position as part time worker for the State Department of Child Welfare through division of county organization—all of which means that she will be gone from Alabama College two days, usually Thursday and Friday, of every week visiting the county superintendents of Child Welfare throughout the state. She began this work about the middle of March and will continue it until June the first.

## HARPER'S LITERARY MUSEUM Etiquette for Ladies, 1838

"WHEN a lady has borrowed ornaments of another as, for instance, jewels, the latter should always lend her more than are asked for; she ought also to keep a profound silence about the things which she has lent, and even abstain from wearing them for some time after, in order that they may not be recognized."

And the Montevallo student smiled, put aside the book, and eyed her roommate hopefully.

"Mary—" she ventured.

"Mm?"

"Can I wear your—"

"No. I'm going to wear it myself."

"I mean, your silver bracelet."

"Just that—that's all I ask—"

"Oh, all right—but that's all! You can't wear my silver neckace with it, so don't ask me."

"Well—oh, do you just have to wear those earrings? I-I just had them on—"

"I certainly do. They're mine, and I'm going to wear 'em, see?"

The Montevallo student sighed heavily, picked up the book, and threw it out the window. Alas, for the good old days!

## HOME EC CLUBS

The new members of the Home Economics Club who were initiated Saturday March 15, are: Virginia Carpenter, Agnes Chandler, Grace Chester, Annie Lilliam Godfrey, Lillian Granade, Ruth Fant, Mary Ling Hayley, Myrtice Hicks, Aloise Hurd, Mary Love Martin, Lucy McAndrew, and Fay Wooley. After the initiation service, dancing was enjoyed and refreshments served.

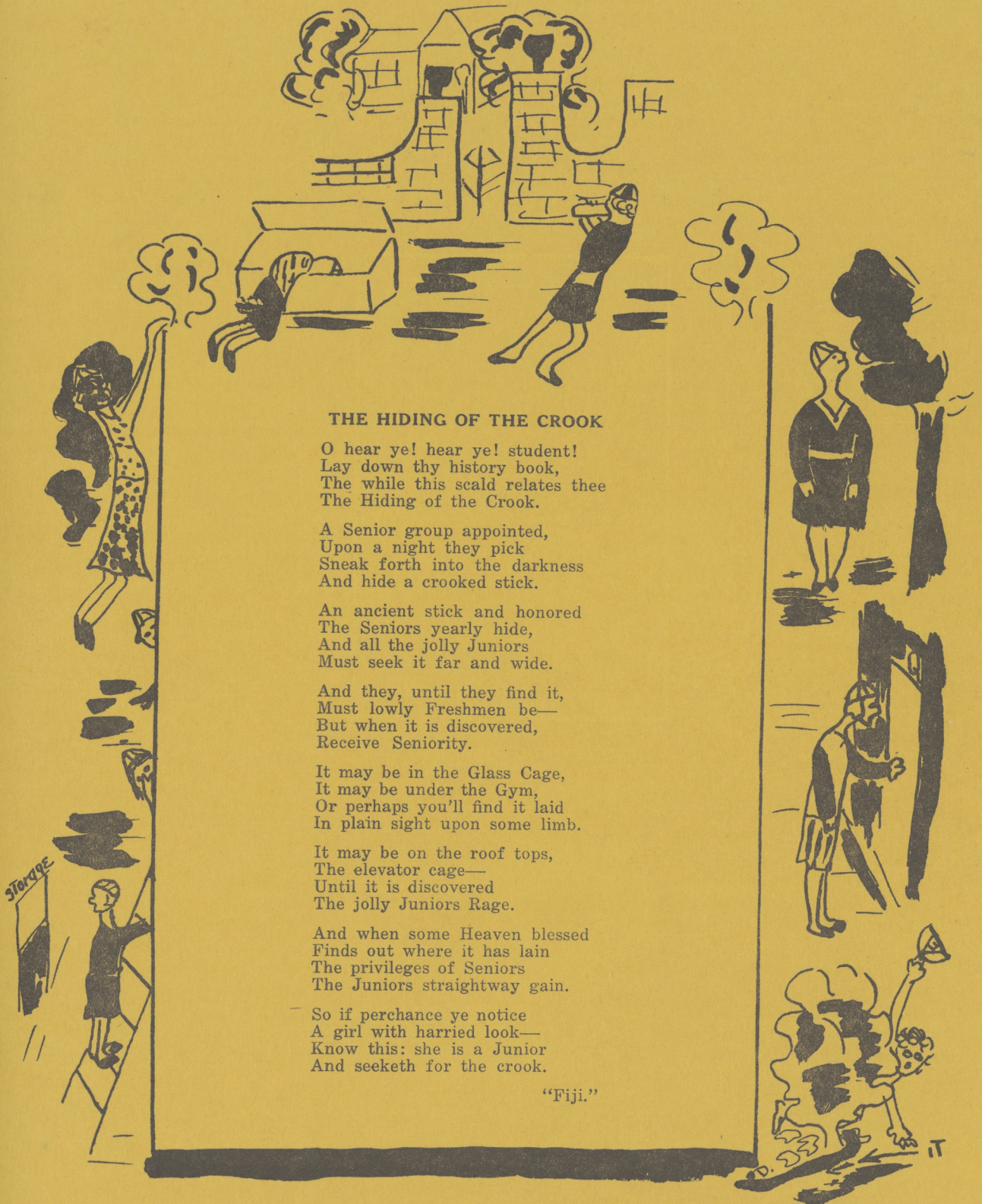
The club at present numbers twenty-three members.

The Junior Home Economics Club was organized Thursday, March 13. The following officers were elected: President, Josephine Coble; Vice-President, Beulah White; Secretary, Sara Blair; Treasurer, Roberta Wright. The majority of the Home Economics majors are joining this club.

## RECITALS TO BEGIN

Beginning March 27, the Senior and Junior recitals begin in the school of music. The Junior recital will be given in the auditorium of Calkins Music hall, and the Senior recital in Palmer Hall. This is the first class that will have the right to use Palmer Hall. On the night of the twenty-seventh Evelyn Pearson, a junior in Bachelor of music, major in piano, will be presented.





### THE HIDING OF THE CROOK

O hear ye! hear ye! student!  
Lay down thy history book,  
The while this scald relates thee  
The Hiding of the Crook.

A Senior group appointed,  
Upon a night they pick  
Sneak forth into the darkness  
And hide a crooked stick.

An ancient stick and honored  
The Seniors yearly hide,  
And all the jolly Juniors  
Must seek it far and wide.

And they, until they find it,  
Must lowly Freshmen be—  
But when it is discovered,  
Receive Seniority.

It may be in the Glass Cage,  
It may be under the Gym,  
Or perhaps you'll find it laid  
In plain sight upon some limb.

It may be on the roof tops,  
The elevator cage—  
Until it is discovered  
The jolly Juniors Rage.

And when some Heaven blessed  
Finds out where it has lain  
The privileges of Seniors  
The Juniors straightway gain.

So if perchance ye notice  
A girl with harried look—  
Know this: she is a Junior  
And seeketh for the crook.

"Fiji."





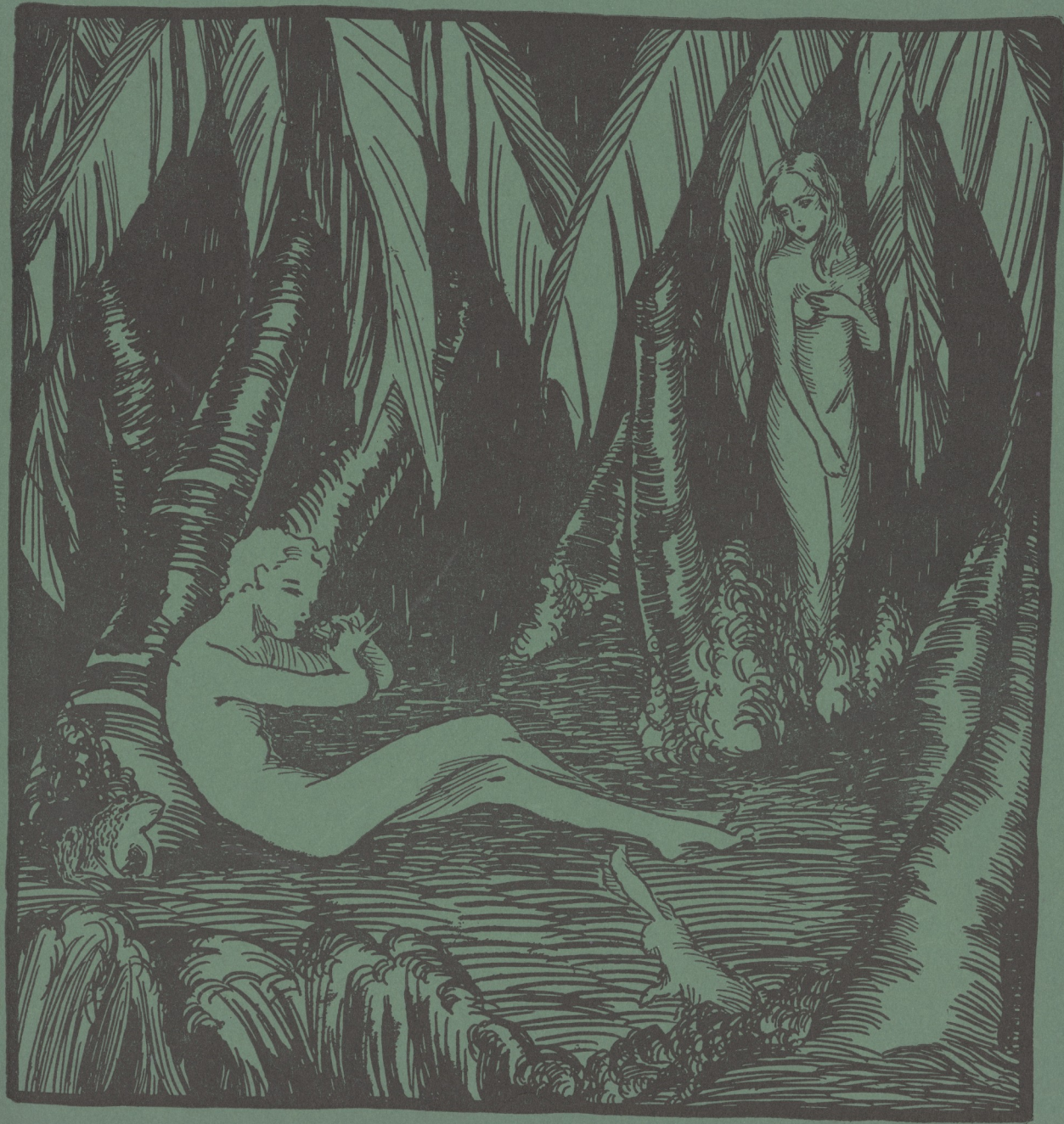


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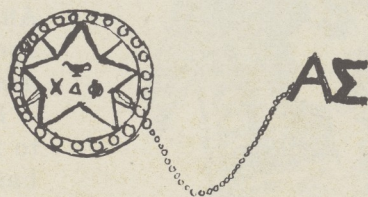
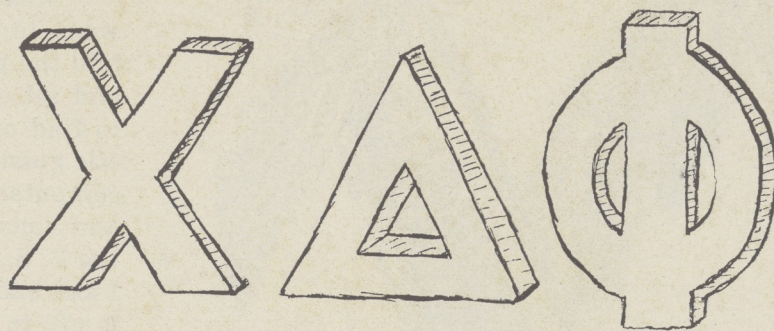
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## Manyweather Great God

By

**K**NOWING Angus Manyweather as I do—we went to school together—I told the purser he was a fool and set out for Angus' hotel to find out what all this idiotic gossip was about. If my computations were correct—and since the quarantine of the S. S. Yarboro at TeeHee I had had ample time to pace it off to a nicety—I should reach my destination just in time for the evening meal.

And then Angus and I would sit back and laugh it off over a cup of Williams' most excellent coffee.

But Angus was not eating. I arrived to find him slumped in a sort of wicker basket of a chair, and he did not look at the time to be very responsive to stimuli.

At my greeting he glanced up nervously, then, intently searching my face, "You have heard?" he guessed.

I was staggered. "Angus," said I, dropping into another basket, "tell me all."

He seemed glad of the chance to talk.

"I tell you, Harold," he insisted, "it was thrust upon me. There she stood, and there I stood. I lit a cigarette, she held out her hand for one, I gave it to her, and that was all. All, mind you, Harold. The only thing that passed between us was a cigarette. Then before I could wink someone behind us was saying 'Take her, Master, she is yours'."

"Haven't I read that somewhere," I puzzled.

"Probably you have, Harold," said Angus, "but you've never had it handed to you on a silver platter, so to speak."

He paused to ring the bell on the table beside him. It was not until his man, Williams, had brought us coffee that he was able to continue his story.

"Before I had time to refuse I was being tom-tommed around, and then it was all over. Harold," he leaned forward, "do you know what they do to men who desert their wives out here?"

I shook my head. I felt my voice to be untrustworthy.





## and the Nick O'Teen

ELLEN MARSH

Angus rose and walked to the window. My eyes followed the direction in which he was pointing. There lay the sea, purpling off to the horizon. A fin cut through its placid surface. I shuddered.

For some time we were silent. Then—

"Tell me, Harold—Marjorie—did she—that is—has she—"

"Yes," I murmured, "she has, Angus."

He paled visibly.

"The purser?" He hissed.

I nodded.

Angus passionately mentioned a well known resort.

At that moment The Most Beautiful Creature I have ever seen passed the window. Lithe and tall, and with eyes like ripe chestnuts.

I looked my question.

Angus closed his eyes as if he could bear no more. "That," he said hoarsely, "is Yoo Hoo." He opened his eyes. "She is dumb," he told me tragically.

"Now, now, old man, don't take it so hard. They all are." I began to think Angus was considerably an ass.

"I mean," he explained, "that she is unable to speak."

"Angus, you've married an unusual woman," I ejaculated.

And as I walked back to the consul's cottage, where I and a few of our party were staying, I became more and more convinced of the truth of this statement.

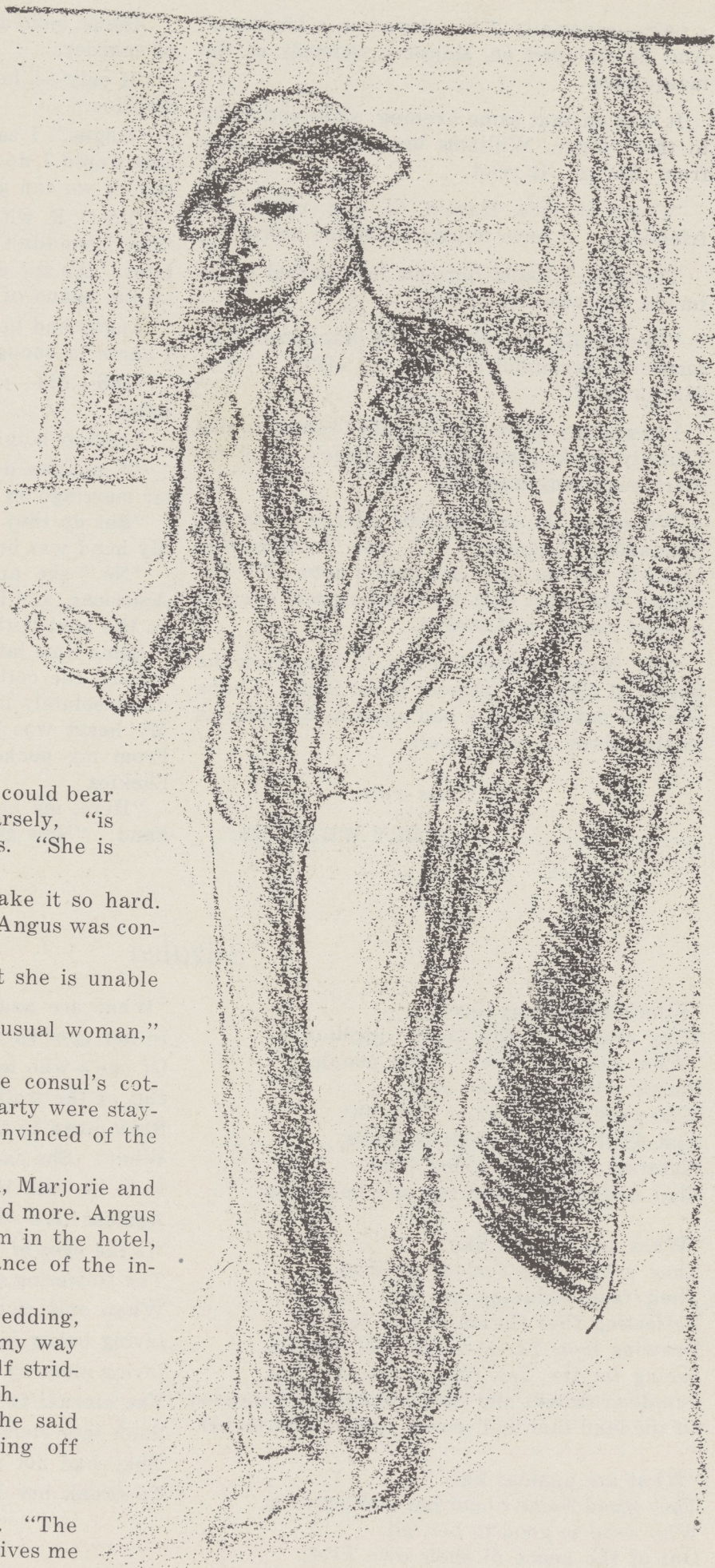
In the three days that followed, Marjorie and the purser were together more and more. Angus was hibernating in one lorn room in the hotel, and I alone made the acquaintance of the incomparable Yoo Hoo.

On the fourth day after the wedding, as I was passing up the shore on my way to the hotel, I met Angus himself striding along, a cigarette in his mouth.

"I'm sick of it all, Harold," he said before I could speak. "I'm going off alone to smoke and think."

"Your wife—" I began.

"I have no wife," he cut in. "The thought of the Wedding March gives me





a pain—especially if it's played on a tom-tom." And he stamped on, slapping viciously at the mosquitoes.

It was on that same evening, after returning to the cottage, Williams brought over a note from Angus. It read:

"Come at once, Harold, if you value our friendship. I have married another native."

This time I found him, his face buried in his hands, too weak to move.

"Practically the same thing happened," he answered my inquiries with an effort. "And Marjorie—?"

I bowed my head. How could I repeat to this pitifully broken creature Marjorie's cruel remark regarding harems?

We sat in the sympathetic silence of an understanding friendship. It was YooHoo who broke it. In her hand she held a note. For the second time that evening I laid myself open to a heart attack, and took it.

"Mr. Manyweather," it ran, "I have took the liberty of eloping with your latest bride. I hope you will not be such a bad sport as to chase us as the island is very small.

Yours truly,

HENRY WILLIAMS."

Angus looked like a man almost acquitted of murder.

"If only—" he moaned, and his eyes were on YooHoo.

"Angus," I said, my heart thumping, "even this would I do for a friend. I'll take her, old boy, if we can get the situation across to her."

"It's O. K. with me," YooHoo smiled serenely. "But I wouldn't go around offering girls cigarettes. It's the accepted way of taking a bride on the island of TeeHee."

Angus had been gone several minutes before I came to enough to speak.

"Did—did—you say something?" I asked in-  
anely.

YooHoo laughed.

"A maiden doesn't speak for three days after marriage on the island of TeeHee," she said.

"But do they all speak English after that?" My head was beginning to swim.

"No," she answered, "but my father was American, and I came from a school in America on the boat with you."

Some time later I found myself wafting back toward the cottage. The purser was hanging disconsolately over the railing of the veranda. My heart was full, and he seemed very low. From my pocket I drew my last package of Luckies.

"Here, my boy," said I, slipping them in his hand. "Now go do your wooing."

## Azalea

"What are azaleas like?"

They asked her, the kindly question;  
"What are they like?" Kind people,  
People who never had seen;  
Who gave her things of their pity  
And went away to their business,  
Picturing the undreamed land  
That had sunned and fed and borne her.

"What are azaleas like?"

They asked, like curious children,  
Their faces drinking her in;  
Reflecting first flights of shy fancy;  
Drawing from her eyes the deep tropics,  
Seeing for the first time crowned cliffs,  
Jungle-crowned; and then creaming of long seas  
Of the land that had sunned and had borne her.

"What are azaleas like?"

They stood round about her and asked it,  
Who were so good to her, all,  
Out of the peace of their own lives.

"What are azaleas like?"

In her eyes there leapt the wild shining  
Of one's who leaps down to the long shore,  
Out of the trailing gray mosses,  
Runs down to the glittering sea!  
What? She carried the question  
In to her still heart, and broke it.  
Azaleas! it's struck on her heart then—

"O the eyes of a beloved!

The flowering of stars in a heaven,  
When only two lives are breathing,  
Living below in the night's world,  
Living alone by the sea!"

The eternal twilight of her eyes  
Sunk into eternal dark—

They had not meant, the poor people,  
To break her heart with their question.

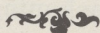
—MARY A. LITTLE.



# EDITORIAL

## Preface to 1925-26 "Scribblings"

"THIS book of selections came into being as the result of one year's work by the Scribblers' Club of Alabama College. The Scribblers' Club, which was organized in January, 1924, and founded in March, 1924, mainly through the efforts of Miss Louise Connor, has for its purpose the literary development of the students of Alabama College. For the shortcomings of our Scribblings, we refer you to the youth of our organization, and of its members. For any good found herein, we wish to make acknowledgement to Miss Helen Townsend, president of 1924-25, and Miss Lilian Prout, president of 1925-26, who, through their untiring efforts and able leadership, have guided the Scribblers' Club safely through its infancy."



## The Scribblers Edit

THE foregoing is the Preface to the very first edition of poems published by Scribblers' Club at A. C. Even so short a time ago as 1926, the club was a mere infant of an organization—the Scribblers were still sucking their pencils, so to speak.

Well, we have come to an inspired adolescence, in years, if not in discretion. We have grown up and been initiated into a sorority—into Chi Delta Phi, a national writers' sorority with pins, stationery, a ritual, and all the other accessories. This occurred only last year, in 1928-29, so we are still talking about it. Besides this recognition of worth, Scribblers have the fact of their new independence to point out as growth. There used to exist a thing known as Scribblers' Minstrel. It was not. In truth—it was nothing more nor less than Scribblers' Pension.

This is the way they worked it—the mem-

bers of the club made a mental list of all their friends who could sing, dance and otherwise entertain. They created a general plan for their minstrel, and then lured these talented friends into it. Of course, the Scribblers worked hard—without a doubt; they did all the painting of scenery, shifting of sets, and announcing of the programme. But everybody had lots of fun in the minstrel—last year it was considered good enough to be presented again, in Marvel.

It was the box-office receipts of Scribblers' Minstrel, gotten up in this manner, that financed the annual publication of the little volume of Scribblings. It was a pleasant way of securing the means, but depended perhaps too heavily on the kindness of friends; for whoever saw an authoress who wouldn't prefer a garret to a stage? This trait is the reason for the forming of a new alliance by the club—an alliance with the college magazine, the "Alabamian," by which the Scribblers' Club is enabled to publish its work in the April issue of the magazine. Since this month marks the transition stage between the going-out of the old Alabamian staff and the coming-in of the new, the work of editing is entirely taken over by the Scribblers, an arrangement not without benefit to the magazine staffs. We owe this alliance to the suggestion of Dr. Vaughan, head of the English Department, whose kind interest in the doings of Scribblers' Club has always been most welcome and appreciated.

That is the history of the organization which now presents to you these selections from its work during this year. You understand, this is only representative and not complete, as the club has contributed liberally to the magazine during the year, and we wished to use only the material that had not been printed before.

We are glad to introduce by this means our capable officers for 1930-31, and invite you to watch them do their stuff.



# POETRY

## ALL OF THESE I LONGED

### TO BE

All of these I longed to be:  
A builder of clean white stone,  
That's etched against the sky;  
Of warm red clay that's sheltered  
By branched and blue-green  
pine;  
Or even a player of lovely  
things  
On human hearts that dream  
and thrill;—  
All of these my son shall be.

—MARY GLOSTER.

## YOUNG SUMMER

Ecstasy is sleeping;  
And what have been  
Starry sprinkled boughs  
Are ruffled in full green.

Clover stands in forests  
Where young leaves first curled;  
The slow sun warms, no longer  
thrills  
The contented world.

Ecstasy is drowsing;  
Yes, this is the close of spring,  
And we will prove at last, my  
love,  
The depth of our loving.

—MARY A. LITTLE.

## ROSARY TIME

Olive trees green against a sky  
of gold;  
Quiet peace of a day almost  
done,  
Moving shadows soften the  
chapel old,  
And above the door the cross,  
like  
A benediction from down  
through the years,  
Is lighted by a shaft from the  
late sun.  
A herdsman's song drifts down  
from the hill,  
And in the chapel door a priest  
appears.  
'Tis rosary time—even the  
shadows now are still.

—MELLIJO WILLIAMS.

## THANKSGIVING

Cold church	Hot shot!
Musty preachers	Clara Bow—
Numb toes	Some clothes!—
Frozen features—	Some show!—
Home slow	Off now
Weary plodding—	Wheels flying—
Snowy branches	Some clothes—
Nodding—nodding—	Sighing—sighing—
Thankful! Thankful!	Thankful? Thankful?

Clasped hands	Bright lights—
Bowed head	Bill of Fare —
Thanks for	Ten bucks—
Daily bread—	Don't care—
Roast turkey	Hors d'oeuvres
Goose heart	Stuff's punk—
Corn mush	Do hate
Cramb'ry tart—	This junk—
Thankful! Thankful!	Thankful? Thankful?

—ELLEN MARSH.

## THE SONG OF THE SWAMP CYPRESS

A bent old hag, she paddles in the mud,  
The swamp mud blackening her gnarled knees,  
And lets her matted gray locks loosely fall  
About her shoulders, flapping in the breeze—  
Deep in the swamp ooze hides her ugly feet—  
And croons a song both sinister and sweet—  
"Sleep! Sleep is god of all! To strive is vain.  
Life's but a waking hour—then—sleep again!"  
Stands in the swamp mud crooning low and  
sweet—  
Swamp creatures crawl unfelt about her feet—  
"Life's but a waking hour—then—sleep again—  
Sleep! Sleep is god of all! To strive is vain!"

—ELIZABETH COUNSELMAN.

## TO INSECTS

You organisms small with compound eyes  
Surely you are philosophers in disguise,  
For 'tis true that in one short week or more you  
see  
Life's whole vast scheme of things in its en-  
tirety.

—EDNA HINTON.



## MOONS

To those who sweat  
 Moons are ice.  
 To those who freeze  
 Moons are fire.  
 To those who hunger  
 Moons are cheese.  
 To those who love  
 Moons are lovers.  
 To those content  
 Moons are moons.

—ELLEN MARSH.

## MONTEVALLO NIGHTS

Montevallo stars  
 Are peekin'—peekin'  
 In every cranny,  
 Through every bar;  
 Croonin' their good-night—  
 Blinkin' a lullaby.

Montevallo moon  
 Is smilin'—smilin'  
 At every care  
 And every joy;  
 Sending rays of happiness,—  
 Moonbeams of love.

Montevallo nights  
 Are stealin'—stealin'  
 On to new days—  
 Other days when  
 Our nights will be not  
 Montevallo nights—but just  
 nights.

—M. S. THOMAS.

## REGRET

Milady with so fair a face—  
 And manner, oh, so cross!  
 Were we compared, I think  
 that we  
 Are each no total loss!

I think that we are satisfied,  
 Each with her own condition—  
 But oh! if I but had your looks,  
 Or you my disposition!

—ELIZABETH COUNSELMAN.

## DISILLUSION

I loved your grin, your hair,  
 your eyes,  
 And even the way you told  
 white lies;  
 I would have begged and stol-  
 en for you,  
 And darned your socks if you'd  
 asked me to;  
 How much I adored you, you'll  
 never know;  
 'Twas coldness of yours that  
 melted me so;—  
 What disillusion I travelled to;  
 I found you loved me as I loved  
 you.

—MARY PLANT HANLIN.

## THOUGHTS

I looked at him and sighed and  
 sighed.  
 He clasped my hand just so—  
 I looked at him and sighed  
 again  
 And thought—"Will he **never**  
 go!"

—MARY PLANT HAMLIN.

## CARVED BEADS

Tusk of walrus—  
 Gleaming white  
 Shining ivory  
 In Arctic night.

Carved by ancients—  
 Figures rare  
 Totem worshiped  
 In solemn prayer.

Counted by monks—  
 Fingering all  
 Prayers for saints  
 In silence fall.  
 Worn by a woman—  
 Surpassing grace  
 Legends that men  
 In ivory trace.

—MARY HAYES.

## CRESCENDO

Morning's silver web of mist  
 Clear brilliance of noon  
 Crisp dying yellowed leaves  
 Soft wine-tanged winds  
 Plaintive cry of feathered  
 things  
 Wild throbbing color to the  
 west  
 Creeping chill of velvet night  
 Warm glowing orange light  
 Harvest moon—  
 Autumn—soon, too soon.

—MELLIJO WILLIAMS.

## MY RAIN

My rain sings  
 Hushed largoes  
 When I'm weary;  
 Soothing lullabies  
 When I'm drowsy;  
 Calm meditations  
 When I'm dreamy;  
 Toneless dirges  
 When I'm sad;  
 Fanciful melodies  
 When I'm pensive;  
 Tinkling ariettas  
 When I'm happy;  
 My rain sings  
 A song to me.  
 Does yours?

—BERENICE MAY.

## DEMAND

Life, you old iconoclast!  
 I believe in love,  
 Till you crushed its little joss  
 In your mailed glove!

Life, you old iconoclast!  
 I believe in friends,  
 Till you smashed my young be-  
 liefs,  
 Smashed past all amends!

Since, beneath your ruthless  
 feet  
 All my gods are dead,  
 You must give me something  
 else  
 To believe instead.

—ELIZABETH COUNSELMAN.



## CRITIC

His goggly eyes set in ghastly  
sockets  
Stared at me;  
His cheeks were puffed to  
bursting-point.  
I thought,  
"He's trying not to laugh I'm  
sure."  
His efforts were in vain.  
One glance at my nature sketch  
Sent him into convulsive  
mirth.  
"It's th' bunk m'dear! It's th'  
bunk!"  
He boomed,  
And jumped into the pond.  
—BERENICE MAY.

## INARTICULATE

'Most every day when you're  
away  
I think of how I'll greet you—  
I dream a score delightful  
things  
To say when next I meet you—  
And yet when we are face to  
face—  
Think witty words I may—  
But speech deserts me fiendish-  
ly—  
I merely mutter, "Hey!"

I hope that by some lucky  
break  
You may my love requite—  
This is my prayer: that you  
may ask  
To wed this wretched wight!  
And if you should, by some  
sweet chance,  
Be won by my allure—  
I pray that when you ask me, I  
Won't gulp and murmur,  
"Sure!"

—ELIZABETH COUNSELMAN.

## APRIL

April is a webby green veil;  
And tonight—  
Tonight is, oh my darling,  
A silver star spangle that fell  
on it!

—MARY A. LITTLE.

## THANKS

Dear God, I am bent to Thee  
with tremblingness;  
—I have been so happy!  
My heart is afraid to speak  
above a whisper;  
And all the while, tho' bowed  
to Thee, I smile,  
Thinking my thoughts, and not  
a word steals out;—  
—I would lift my thanks to  
thee—  
I would sing Thy praises  
But such white joy is peril in  
my bosom!  
Wait a little while, God;  
Let me see the answer—  
Then I will kneel to thee again;  
Lord—you understand.

—MARY A. LITTLE.

## LAUGHTER

Tee Toy  
Laughs like south winds.  
Po Ling  
Laughs like summer thunder.  
If So How laughed  
His face would break.

—ELLEN MARSH.

## LOVE

The gods do not give love.  
They give only  
Satin moons,  
Lotus flowers,  
Pointed fingers.  
The devils finish it.

—ELLEN MARSH.

## MELODY IN F

My fairy-formed Felicia,  
Full fancy-frocked frail!  
I fain would follow fawning, if  
To fall for me you fail.

Full far I'd fare for you, fair  
frai  
For you full fiercely fight;  
For—faith! You fill me full of  
fire  
By your flirtatious flight!

—ELIZABETH COUNSELMAN.

## YOUTH

Youth  
Is a high hill  
Rising  
Or a long road  
Wandering.

Youth  
Carries a great weight—  
The world perhaps—  
On its shoulder.

I—  
I am youth  
But the long road is tiring.  
And the high hill steep.

Youth  
Is a flower song  
Chanting  
Or a moon song  
Bantering.

Youth  
Tarries awhile,  
Meets love  
Bears pearls from his tongue.

I—  
I am young  
But I would that I were old  
To play at dreams of youth  
again.

—MARY GLOSTER.

## LAODAMIA

I have your image locked onto  
my heart—  
I take it out sometimes, and  
smile alone;  
It represents the sweetest hours  
I've spent,  
The sweetest love that I have  
ever known.

If any hand with ruthlessness  
enough  
Should tear that image from  
its sacred place,  
Then with it would that part of  
me that sings  
Depart, and leave no laugh-  
ter in my face.

—ELIZABETH COUNSELMAN.



**THE PASSIONS**

All things are dust beneath their thundering feet—

The Passions—in their ruthless, mad stampede;  
Wild horses, with whose hoof-beats beat a heart—

Red-eyed, fire-breathed, wide-nostriled, frenzied. Greed

And Lust tear up the soft turf flank to flank,  
And mad Rage leaps beside, eyes wild and blind,

And Terror, glassy-eyed, outraces Hate—

One leaps ahead—another lags behind.

Wild horses, that no mortal will can tame—

A helpless world to trample in the sand

With wild hoofs. To the Higher Places—fly!

The Passions stamped o'er the Lower Land.

—ELIZABETH COUNSELMAN.

**THE DREAMER**

I'm always finding little roads

To follow, eager, on!

But often, when I reach the end,

I wish I hadn't gone.

I will not take such roads again

With heart-break at the end;

I'd rather tread the beaten track,

And pass them—and pretend.

—ELIZABETH COUNSELMAN.

**PETER PAN**

I want to be a child always—always!

To wade in brooks and chase white butterflies!

I want to keep the singing, carefree days

That die within the heart when childhood dies!

And I will **be** a child, when all my friends

Are seeing life as life, with troubled eyes.

Instead of fighting grim reality,

I'll wade in brooks and chase white butterflies!

—ELIZABETH COUNSELMAN.

**THE LAST WORD**

All my life

I'll pay back life

By breaking things;

And for my ways,

All my days

I'll pay back life for breaking things.

—MARY A. LITTLE.

**COMING IN**

I love to see you standing by my fire,

Laughing, blowing, shaking off the cold,

While winding off your white silk evening scarf,

And brushing fine cold drops from off your hair.

I love to see you stand and turn with me,

Soaking in the tingling, wrapping warmth

With frosty shivers and delighted moans;

You, like any man must stand and bend

But I go down straight on my woman's knees,

And lovingly curl over the hot coals

Till scarlet fire-flowers burn on either cheek,

And wreath the poor bare trellis of my shins.

—Then you, being warmed, amused, draw up a chair,

And watch me slipping off the blackened toes

Of ruined silver slippers, putting out

My own numb, ruined, aching toes to the fire;

Or else lean down and undo my fine knot

That I have cherished during all the dance,

And laugh to see the hair come tumbling down

Around my smiling, false-indignant face.

My sad corsage comes off—we laugh again,

Then glancing up to read your mirthful eyes,

I meet a sudden sweetness dwelling there—

And laugh no more; but find against your knee

More warmth than on my hearth—dear man-

nish knee,

And feel you touch my hair, and scarcely smile.

—MARY A. LITTLE.

**CATS**

I hate cats that stare

With solemn, owlish eyes.

They make me think

Of things I should have done

And didn't.

—ELLEN MARSH.

**MOONLIGHT MAGIC**

Last night

The silvery moonlight

Was the magic touch

That guided

The hand

Which penned

My thoughts

Onto this tiny scrap

Of whiteness;

And rendered them

Invisible

To the inquisitive

Eyes of others.

—BERENICE MAY.



### THE BROTHERHOOD OF BROKEN HEARTS

There is a world-wide Brother-  
hood  
Bound by one common tie—  
The Brotherhood of Broken  
Hearts—

You may belong—or I—  
And we may know a hundred  
more  
Of this fraternity,  
Yet never see their life-long  
brand,  
E'en though we wish to see.  
Life is the Grand Exalted Czar,  
He who initiates.  
He burns the symbol on our  
hearts,  
Then gives us to the Fates.  
So, with that brand upon our  
hearts,  
Hidden from alien eyes,  
Forth go the sad fraternity,  
Sad, but a whit more wise.  
And each is drawn, by some  
strange sense,  
Drawn to a Brother's side.  
Sometimes they show their  
brand with tears—  
Tears, and a secret pride.

—ELIZABETH COUNSELMAN.

### QUEST

I should like to find a quiet  
high hill  
That lifts itself a space above  
the trees  
Veiled in soft blue solitude the  
seasons through,  
And blessed by all the winds  
that sweep its brow.  
Lying 'neath clean washed  
skies upon its rugged crest  
I could watch the Spring come  
on and rest.

—MELLIJO WILLIAMS.

### RECLINING BUDDHA

Lie there while we scrub  
Your roundish toes,  
O god with the calm fat face,  
And counsel us as to our  
troubles.

—ELLEN MARSH.

### THE GARDEN

I had a rare old garden  
Where lilies and jasmine grew.  
At night when shadows closed  
around  
The fairies crept in too.

They danced around the foun-  
tain  
And sang a fairy tune;  
They poised their feet on the  
lily pads  
And drank to the pale half-  
moon.

—EDNA HINTON.

### FROG SONG

Back where the lily-pads choke  
the stream  
And hollow dragon-flies hover  
and gleam,  
We sit, we sit, with our great  
gray thumbs,  
And sing, and sing, where  
nobody comes.

Yesterday, yesterday, some-  
body came,  
When the marsh was loud  
and evening aflame;  
We sat with our thousand  
heads all crooked,  
And watched and watched,  
while she looked and look-  
ed.

Twice before she came and  
stood  
In the tall marsh grass  
against the wood;  
Twice before she came that  
way;  
But I do not think she will  
come today.

Her white dress shimmered in  
the green  
Where no other dress was  
ever seen;  
Go down, my brother, and look,  
and say  
If you think she will come  
again today.

Your spotted legs are swim-  
ming size;  
Go down and see if she's  
closed her eyes,  
Or if she still is drifting so  
The fishes can swim above  
or below.

Go down and see by the filter-  
ed light  
That drifts through green  
and murky-white,  
If she's still floating, floating  
there,  
The lilies twined in her web-  
by hair.

But I think it will be as before;  
the same  
As when marsh was loud and  
evening aflame,  
And no one will come to look  
and look,  
And hold us still with our  
heads acrook.

With all our great mouths split  
and wide,  
And spotted haunches  
hunched beside,  
We'll sit, we'll sit, with our  
great gray thumbs,  
And sing, and sing, where  
nobody comes.

—MARY A. LITTLE.

### THE DANCERS

My thoughts are like a thous-  
and nymphs  
With veils of brightest hue.  
They dance in wild and frenz-  
ied glee,  
And know not what they do.  
They flit untamed about the  
wood  
In strange unthoughted dance,  
Fair-formed and clad in rain-  
bow veils,  
They leap, they bend, they  
prance,  
Unguided. When I call to them,  
Will they in fright disperse,  
Or gather in a pattern rare  
To form a lovely verse?

—ELIZABETH COUNSELMAN.



## REBELLION

SCHOOL ain't no use to us fellers; 'tain't nothing but just plain nonsense. Ain't nobody but sissies an' girls sposed t' go t' school. 'At's why me an' Sam ain't never goin' to school no more.

All 'at a feller can do is jus' set and set an' you can't even throw spit balls nor **nuthin'**; just set an' look at a old maid school teacher all the time. Ain't no sense a' tall in school!

An' girls—you never seen so many old cacklin' chickuns in one spot in your life. They jus' gaup at cha all th' time jus' as if they had pip like our little chickens had last year. Some day I'm gonno bring that pig-tailed red-head 'at sets acrost from me, a great big dose of Ma's black goo that she hid under the stove to keep us kids from eatin' it like we do ever'thing. That red-head can look th' silliest an' look th' goofiest eyed! They jus' ain't no sense to girls, neither.

Ma she wants me to get all ej-eju-aw, all smart so's I can be big like Pa is. But gee whizz, who wants to be all in front of theirselves like my pa is? An I don't believe I could ever git so's I could pray for a dog 'n a goat 'never' thing if I had to do it before all them people what comes to hear my Pa at church on Sunday!

Nope, I don't wanna get smart; 'at's why we ain't gonna go to school no more—I mean, no more till Monday mornin'!

—M. S. THOMAS.

## THE ROAD

When on a dusty road I ride,  
A small sprite scampers at my side,  
Skimming the daisies in the sun,  
Shouting to me on the run.

When through the purpling wood I go,  
I glimpse a shadowed pool and doe;  
A milk-white nymph with startled eyes  
Springs away in shy surprise.

But when the cold revolving stars  
Light my lone road with fainting bars,  
A winged fiend flies at my shoulder, and  
I feel at my heart a cold, cold hand.

—MARY A. LITTLE.

## WILD IRIS

Oh, wild frail child of the woods  
They should have let you be  
Instead of up-rooting you as a gift for me.  
Away from your dank cool forest shade  
Your bewildered petals softly droop, then fade.  
'Twas only yesterday you bloomed, and there  
you lie  
I would they had not brought you here to die.

—MELLIJO WILLIAMS.

## WIND CHIMES

The wind chimes  
In my window  
Is a fairy symphony  
In the golden moonlight.  
If I wake  
At midnight  
I can see  
Dozens of tiny  
Fairies  
In silver garb  
Tripping gaily  
On the moonbeams  
That shimmer  
Across my window sill.

—BERENICE MAY.

## CESURA

Facing each other they stand,  
Man-Beast.

With cow'ring courage he crouches,  
Palms flat upon relentless stone—  
Sockets gorged with the eyes they hold—  
The veins stand blue on his temples—  
He stiffens—  
His great toes spread and flatten—  
Dust eddies about his ankles.

Cruelly tense he crouches,  
Tawny belly pressing earthward—  
Muscles ripple his haunches—  
Fexered jaws drool parted—  
He stiffens—  
His throat grows raw with waiting—  
His slow tail twitches dust.

Facing each other they stand,  
Man-Beast.  
And dust that was Life  
Lies between Life,  
And idly waits for one  
To end it there.

—ELLEN MARSH.



# CHILDREN'S VERSE

## MY LOCUST TREE

There's a locust tree in our  
backyard.  
It's the thorniest tree at all!  
And climbing it awfully near  
the top,  
It's the easiest thing to fall!  
When I climb up this tree to  
my favorite limb,  
The thorns are just every-  
where!  
They prick little holes in my  
arms that bleed,  
And they get tangled up in my  
hair.  
But I love to climb up in my lo-  
cust tree  
And look at the spread-out  
land;  
For I can't see the things in the  
next backyard  
When I play in my pile of sand.  
—ELIZABETH COUNSELMAN.

## LULLABY

Angels sigh  
If babies cry—  
Sigh an' sigh—  
Don't cry.

Breezes croon  
To baby moon—  
Croon an' croon—  
Baby moon.

Starlets peep  
When babies sleep—  
Peep an' peep—  
Baby, sleep.

—ELLEN MARSH.

## THINGS IN MY ROOM

It was the blackest, blackest  
night,  
I couldn't see a bit of light;  
White things came out and  
stared,  
And I was scared, just awful  
scared.  
I said my prayers two times or  
more,  
But they kept standing by the  
door.  
I just lay very still in bed,  
And pulled the cover over my  
head.

—ANNIE L. STRICKLAND.

## SHADOWS

Shadows are funny things—  
With them you're never safe.  
They bob here an' there  
And chase you just every-  
where.

My shadow's the meanest of  
all,  
For every time I try to hide  
He pokes out his little self  
An' right there Ma finds me  
too.

—M. S. THOMAS.

## IN CHURCH

On Sundays when it's still and  
quiet,  
And I can't even make a sound;  
I look and look at peoples'  
backs,  
And wish their faces grew the  
other way 'round.

—ANNIE L. STRICKLAND.

## MY MAGIC TREE

There's a tree in my backyard,  
a magic tree.  
Sometimes it's a castle with  
soldiers all protecting me;  
Sometimes it's a ship, a ship  
with big white sails;  
Sometimes it's monkeys, mil-  
lions of them with long hard  
tails;  
Sometimes it's boys and girls  
made to play with me;  
And other times, when I'm bad  
or sad,  
It's just a plain old tree.

—ANNIE L. STRICKLAND.

## DAISY PUFF

See!!  
It's a daisy puff  
And it's ready to  
Blow away.  
Each little fluff  
Is an elf  
That wants to play.  
I'll blow and blow—  
For—  
I'm the wind, you see—  
And then  
Each tiny elf  
Will dance and skip  
With me.

—BERENICE MAY.

## EASTER

For Ma Easter's clothes;  
For Pa Easter's bills;  
For Sis Easter's flowers;  
For Bud Easter's Sunday;  
But for me Easter's when  
We always have lotsa food  
An' we have to all dress  
Up in a heap o' new duds  
An' go to Church for hours.

—M. S. THOMAS.











May 1930

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# ALABAMIAN

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THE POST PUBLISHING CO., OPELIKA, ALA.



*A Suppressed Desire Is That Thing  
Which Makes a Senior Say:*

"I wish I might see Dean Haggard  
Ride Miss Blackiston's bike—tra la!  
And see the staid old faculty  
Out hunting Easter eggs;  
I'd like to comb our Fiji's hair  
And paste it down with some glue;  
And I'd be thrilled to murder  
Anyone who said, "It's nine-sixteen  
Have you read the sign?  
You can't take those books out now." Ye  
Gods!!!

'Tis my heart's desire to be buried, oh dear,  
On the hill where the water tank stands;  
I wish Dr. Weeks had to eat, (yum yum)  
Fifty, huge pumpkin pies;  
Why doesn't a certain little senior (plunk,  
plunk)  
Take music lessons once again?  
I think the girls in this boarding school  
Should wear white oxfords every day;  
I believe Dr. James would be nifty  
In a floppy white sailor suit.  
(He was once in the navy you know).

Perhaps some day I'll have a brogue  
Like our jolly class president so dear.  
And I sincerely hope, sh, sh!!!  
No one can ever know  
Who wrote these things about you."



# Resolutions and Solutions

By ANNA YMOUS

**I**T was eleven o'clock, and Miss Leeper was unmistakably the most popular person on the campus.

Twelve girls fought their way into the post office, and Elveree staggered out. She hooked up her dress, fastened her belt and with trembling eagerness looked at the symbol of her bravery. There would be a showing of summer apparel by Louis Saks store Thursday. Felix Farabee in charge.

Still no contract to be signed! Apparently there was not a principal in the State who wanted a History major and English minor who could sing, play the piano, coach plays, do Girl Scout work, coach basket ball, and teach Sunday School.

It wasn't that Elveree hadn't tried. She had carefully followed all the suggestions Dr. James had given her in their several private conferences. Also she had succeeded in her practice teaching. In fact, Miss Barksdale had wanted to give her an A, but Mr. Orr said that that was never done in Alabama College training school. There was also one of the steps of motivation of which Dr. Farmer did not approve, and this affected the whole unit for Miss Barksdale.

Yet something was wrong, and despite the fact that Dr. Carmichael had smilingly and tactfully told her that certainly **she** would have no difficulty in securing a position, she was worried.

Dr. Weeks remembered a young girl who had come to her (she didn't know why she selected her from the whole faculty) with a similar problem. She referred Elveree, as she had done the other girl, to page 37 of Thorndike.

This, however, was of little assistance to Elveree, for she realized that the fault lay in herself. She could hardly be recognized as the girl who had come to Alabama College as a freshman. In fact, Miss Brooke had been asking questions about it for several months.

Thinking it might be her state of health, she went to the infirmary. Dr. Peck thought she was getting out of a test, so she only gave her phizz, two brown pills, castor oil, a white pill, three pink pills, a capsule and a mouth wash. Of course this inadequate amount of medicine made no noticeable effect on her health.

Dean Napier, after watching her cry for fifteen minutes, gave her permission to drop three

hours of work, so that she could devote more time to her letters of application, but Mrs. Yeager said it was only the fault of her pictures, and that she could make some better ones. The cracks and spots could be worked out of the proofs.

As all this assistance did not help matters, Elveree asked for more advice. Mr. Ward could not help her because they used an entirely different system in Germany. Mr. Ziolkowski suggested that she find out if any principal could use her. Mrs. Means told her to apply in a certain town because a chap she used to go with (he was the redheaded dental student who stole her picture once) was very influential there. There was, however, no vacancy. Dr. Vaughan said she lacked idealism and Dr. Trumbauer simply threw up his hands, shook his head, and clucked. Miss Osband had a splendid plan, but just as she was ready to tell it she changed her mind, and told her something else.

There is no way of finding out what would have happened to Elveree's health and mind, if she hadn't met Dr. Steelman. He assured her that he could fix everything. She came away feeling as if she had already received her first month's salary.

The trouble was, Dr. Steelman knew, that she had aged too rapidly. It had been fully four years since she had rolled garbage cans down the Assembly hall steps or thrown garments of clothing on young men standing in the Assembly Hall!

In order to regain her lost youth, she decided to have two freshmen spend the night with her. As they could not leave the student parlor, Elveree went to get permission. Dean Haggard was not there, and Mrs. Reynolds and Miss Brown said they could not sign the slip. After telling her who the girls were, why they wanted to spend the night in Ramsay, what subjects they were to have six-weeks tests in in the morning, and how many were to sleep in a bed, she finally secured the slip, signed up on their hall, got the freshmen, and went to Ramsay.

Busy with borrowing a grill and toaster, finding bread, begging sugar and blowing a fuse, Elveree forgot to sign up for her visitors or to be in her room at the exact time. As a result she received checks for not being at home when the proctor came around, and more

(Continued on page 12)



# An Outstanding Senior

By MELLIJO WILLIAMS

FOUR YEARS AGO, at the first chapel assembly in September, Dr. Carmichael introduced to the student body the new Dean, who, on being presented, walked to the edge of the stage and turning directly towards a large, rather frightened-looking group of girls said with that radiatingly friendly smile that a few still remember, and all have grown to love:

"I know how you feel, for I am a Freshman, too!"

Perhaps he wasn't aware of all our varied emotions that morning for there were some two hundred of us, but he was aware that we needed the reassurance of friendly words—and he gave them as he always does when they are most needed.

Later, as all good Freshmen should, he paid his class dues and became a full fledged Freshman along with the rest of us. However, he overlooked one important item—his information card concerning his pedigree for it wasn't to be found along with those of other Seniors, and had to be gotten by a trip to his office.

It was not, nor has it ever been, an ordeal to visit his office, for Dean Napier dispelled entirely from our campus the old collegiate legend of "that dreaded visit to the Dean's Office."

The wide open door, his friendly manner, and the warm glow of understanding in his eyes, regardless of one's mission, is largely responsible for such an achievement.

Dean Napier was born near Scottsville, Kentucky on a farm; and began his education not unlike many other worthwhile men of today in a little one-room country schoolhouse. Later he attended the county high school in Scottsville. He then attended a preparatory school and in 1908 received his B.S. Degree from Southern Normal School, which is today Kentucky State Teachers' College. Dr. Napier taught for two years in Hardyville, Kentucky,

and it was at the beginning of his second year there that he married Mrs. Napier. The following year he became Superintendent of City Schools at Horse Cave, Kentucky, and Mrs. Napier taught English in the High School. He received his M.S. Degree at Peabody, and in 1924 his Doctorate (Ph.D.). In the fall of 1926 he became Dean of Alabama College, and a self-acknowledged Freshman.

In these four years that are now almost in the past Dean Napier has made a record of which we are all justly proud. To the Seniors who

have been associated with him throughout the four years of their college life he is just as much a part of Alabama College as the sundial, the turngates or the tower. He has won the hearts of students and faculty alike by having the rare gift of understanding people and situations. He seldom falls back upon his authority as Dean to get a thing done, but interests the student in it so it is her wish as well as his, that the thing be done.

In the community as well as on the campus both Dr. and Mrs. Napier have made worthwhile contributions. Their home is always open to the college girls; and their delightful companionship as well as Dr. Napier's favorite game—checkers—always insures an entertaining hour in which class-



DR. T. H. NAPIER, Dean

es are forgotten.

The Senior Class will soon be gone, leaving Dean Napier to guide and inspire other Seniors as he has the class of 1930; but keeping in their own hearts something of his wisdom, his friendly spirit, his ability as a leader, and memories of four years of pleasant associations and work with him. On the twenty-sixth there will be diplomas—many of them inscribed "cum laude"; a few "cum magna laude"; but the highest of all honors we reserve for Dr. Napier—those of the love and respect of an entire student body and four years of unselfish, untiring effort for our Alma Mater.



# Careful Record of an Interview with the Best Citizen

**R**EPORTER: "Miss Bee Seay, I represent the 'Alabamian' and would like to interview you for publication."

Best Citizen: "I am always glad to oblige. Proceed."

R.: "As you should know most about the subject, Miss Bee Seay, what is your conception of a Best Citizen?"

B. C.: (without hesitancy) "One who never throws 'ration' papers on the front campus, who never fails to pet Dr. Peck's cats in passing, who always uses a polite tone in yelling for the elevator, who always says 'Pardon me' on having knocked someone down in the post office at mail scrimmage."

R.: "Thank you. Er - - - what is your opinion of the Date Crashing situation at Alabama College?"

B. C.: "I think a girl should share any date with a roommate, club sister, or Senior, provided the date is not a fiancee."

R.: "And if the Date Crasher persists in hovering about, even though the date is a fiancee?"

B. C.: "The afflicted should cough politely and motion with her thumb toward the dormitory. If this is not effective, she should hum softly a few bars of 'Farewell,' 'Till We Meet Again,' or some other appropriate selection. If even this does not work, a straight pin may be applied to the Date Crasher in an effective spot. In extremity, of course, the girl may appeal to the Honor Board."

R.: "Thank you. Is it true that as Best Citizen, you have never broken a rule at Alabama College?"

B. C. (piously): "In the sight of faculty and Honor Board, I have never broken a rule at Alabama College. Except, of course, the time I forgot and wore my pajamas to church."

R.: "Miss Bee Seay, what is your favorite study?"

B. C.: "I will have to consider the relative merits of flitting and hockey. I am a Spanish major you know."

R.: "Yes. What do you think has helped you most to keep your health here at college?"

B. C.: "The unvaried diet of apples on Saturday, and my excellent habit of getting,

at the very least, four hours sleep each day."

R.: "Thank you. What do you consider your most successful attempt to beautify the campus?"

B. C.: "Let me see—well, I should say my contribution to the colorful scenery."

R.: "Thank you. To what one thing do you attribute your success, Miss Bee Seay?"

B. C. (with hesitance): "My course on Dress-making with the Woman's Institute."

R.: "Thank you. And now, Miss Bee Seay, what do you intend to do with your loving cup which you have won as Best Citizen?"

B. C. (true to form): "I intend to place it somewhere on the front campus to be used as a bird-bath."

R.: "That is indeed a noble purpose."

B. C.: "Sank 'ou, Ma'am."

R.: "Have you any suggestions for the betterment of the contest next year?"

B. C.: "Yes, after listening to students' comments throughout the year, and thinking through the problem myself, I have come to believe that there is no student worthy of the honor of being elected Best Citizen. I feel that next year we should elect a faculty member to inspire the students by holding before them a perfect example of good citizenship."

R.: "That is a beautiful idea, Miss Bee Seay. Upon

what would they be judged?"

B. C.: "There are many things to be taken into consideration. Among the most important would be appearance, which would, of course, include appropriateness of dress. Then there would be observance of school rules such as parking cars, entering the dining-room on time, exempting all seniors making an average of B, picking flowers on the campus, walking on the grass."

R.: "But are there any members of the faculty who do not conform to these rules, Miss Bee Seay."

B. C.: "Of course not, but they should be included as a matter of form. There are many . . . that will be hard to judge, such as loyalty to the school, interest and faith in all the school undertakes, attendance to all

(Continued on page 12)

## STARTLING DISCOVERY

We read these thing with muffled gasps,

We Freshmen, who had always thought

A Senior was a super-dame,  
Whose ordered life was never fraught  
With wild desires to fracture rules,  
To stage such ricts as we don't dare—

We never dreamed such mutiny  
Against school laws was hidden there

Behind a face so calm, resigned!  
Undreamed-of things you do impart  
To us, revealing that you are  
A Senior with a Freshman Heart!

—A Freshman.



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JUST BEGINNING

DO YOU remember at your High School Commencement how you thrilled to the sage-like orator who said that life was just beginning—that graduation was the commencement of life? Well, may we be preserved from that old gag at this period of our lives. We will admit that there is a lot of life ahead to live, and that college has probably prepared us for it—but to say that life is just beginning—that’s a bit stiff. Most of us have lived twenty-odd pretty full years and fondly believe we know something about the substance of which life is made. We have loved, laughed, grieved, had disappointments, and broken illusions: Is that life? If so, the average college graduate is well started toward the crest of the wave.

—LOUISE WHITE.

\* \* \* \* \*

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED DIGNITY?

THE PROVERBIAL SENIOR dignity is somewhat like the Biblical definition of faith: “The substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen.” There are few among us who have not had high aspirations of the day when we might boast of possessing that most cherished trait “senior dignity.” But also when the final goal is reached and the title of senior is attached we are disappointed to find that we can discover no difference in ourselves than when we were burdened with the unsophisticated badge of the freshman. Ramsay Hall, the home of the seniors, hears little trace of this much talked of dignity for in every appearance it is as gay as the Main dormitory itself. It is quite evident from the crowded condition of the Ramsay date parlors that there is not enough senior dignity to injure the seniors’ popularity. If one should make an exploration in Ramsay while the dates are being entertained Sunday he would probably fail to be impressed with the presence of any superior dignity among the seniors which freshmen do not ordinarily possess.

Perhaps we all realize that the term senior dignity is merely an expression, but still we like to talk about it and believe that there is such a quality among the older group of students. Its existence resembles the tradition of the “Ivory Door” in that we refuse to admit that it is not real. In reality the importance attached to senior dignity is entirely harmless even though when in a thoughtful mood we may admit there is no such thing. Senior dignity often provides a pleasant subject for conversation which is soothing to one who has listened to the constant chatter about the faults of every person in school and the food we eat. When we are in need of an adjective to describe a non-descript girl the term “dignified senior” may be applied with perfect assurance that it will be well received.

Senior dignity seems to be a most unusual quality in that its influence remains intact without its existence.

—LEILA FORD.

\* \* \* \* \*

FACULTY WILL SHARE OUR GLORY

THE SENIORS always feel particularly stately and learned when they don their caps and gowns. They are confident that everybody is gazing at them with admiring eyes which causes them to wonder if that tassel is at the right angle and if the cap is tilted to the most becoming degree. During Commencement exercises in former years the seniors have borne this glory alone but this year they are to share it with the faculty members who are also to be robed for the academic procession. The seniors will probably be less conscious of their own appearance in admiring the gold tassels, the bright colored hoods and the beautiful doctorate robes which the members of the faculty exhibit. This commencement is an outstanding one in the history of the college with the first class graduating in Palmer Hall and a robed academic procession.

—LEILA FORD.



# The Senior

By

ON SEPTEMBER 13, 1926, the L. & N. had made preparation for bigger and better business. Newly polished engines, a double header, heaving and puffing toward Calera as they pulled their cargo behind them. The clanging bells and the deep growl of the powerful engines told the onlookers that another school year was about to begin.

Faces peered from the windows, some eager, others merely bored. Shrieks of laughter and squeals of delight upon seeing a familiar sight were heard as an echo throughout the many cars. A victrola laboriously grinding out its latest tune, lost among the general hub-bub and stamping of the eager feet, learning the well known calisthenics, the Charleston. Girls, girls everywhere at once and everyone talking and giggling. Poor passengers, trying in vain to read the daily news without outside help. Then there's always the pleasant old lady to stop all the various card games to ask: "Where are you going, children?" "To Montevallo, Woman's College, Judson," shout back the carefree girls, loud enough to be heard by the engineer, to say nothing of deafening the passengers. By the time Calera, or a word to that effect, has been yelled by the Flagman the passengers are too feeble to look pleased or to wish the would-be entertainers a successful scholastic year.

"Take your bag, Lady?" "Taxi! Right here." "I'll carry them bags, ma'am." Of course one cannot be expected to keep up with her particular bag but everyone grabs one similar to the latest things in steamer trunks and gamely fights for a taxi where she may sit with only ten bundles of all shapes and sizes thrown on the floor. Finally the little station master peeps from under the station to see if the mob has passed on. Seeing only a cloud of dust he heaves a sigh and darkens Calera.

Millions of taxies bulging at the sides rumble along the highway. Suitcases flapping around the car streamed their contents wildly in all directions and decorated the car according to each driver's sense of beauty, to say nothing of girls fairly pouring out of the windows. The last layer of girls yells out, "We want air." The taxi merely backfires and goes on.

A jerk and jostle tells the girls that their car has stopped. Queer looking individuals creep out and with an open mouth and popping eyes enter the Heaven of their High School days—The Assembly Hall of Alabama College!

After handing in a birth certificate, a short life history and being vaccinated for smallpox, we take our battered boxes, which had looked so smart when we stepped on the train, and begin the climb. The first four flights are pulled with good will. Then feeble gasps are heard among the dimly lighted halls, "Where do you room?" "Gosh! I'm tired." Some stop to rest; when the second wind comes we bravely seek the top. Here it is, and with a sigh of relief we open our door and after bumping our shins and knocking over all the furniture in the room we find the light. And lo! a window, dresser, and bed, with their air of comfort fairly beaming hospitality, greet us. No sooner than we don our pajamas (some are in nighties, I fear) loud screams and stamping of feet are heard out in the halls. There, you've guessed it! The Sophs, The Bloody Sophs, seeking the lives of us poor Freshmen. We grit out teeth and fall as a man upon the floor and wait for the fatal blow.

Classes begin—the Library becomes popular. We learn how to wait until the night before exams to study. Also we learn that the fire hose is to be the chief amusement between 9:30 and 10 p. m. Great pools of water lapped the sides of the hall and slowly but surely seeped through to first. Of course the girls who are fond of dashing down the steps on bedsprings give the girls quite a fright who are tipping upstairs with rolls and apple butter smeared across their faces.

By this time each of us has an occasion to meet some phase of the Student Government Association. These trials are given heated debate long after lights each night. We long for Christmas and the more we long, the farther the weeks seem to stretch. We counted the days, hours, and minutes until finally we can engage a very busy taxi and board the train for home.

After holidays we become lovers of nature. In fact, we oftentimes arise about 5 A. M. and go for a browse in the woods, merely as an appetizer. A visitor on Sunday night thought she had gotten into Tuscaloosa, by mistake of course, for she looked on front campus and here were large numbers of girls, a pole with something like a grab bag on the end, leaping all over the campus and swinging their would-be javelins. In answer to the loud screams from front campus another group of girls pour-



# Class History

JULIETTE HARDY

ed from all over corners of the dormitory carrying suspicious looking fruit jars. The visitor was glad to learn that this was a phase of Miss Blackiston's Nature Study class.

May comes sooner than we think and the surprising thing is that we begin to talk about next year and when we are returning.

The following September finds us as Bold Brave Sophomores as we land in Montevallo. Such yells! Everybody making a pass for their lost roomie—and of course we have forgotten our lonesomeness of the previous year.

Something new, all for us, we learn, had been put in the course. You could never guess I'm sure. A lovely class in English is to be held at 2:30 on Thursdays for us. Thursday being a half holiday we are only too glad to spend an hour listening to the lull of iambic pentameter. We find that we have a new Dean—A Dean of Women, this time. Of course we peer at her curiously and wonder whether we will be sorry or not that she is here. It doesn't take us long to know that we like her very much and we hope she'll stay our next years. We take our turn in frightening the poor Freshmen and somehow it isn't quite as funny as we had hoped.

It seems that our class is rather an experimental one. All the guinea pigs and white rats are given a rest and we are taken as victims. We learn that we are to get regular regulation gym suits. They are \$5 and each of us has to have one. Five dollars seem a mere trifle for such an added attraction. Miss Leeper sizes us up and gives us suits that she knows will fit. We often wonder now if she didn't play a practical joke on us.

The next day finds us up with the sun, madly tugging at the new suit. After hours of buttoning and pulling and tugging we are adorned in our new regalia. Such a sight! Literally thousands of black rompers which were meant to fit anything except a girl, sweet little white shirts with the latest turn back collar and then nice serviceable black cotton hose. When the entire class is arrayed likewise, it gives one the impression of being at some masquerade ball where every one impersonates a box, letting only the head and hands be seen. May comes once more and we pile into the taxis, and turning, look back once again at the Hall of Fame.

Our third trip, in September, to Alabama

College is spent in trying to look bored because we are returning, and to realize the importance of being Juniors. Last year we were glad to be anything but a Rat, but now—A Junior—Why no wonder our hats feel a trifle small. Everybody is back. Another greeting and grumbling about being here when secretly each of us wouldn't be any place else. We have another reason for being all puffed up. We have been promised a dormitory all our own. A Junior Hall!!! Some of us leap into Ramsay and call it home. Of course it is new, and late lights are a novel experience.

Then there is a building on front campus which had always seemed mysterious to us. Such queer noises and at the most ungodly hours. It is called the Music Hall but I fear we thought it was just another ill-named Bloch. Being Juniors we have more leisure time to prow around and that is one place we snoop about. Greatly to our surprise we actually can hear some several melodies. After all, we decide, it isn't such a bad place. We kinda lose track of each other for awhile. The History students slave away hours muttering dates and names of generals. The English students endeavor to read poetry with expression, while the Home Ec. girls are really becoming domestic in their white aprons and hair nets. The Music and Art Majors are perhaps the queerest. Some with a bit of canvas and paint smeared to the eyebrows—the others beating wildly on the ivories until the building shakes. And of course our athletes tumble, leap, jump from day break to sunset, day in and day out, for recreation, play and games which make our class famous.

Thus do we spend nine busy months and are really thankful for a vacation.

The beginning of our last scholastic year at Alabama College finds us settling down to the stern realization of being a most potent, grave and reverent Senior!! Caps and gowns—and well do we know how hot they are. It's nice to be looked up to by Freshmen, joked at by the Sophs and envied by the Juniors—yet beneath it all we realize that this is our last year together. Term papers, theses, notebooks and recitals stare us in the face. And bit by bit we get them off. We have a new auditorium to meet in and give our plays. A new gym will be here next year. We've had a glorious time. Each with her own joys and sorrows and every-

(Continued on page 12)



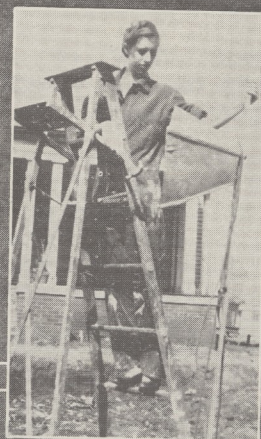
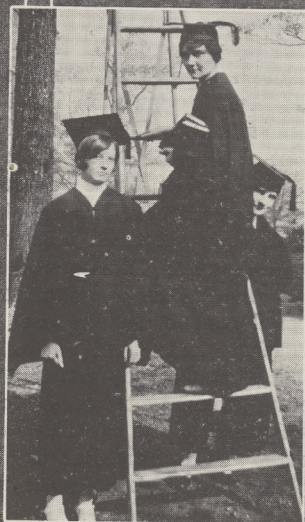
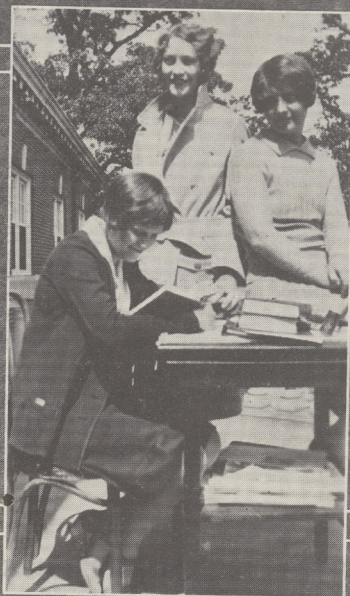
## *We Will Keep Faith*

By BERENICE MAY

"There," spake the King, "leads the road you  
must travel.  
It is not easy.  
Just around yon bend  
Is the steepest mountain in the land.  
Take the path, perilous across the summit,  
Yet, remain steadfast, my Knights—  
Be glad the hardest comes so soon.  
Rest awhile—then journey on.  
Many, many turns you will make  
For the road is twisted and rough.  
Beware thee of the foot bridge  
That spans yon turbulent stream;  
A narrow path along a jagged cliff  
May seem impassable, but  
Slow, measured steps  
Will guide you safely on;  
A darksome cave, hazardous to life  
May be your fate;  
But, turn not back.  
Remember thy honor,  
God speed you on.

An hundred Knights  
With heads erect and eyes bent journeyward  
Bade adieu to the land of their home;  
An hundred voices in unison  
Gave the oath to their King.  
"We will keep Faith."







# FUDLE AND FACOTS

## HANDBOOK FOR SENIORS

(On being asked what they learned at college)

**M** is for money, in constant demand  
**O** is for Office where miscreants stand  
**N** is for nothing we knew on exam  
**T** is for table where starved students cram  
**E** is for Exec. Board, who live but don't let  
**V** is for **vir**, which you probably won't get  
**A** is for apples each Saturday eve  
**L** is for letters you never receive  
**L** is for learn, which all good students do  
**O** is for owe—and we all do that too.

This we have learned in our four years of college.

This is the measured extent of our knowledge.

## KALEIDOSCOPIC VIEW OF A SENIOR'S MIND ON THE VERGE OF GRADUATION

Well, this is my last year—whatever I do, I'll be doing it for the last time!—Gosh! Suppose I don't graduate! Suppose I flunk Education. Suppose—Oh, what **can** I wear to Dean Napier's tea? That pink crepe de chine? No! I just can't wear that again!—Wonder if I'll get that teaching job in Pumpkin Center? Not if they judge me by that application picture I sent them, that's a cinch! There ought to be a law against charging so much for a sheepskin! Is that little scrap of paper really worth \$7.50 and four years of work? I wonder—hope the class parties are going to be cute! Clothes! Clothes! Heavens—what **can** I possibly wear to all these things? Eve had all the breaks!—My last year—never see ole alma mammy again—dear old Monty—gosh! I'll be glad when all this is over—and—I hope John can keep that job and that we can—what **can** I wear to the Governor's Reception—Whoever invented receptions any-

way? Wonder if I might flunk? possible—possible—can I live through these last few weeks? With a little more money—It won't be long now! That job—John—Clothes—Reception—exams—dips—Mercy! "Are we all crazy?"

## HOW THE SENIORS OF 1930 FINANCED THEIR COLLEGE CAREER

The following questionnaire was given to the present Senior class to determine the ways in which they financed their college career.

1. Parents or relatives paid all expenses as a gift.

### TO A SCREECH OWL

Little fluffy ball of grey and brown

Do you hide your head  
 Because you are afraid of life,  
 Or are you merely being lazy?  
 For shame, if it be the former;  
 But if it is the latter—  
 I envy you.

—BERENICE MAY.

2. Parents or relatives paid all expenses as loan.

3. Parents or relatives paid part expenses as gift.

4. Parents or relatives paid part expenses as loan.

5. Student borrowed the whole amount.

6. Student borrowed part of the amount.

7. Student worked and paid entire expenses.

8. Student worked and paid part of expenses.

9. Entire amount paid by gift scholarship.

10. Entire amount paid by loan scholarship.

11. Part of expense by gift scholarship.

12. Part of expense paid by loan scholarship.

13. Inherited money.

Of the ninety-six seniors checking the questionnaire sixty-two were financed by their parents or relatives paying all expenses as a gift. The remaining thirty-three seniors checked more than one item giving a total of one hundred, forty-four checks. Five students paid part of their expense through a loan from parents or relatives. Two students obtained all their expenses as a loan from their parents or relatives. Only one student borrowed the whole amount. The most re-occurring combination was: parents or relatives paid part of expense as a gift, student borrowed part of the amount, student worked and paid part of the expense. No students either paid their entire expenses by working or by gift or loan scholarship. However, five paid part by gift-scholarship and three by loan-scholarship. Three students are attending school on the money they inherited.

Submitted by:

Lucy McAndrews,  
 Mamie Jones,  
 Carolyn Pennington,  
 LaVerne DeShazo.

## EXTRACTS FROM A SENIOR'S LETTER ON MAY DAY

My dear,

We have had our annual May day, and do you know I was **never** so surprised. Yes, we always have it, out of doors of course, and some of the dancers had the nerve, yes the unmitigated nerve to complain about the thorns and briars. And they danced before the public, the **public**, mind you, in nothing but the thinnest, very thinnest pieces of silk stuff, or rather they didn't have on much more than that. And do you know, the public absolutely enjoyed it. I was never so surprised.

And you would never guess what it was all about—no one did. Something or other I think about Columbus discovering the Mississippi. Feature that. Oh, it was awfully exciting—the Indians attacked the settlers and were chopping off their heads, and it would have just been



terrible if the Navy hadn't landed in time. I was embarrassed to tears for the poor Indians. And my dear, do you know that Columbus had a ship. Only it was made by girls and not Mr. Robinson. I mean the girls **were** the ship. And then they had the court. You know the court. All in very long dresses, but personally I prefer short ones with flounces, don't you? By the way, what do you think of these new styles? Do you suppose **any** one thinks the new feminine generation is going to give up their freedom and parade around in those long tails. I for one am not. But do you know the other day I saw such a cute one with long pointed skirt. Oh, yes, it was the cutest thing and then I just had to have another one to go to the dance.

Oh yes, I was talking about May Day, wasn't I? Let me see, I think you know the queen, don't you? Didn't you have a double-date with her one nite? I do wish you could have seen her—now personally I think I am much more the right build and some one said, now don't tell a soul, but some one told me that she dyed her hair. Can you feature **that**? a May Queen with dyed hair. And I heard too that she takes setting up exercises—you know those things we hear every morning. And my dear, that **man** was here. You know the one she—they **say** she is going to marry him. Feature anyone **marrying**. **None** of the Seniors are doing such a thing. It is **unheard of**.

Well I **do** wish you could have seen it for it really was ducky-lucky. I think I'll come back again and be the May Queen. You know you could be the court—wouldn't it be fun?

### RED TAPE

**W**HEN we were freshmen we were ignorant of it; when we were sophomores we were indifferent to it; when we were juniors we realized that someone should do something about it (some one else, of course) and now that we are almost alumni, we realize that it is too late for us to do anything.

All we can do now is leave some last wishes and suggestions so that our consciences will not be overburdened with the thought of what we should have done.

We would suggest the following plan: build an immense fire (Mr. Jones-Williams must be seen first. Probably the landscape gardener would draw a sketch showing the best place to build it. Our only plea

in the matter is that it is not built in front of Ramsay, as that might detract from the appearance of the grass.) When the flames are on a level with the ornament on top of Central, the students, dressed in white, would file out and form a circle around the fire. When the group is arranged to everyone's satisfaction, representatives of the classes would bring the offerings to the fire, and just as each student strains her voice to reach the "Hail to thee" of the Alma Mater, the Red Tape would be thrown into the fire.

There would be hundreds of yards of red tape. Some would be in intricate knots, some in bows, and some merely in a long, unending succession of tape. As the last scrap of red become gray ashes, the students

### DEAD TO THE WORLD

Natalie Molton  
Laurice Butler  
Lucy Holcombe  
Frances Lewis  
\*Iris Spearman Morton  
\*Eleanor Garrett Burton  
Marion Walton  
Pauline McCord  
Sadie Campbell  
Rebecca Sue Jackson  
Sue Graves  
Carolyn Latimer  
Virginia Smith  
Gladys Stevens  
Sarah Collier

\*Note: Passed out.

would thankfully and reverently go their separate ways, knowing at last where to go and what to do.

For anyone who was in doubt there would be help. For example, a girl wishing to practice for her recital would go to a cabinet in the library, look in the "P" drawer, find under "Palmer Hall" "occupation of" and under that "Dr. X, authority." After seeing Dr. X, she could practice in peace, knowing that no organ practice, glee club practice, orchestra practice, play practice, or meeting could interfere. Never again would a student make the horrible mistake of asking Dr. Carmichael for permission to do something when she could have asked Alec.

A student and faculty committee should be formed so that the work could be carried on during the summer. Of course, the chairman would have to see Miss Mallory, Mr. Rich-

mond, Miss Gould, Dean Haggard, Dr. Carmichael, Miss Landon, Miss Osband, Dr. Trumbauer and Will before she would know when, where, and if the committee could meet.

H. MAHLER.

### OH, TALKIE, LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME!

By Edwina Kenney

Alpha Rho Chapter

**P**UFF, PUFF! All out of breath trying to keep up with the times. It used to be fairly easy. But it's all different now. The beautiful dumb thing out in Hollywood has found her tongue.

Once we could miss a show without remaining ignorant of the latest slang expressions. Once we could sit by the radio and feel we were keeping up with the music of the day.

But it's all changed now!

Go to a dance. The orchestra is playing "How Am I To Know?" Your partner asks, "Can't you simply hear the hammers?"

You look blank and he tries to be helpful with, "On the scaffolding, you know, for the hanging."

You are still peering madly around trying to see who is getting hanged when he utters a bored, "Oh, you didn't see, Dynamite."

Embarrassing? Well, rather.

Or imagine your agonies over the bridge table when one jovial player shouts, "Sez you?" And you fail quickly to respond, "Sez me!" as outlined in the Cockeyed World.

If you can't enliven your conversation with such potent expressions as, "It's cream in the can, baby," "Boop, boop, a doop," why you're absolutely undated. You're immediately classed as a very nice girl but ages behind the times.

Picture, if you can, the oaf who answers affirmatively saying, "Yes, yes," when everyone else has just seen The Girl from Woolworth's and is emitting "OK, babies."

Think of the embarrassment ahead for the unmusical who will confuse their theme songs. Just consider the social error of brightly commenting on how much you liked Broadway Melody when the local station is broadcasting "Tiptoe Through the Tulips With Me."

Which brings up the important point of correct usage. Shall the listener correct the bungler who says that he'd be willing to sit through Smiling Irish Eyes a second time just to hear Nick Lucas sing "The Pagan Love Song."

(Continued on page 12)



## CROSSED LINES

Central: "Number, please!"  
Voice from Ramsay: "Strand Theatre."

Later—

Central: "Number, please!"  
Voice from Ramsay: "Please call Strand Theatre again."

Mrs. Watson: "Strand Theatre."  
V. from R.: "Please call Allison Blair to the phone."

Allison: "Hello—"  
V. from R.: "Allison, there's a boy here,—just a minute, he wants to talk to you himself."

Central: "Number, please!"  
Mrs. Coleman from Dr. Carmichael's: "Ramsay Hall."

Erskine, from Ramsay Hall: "Hello, Allison."

Mrs. Coleman: "Hello."  
Erskine: "This is Erskine."  
Mrs. C.: "Who?"

Erskine: "Erskine. Don't tell me you don't remember me?"

Mrs. C.: "I'm sorry, but I don't believe I do."

Erskine: "Well, am I going to get to see you?"

Mrs. C.: "Yes, that's sweet of you. I'd be glad to see you, but I'm at Dr. Carmichael's. Mrs. Carmichael, etc., etc."

Erskine: "Well, are you going to give me a date? When can I see you?"

Mrs. C.: "I'm not coming back until after the Glee Club recital."

Erskine: "Not until after the recital!! Can't you come before that? I've come all the way from Birmingham to see you."

Mrs. C.: "May I speak to Josphine Watson?"

Erskine: "O-h-h!! I thought you were Allison Blair!"

Mrs. C.: "No, I am Mrs. Coleman, the House Mother."

Erskine: "I beg your pardon! (to the voice from Ramsay) I-I-er-I have to-er-go somewhere!"

## SMITH'S SENIOR TRADITIONS

Among the many customs which have grown up around graduation at Smith is the last "step sing." The seniors seated on the steps of Students' Building start off the evening with a song and in turn the three classes, standing on the grass below and arranged so as to form an open quadrangle, sing their songs.

In the course of four years the seniors have written and sung many songs at the regular "step sing" held twice a week during the spring term. Many are take-offs of the faculty and other students; others commemorate events in student life such

as the annual incoming of senior cars in the spring term. A favorite underclass song is usually a variation on "give us a ride in your car, seniors."

At the last "step sing" the hoop rolling contest, the winner of which will be the first member of the class to marry, excites a great deal of speculation for it is difficult to roll a hoop, and manage a cap and gown at the same time. While this contest has attracted the attention of the crowd of parents, alumnae and undergraduates, the juniors have stolen into Students' Building through the back door and have appeared upon the steps back of the seniors. Coming down the steps the seniors sing their last song and relinquish the coveted place of the steps to the juniors—thus "the old order changeth, yielding place to the new."

## RESOLUTIONS AND SOLUTIONS

(Continued from page 2)

checks for harboring freshmen who had not signed up properly. Incidentally the freshmen were sent home at one-thirty. Feeling bold, Elveree slipped out and went to Main with them.

On the way over, the night watchman stopped them. They gave their names as Agnes Scott, Sophie Newcomb, and Mary Baldwin, and finally reached their room in safety. For fear that Elveree, not knowing the placement of the furniture, should stumble into one of the beds, and mar it by knocking off some enamel, they secured a flash light. By its rays Elveree looked into the mirror. She staggered back. She had seen her reflection! Not only that, but she looked at least five years older than she had that afternoon. All was hopeless now. She could not hope for a position. There was only one thing to do—join the other seniors, and be married!

## CAREFUL RECORD OF AN INTERVIEW WITH THE BEST CITIZEN

(Continued from page 4)

programs, undivided attention during programs which includes, of course, not talking audibly, and, if possible, not sleeping."

R.: "Have you any definite plans for presenting these ideas, Miss Bee Seay?"

B. C.: "As yet, no, probably Dr. Farmer, chairman of the chapel committee should present them at chapel. No, after further consideration, I

think perhaps the faculty should hear the plan. It should, therefore, be presented at faculty meeting—it is compulsory."

R.: Thank you, Miss Bee Seay. Good afternoon."

## SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from page 7)

body a good sport and comrade. We will meet again perhaps, but never as such a homogeneous group. As we leave we wish for all our younger schoolmates as good a time, study enough, and to have as much fun as we have had!!

The station master can safely come from his hiding place and bid us a fond farewell as we turn to gaze down the highway for a last look at the tower and Main dormitory which we've learned to love.

The engine is straining to be off. A puff, a groan, the brakes creak, and with slowly moving wheels we leave our Alabama College.

## OH, TALKIE, LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME!

(Continued from page 11)

Our social success is imperiled by the Talkies!

What if we do own a ten-foot book shelf, possess two copies of Emily Post, and to the amusement of our friends have learned to play the piano, and, yet, we cannot sing part of the theme song from Marianne!

Even if we have learned to make our stunning clothes just from clipping the little coupon, are able to order a whole dinner in French, use Listerine liberally and regularly, still we are doomed to social ignominy if we can't make our repartee scintillate with the slang of On with the Show.

Miss two talkies and you are a back number.

Fail to attend four talkie hits and not even your best friend will tell you why you are often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

Come on, Hurry up! You've just time to race down to the Alcazar and make the end of the line for the second show! Teachers live not only by the checks sliced in the Superintendent's office but by the flicker of the film and the click of the slang in the up-to-date version of romance.—"Kadelpian Review."

Editors Note: The Alabamian goes to press and as yet, "the crook remains concealed! Woe Juniors!







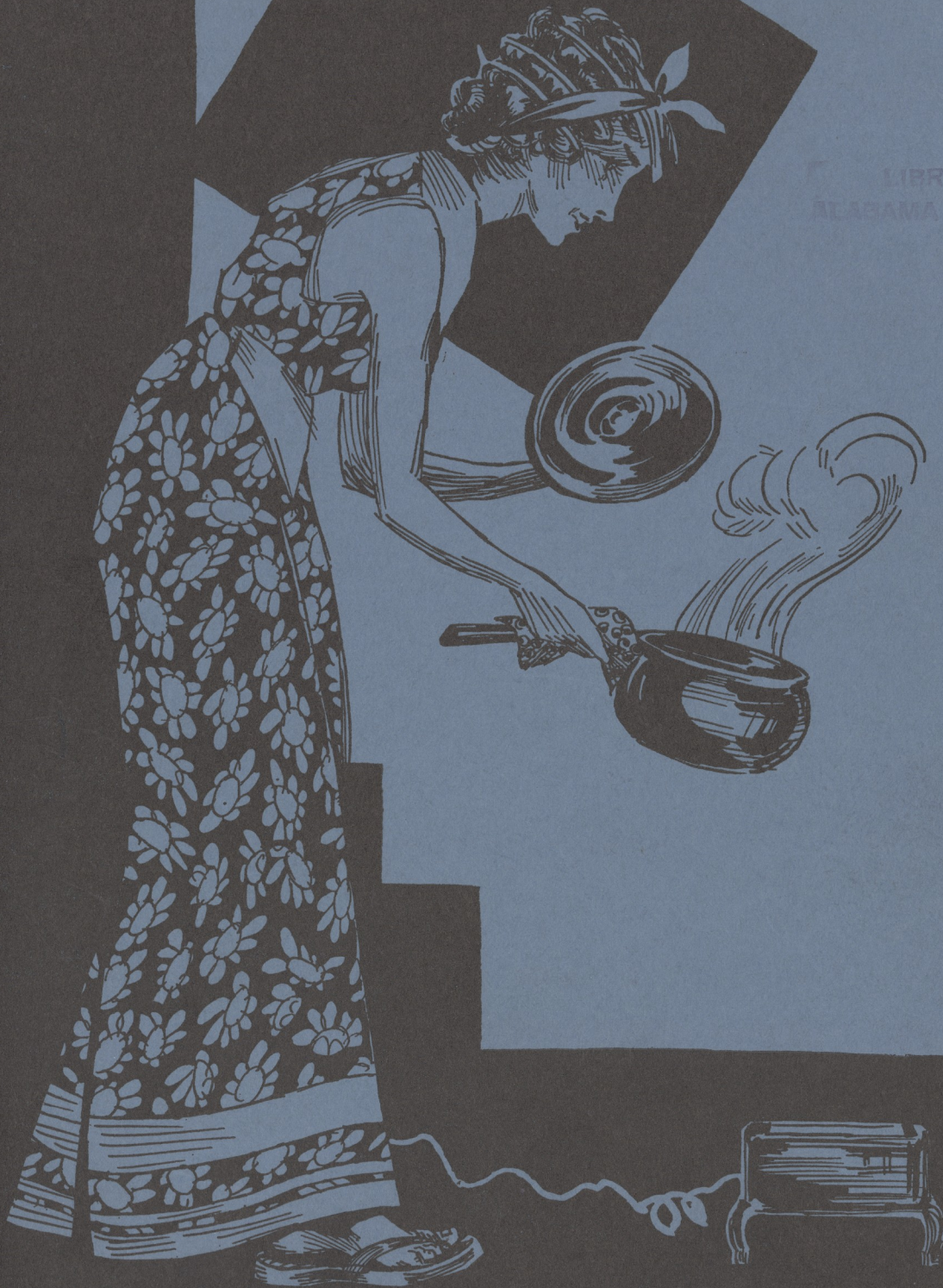




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# ALABAMIAN

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OCTOBER 1930



# ALABAMIAN

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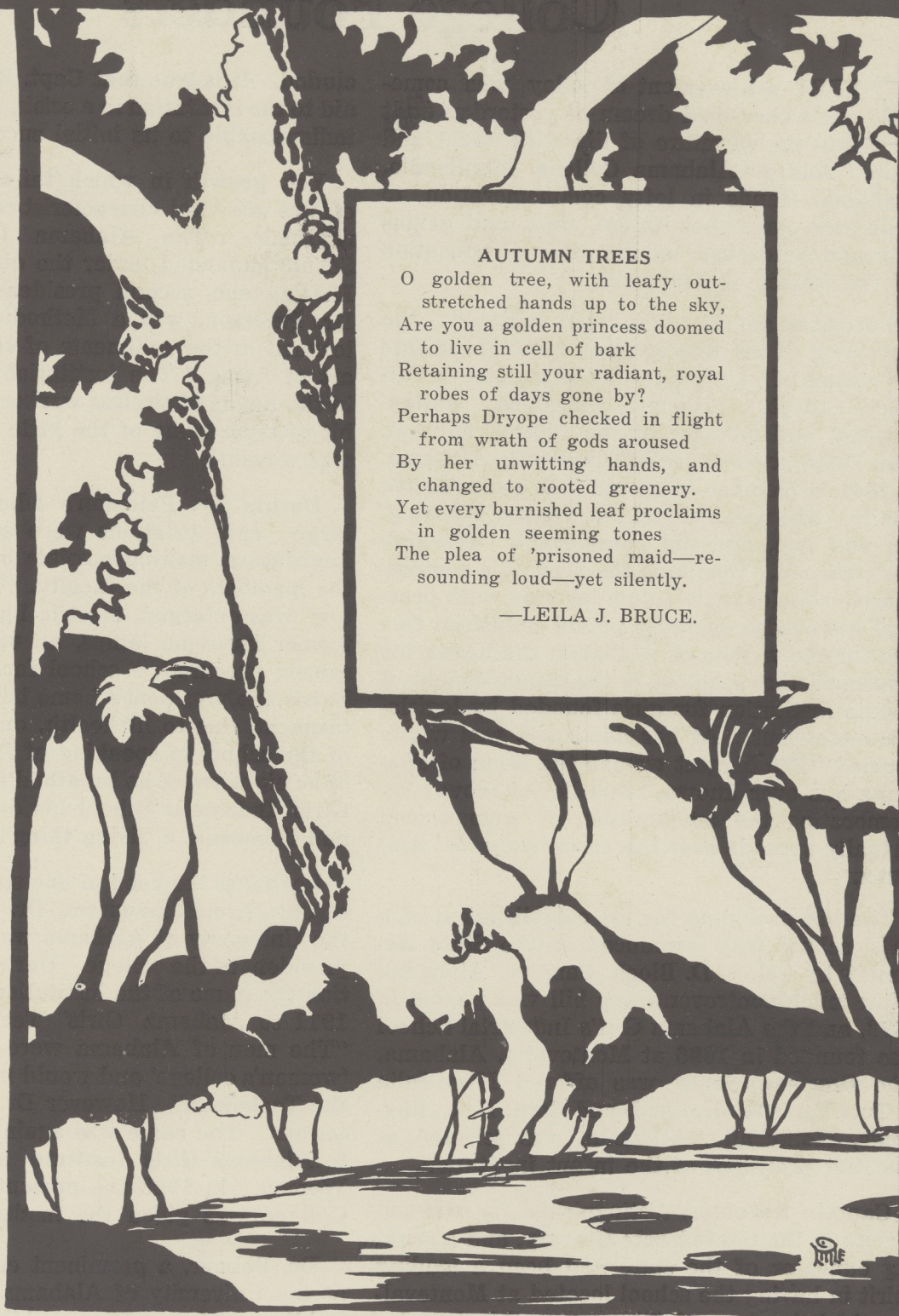
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## AUTUMN TREES

O golden tree, with leafy out-  
stretched hands up to the sky,  
Are you a golden princess doomed  
to live in cell of bark  
Retaining still your radiant, royal  
robes of days gone by?  
Perhaps Dryope checked in flight  
from wrath of gods aroused  
By her unwitting hands, and  
changed to rooted greenery.  
Yet every burnished leaf proclaims  
in golden seeming tones  
The plea of 'prisoned maid—re-  
sounding loud—yet silently.

—LEILA J. BRUCE.





# College Founders

EVERY achievement of today was someone's cherished dream of yesterday built into the structure of life with might and main. And so Alabama College, Montevallo, Alabama, stands in lofty commemoration to those who gave their talent, time, and genius as grand halocausts on the altar of education for the women of Alabama.

Foremost among those who agitated the movement of the liberation of womanhood into the realms of knowledge was Miss Julia S. Tutwiler, educator, reformer, journalist, philanthropist, and member of the Church militant. Miss Tutwiler was born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, in 1841, a member of an old and distinguished family. She was a student at Vassar, Washington and Lee, and did considerable research work abroad. Realizing the need of a comprehensive classical curriculum together with practical knowledge of those potent industrial factors for the women of Alabama, she began the movement that resulted in the establishment of a state institution for girls founded by legislative enactment. At her death she was wisely deemed "The biggest woman the State of Alabama has ever known," and her shadow commemorating the amelioration of womanhood virtually spreads over the entire state of Alabama.

The bill providing for the establishment of a girls' school was introduced to the State Assembly by Col. S. D. Block, Camden, Alabama. After much controversy the bill was passed in 1893, and the Alabama Girl's Industrial School was founded in 1896 at Montevallo, Alabama. The first presidency was offered Miss Julia S. Tutwiler who declined, and Capt. H. C. Reynolds, Montevallo, Alabama, was selected as the first president of the infant institution.

Captain Reynolds, distinguished for intrepid service in the Confederate Calvary, and a ranking educator of the state had been a leading spirit in having the school located at Montevallo, which he deemed "the geographical center of the world." He gave the institution the needed guidance when it seemed to perish for lack of confidence among the educators. On trips to Washington asking aid from the Federal government in behalf of the institution, he became an esteemed friend of Tom Reed, speaker of the House. Speaker Reed was later instrumental in having the measure passed providing 25,000 acres public land endowment in which the present endowment of the school was in-

cluded. It is true that Capt. Reynolds brought aid to the institution in a crisis, and was a genius indispensable to its initial success.

Yet, growth in which failure and renewed efforts are vital characteristics is timeless and rhythmic. The Alabama Girls' Industrial School expanded under the direction of Dr. F. M. Peterson, second president of the college. Dr. Peterson, was a Methodist minister and learned in the rudiments of service—the high art of living. The institution moved forward in the hands of tireless workers, and into each bit of labor some of the little magic of service was woven.

During Dr. Peterson's administration two large appropriations were secured from the Legislature, making possible better salaries for the members of the faculty. The small dormitory was enlarged, electric lights replaced the former kerosene lamps, an up-to-date heating system procured, a school farm bought, and a handsome president's home built. Upon his retirement, due to ill health, one of the trustees of the school in speaking of Dr. Peterson said, "For eight years he breathed into the Alabama Girls' Industrial School his deep spiritual life, and it became a 'living thing'."

Realizing the need of one strong in the belief of unfathomed resources, Dr. T. W. Palmer of the University of Alabama was chosen as third president of the college. During his administration the name of the institution was changed in 1911 to Alabama Girls' Technical Institute. "The men of Alabama were not ready for a 'woman's college' and would not get away from the **Technical**." However Dr. Palmer was victorious. The name was again changed in 1919 to Alabama Girls' Institute and College for Women. In 1923 the present name, Alabama College was given the institution.

Dr. Palmer, a prominent educator had been at the University of Alabama for thirty years, holding various offices while there. Upon ascending to the presidency of Alabama College, he had the sympathy of the trustees and governor. His administration was most outstanding. He merged disappointments and failures accepting them as a means to a cherished end and looked forward to the shining reality of a greater college, completely satisfying in its promise. By 1924 five brick buildings; a dairy plant, Peterson Hall, Block Hall, Calkins Hall, and the library were completed adding



much to the expansion and beauty of the college.

True greatness is never known until experiences are encountered and conquered. Alabama College has tread the way of great institutions that subdued and dominated worlds of facts, obstacles, and dogmas.

On the death of Dr. Palmer, Dr. O. C. Carmichael who served in the capacity of Dean from 1923-25 took up the official duties of the fourth president of Alabama College. In 1925 Ramsay Hall was completed, a new president's home was built, and in 1928 Hanson Hall was erected. Dr. Carmichael aided by an able Dean and faculty has done much to make Alabama College a true representation of truth, beauty, and higher learning found not in the uniformity of education but in the harmonizing spirit of education.

The first spans of growth of our college can readily be traced, and they mount steadily, until today a top-most growth rears its lofty head above all that has gone on before—Reaching—Reaching—high into the blue of the Future—and our Alma Mater still grows—a challenge and a guide—Mistress of the Ages—as “the old order changeth giving place to the new,” we look with gratitude and reverence to those who make our Alma Mater a living being—inspiring us with her ideals—and in unison—we sing—

“Take, oh take the gift and giver,  
Take and seem thyself with me  
Alabama, Alabama  
I will ever be true to thee.”

---

**Contributors to article:** Mrs. F. M. Peterson, Mrs. T. W. Palmer, Mrs. J. Alex Moore, Judge E. S. Lyman, Judge W. B. Jones.

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### “WERRIE”

Reinald Werrenrath, celebrated baritone, who is coming here for a recital on October 18 at 8:00 P. M., has a musical background equal to the prestige he has won for himself.

“Werrie,” as all of his friends call him, was

the son of George Werrenrath, a famous tenor of Europe and America, born in Copenhagen. He sang in opera in Weisbaden and also in London. Maurice Strakosch persuaded him to leave Germany and study with him in Paris.



REINALD WERRENRATH

It was while singing in Henry Ward Beecher's Plymouth Church in Brooklyn that George Werrenrath met and married Aretta Camp, Reinald's mother. She was a soprano of repute, and had made several concert tours in this country. Mrs. Werrenrath was born in New York City. Her father, Henry Camp, was director of the choir in Beecher's Church. There are so many musically famous ancestors on the Werrenrath tree that it would take a book to tell of them all.

“Werrie” was born in Brooklyn. He is an oratorio and a concert baritone—the composer of “Siesta,” “The Cavalier Song,” and editor of the Arion collection, two volumes of Scandinavian songs. He was a leader of the glee club at New York University, from which he was graduated, and the conductor of the University Heights Choral Society for four years. In school life he was a crack athlete—football star and swimming instructor.



# Life Work of Student Counselor Built About Educational Growth

IN ACCEPTING the position of Student Counselor of Alabama College, Dr. M. L. Steckel enters upon her personnel work of another stage in the educational life-growth of a child.

Dr. Steckel began her teaching career at an early age as principal of a two-room school. Realizing her limited possibilities in holding only a teacher's certificate and in face of the fact that she would have that year received a raise in her limited salary, she enrolled at the University of Kansas to begin her college and later, her graduate work. In 1925 she received her master's degree from the University of Chicago. In 1929 she completed work for her Ph.D. degree at the same institution.

A principal of various high schools and city superintendent of schools, Dr. Steckel became interested in problems of maladjustments. She gives as one of her most enjoyable experiences her work on her doctor's thesis, that of examining from twenty to twenty-five thousand students of grade schools, colleges, and universities, normals and religious institutes in two years' time. While working in Sioux City, Iowa, her primary interest became centered

about personnel and clinical work among children. To this field Dr. Steckel holds open access.

The child in elementary and high school had thus far been studied from a psychological point of view. The position of Student Counselor, offered to her by Alabama College, then came to Dr. Steckel. The stimulation which she was sure she would receive from college students, the possibilities of college as a wide field of advancement in her personnel work, and the desire to enrich her experience by working in a section of the country new to her appealed strongly to her.

Dr. Steckel accepts the position of Student Counselor at Alabama College, adviser to young women students, with the aim in view of becoming intimately acquainted with the individual students and the fields of work open to college women. She will seek to equip the individual for her most suitable field of work and to make adequate the departments of the college for the demands of the outside world.

The interests of this Student Counselor are

such as to keep her in a physical and spiritual fitness of the college girl as well as to enable her to direct scholastic training. She enjoys camping, swimming, hiking, skating, bicycle riding, tennis, and baseball games. She revels in leisurely thinking out problems over a fishing-pole, and devotes her intellectual leisure to the reading of books and to contributing to psychological magazines.



DR. M. L. STECKEL  
Student Counselor  
Alabama College

## CLOUDS

God wove a cobwebby  
coverlet and called it  
a cloud—

He flung it over the new  
born earth to shelter  
it—

As a mother tenderly  
covers her babe in its  
crib—

But here and there He dropped a stitch  
And the blue dome of heaven shone through  
Where the fleecy threads ravelled:  
The sun peeped through and the moon and the  
stars,  
The earth looked up with infant wonder  
And saw the rents grow now larger and now  
smaller  
As if the angels were trying to patch them.

—Leila Bruce.



# EDITORIAL

## A WORD OF WELCOME

THE delighted shrieks of welcome and recognition have changed to merely friendly hellos. The impatient mob before the registrar's window has dwindled to an occasional caller. Freshmen have learned the way from the dining room to the student parlor. Study hall has become a necessity. Alabama College has passed another trying opening and is now in its smooth groove of work, classes, and play.

We offer new faculty members our welcome and our wish that Alabama College may afford you the most pleasant work you have experienced. Old faculty members, we are sure you have spent an enjoyable vacation and we earnestly desire that this winter may be scarcely less pleasant for you.

We sincerely hope that all new students realize in Alabama College their nicest imaginings of college life. We also hope that Alabama College finds in its new students the finest citizens who have ever lived within its wall. We wish for Alabama College and each of its individual students and faculty the best and happiest year that either has ever spent.

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## A BIT OF ADVICE

FROM a modern magazine we read the advice: "Your ideas are just as good as those of someone else. Express your individual personality at every available opportunity."

We heartily agree with this statement and beg you to abide by its suggestion.

The Alabamian is our only college publication—an open channel through which you can express your opinions and your ideas. And yet very few articles or suggestions come to the Alabamian except from those who belong to the immediate staff. The staff begs each of you to contribute your talent for the betterment of the magazine. During the year it would please us beyond measure to have from every student some effort at either writing or merely helpful criticism.

Next week tryouts for the Alabamian staff will be held. You may not realize how much you can do. Come and try out, won't you?

## POLICIES AND ASPIRATIONS

AS A new staff we are just now sensing the bigness of our work and realizing our huge responsibilities. We have a duty to each of you but a much greater one—our duty to Alabama College. It is our duty to attempt to make the Alabamian readable and enjoyable for you. But also it is our duty to try to make the Alabamian measure up in every respect to the dignity, the fineness, and broadness of Alabama College. It is hard to realize what a great influence Alabama College has over the state through its many channels of contact with its people. Just as the college reaches people so does the Alabamian—not only in this state but all other states. We as a staff must attempt to make our magazine representative of our splendid college.

We are not attempting to change the policies of the magazine. We strive to uphold the ideals so adequately expressed by our predecessors. We strive to reach every phase of every department of the school, to welcome criticism and suggestion, to maintain the high standards of college publications, to foster the undertakings of our campus organizations, and to uphold the honor of Alabama College. Last year the Alabamian made itself vital and indispensable to the life of Alabama College. This year we hope to make it even more so.

To create a magazine which is worthy of Alabama College, on which radiates its fine spirit and reveals its continuous growth, both physically and spiritually,—this is our aim.

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## WEEK ENDS

This year the officials of Alabama College—ever striving to make school life more pleasant and more beneficial—contrived the scheme of a five class day week. It was their intention to provide more time for those things which make up what is generally known as "school life"—athletic games, social functions, and all general College activity. Saturdays are to be used in activities that foster college spirit. School life should not end at 1:30 or 5:30 on Friday to be resumed at 8:00 on Monday. Let us not violate our privilege by leaving the campus more often than we have up until this time.



# Who's New On The Campus

**A**S SCHOOL life resumes its normal course and every one becomes settled in the old routine, the new faculty members assume a prominent position—in that every one is asking who? what course? where from?

Miss Mossdrop, the head of the physical Education Department, is a graduate of Vassar College. From Vassar she went to Woman's College of Delaware where she taught three years. During this time she attended summer school at Harvard and Cornell, studying physical education and chemistry. At Wellesley she finished a two-year graduate course in Physical Education. She received her master's degree at the University of Wisconsin. Miss Mossdrop was editor of the official Field Hockey Guide from 1926-29. At present she is a member of the National Official Rating Committee of The American Physical Education Association for women. The aim of this committee is to work up umpiring and get standards for sports. Miss Mossdrop is a National Umpire in United States Field Hockey Association. This enables one to umpire National hockey games. She is also a member of the U. S. reserve hockey team.

There are two other members of the Physical Education Department, Miss Tyler and Miss Flint. Miss Flint attended Wellesley College. Miss Tyler attended New Haven Normal School of physical education, Oklahoma University, and Columbia.

At the head of the Home Economics Department we find Miss Margaret Edwards, a native of Florida. She did both under-graduate and graduate work at the University of Columbia. After leaving college she accepted the position of dietitian at Florida State College for Women at Tallahassee. Later she was state supervisor of Home Economics in Kansas and then in North Carolina. The last four years she has spent in New York as Home Economics specialist on the staff of the American Child Health Association, a National organization.

Miss Garnet Searle who is in charge of the Practice Home, resides in Aimes, Iowa. She did her undergraduate and graduate work at Iowa State College. The last two years she has taught at A. and M. College, Stillwater, Okla. Her major field of study has been in nutrition.

Miss Blanche Hanson and Mrs. Faust are other new members of the Home Economics Department. Mrs. Faust is from Iowa and this is

her initial trip south of Mason Dixon line. Miss Striblin, who has done teacher training work on the campus for the past two or three years, is now a member of the Home Economics Department also.

Miss Pearl B. Crawford, in the sociology department, has charge of the extension program and is a field worker in parent education. This also is Miss Flemming's first year in Alabama College's sociology department.

Miss Jenny Sloan, new history instructor was in school at the University of Chicago last winter.

Mr. H. D. Lebaron is director of music this year. He comes to Alabama College from Ohio where he was music instructor at Wesleyan. Miss Viola Jones, new violin teacher is a native of England. Her present home is in Ohio.

Besides these new faculty members there are several people who have been absent from the campus for a year or two. Miss Melba Griffin, instructor in Modern Languages, has studied at Columbia during the past year. Mrs. Rand, from the English Department, has returned from the University of Wisconsin, at Madison, Wisconsin. Miss Mayo Reese is now head of the art department. Miss Brownfield has resumed her position as head of the secretarial department. Dr. P. H. Carmichael, instructor of religious Education has returned after spending a year in New York.

Much discussion has been carried on concerning faculty and student relations. New faculty, it is our hope that, as you enter the life of Alabama College, this problem is almost completely and successfully solved. We hope that you will find students cooperative, congenial and friendly.

It is our desire for students and faculty to work on an equal, cooperative basis, discussing, planning and striving—all for a more closely organized community relationship at Alabama College.

The chemistry department announces the arrival of new stools, new fume hoods and other apparatus. Each student, and there are more than ever before, has a locker fully equipped for every experiment.

It is the aim of the department to equip the laboratories with modern permanent furnishing.



# Where Are The Seniors?

Mary Brantley	Teaching	Birmingham	Lynnoytte Hall	Teaching	Arab
Nora Fuller	Teaching	Lincoln	Myrtice Hicks	Teaching	Eclectic
Marguerite Gibson	Teaching	Hartselle	Aloise Hurd	Teaching	Felix
Eloise Long	Teaching	Birmingham	Margaret Hill	Teaching	Birmingham
Flora Pennington	Teaching	Winfield	Rebecca Sue Jackson	Teaching	Daviston
Sara Radney	Teaching	Florida	Lillian Jones	Teaching	Hueytown
Frances Seay	Teaching	Tallassee	Patty Kroel	Teaching	Woodward Iron Co.
Janet Wilson	At Home	Montgomery	Lucy McAndrews	Teaching	Slocomb
Allison Blair	Teaching	T. C. I., B'ham	Mary McCampbell	Teaching	Kentucky
Carmen Ersel Burns	Teaching	Birmingham	Lessie M. McConatha	Teaching	Danville
Virginia Moore	Teaching	Gainestown	Flonell Martin	Teaching	Cedar Bluff
Inez Hart	Teaching	Roanoke	Helen Mitchell	Teaching	Berry
Helen Mahler	Teaching	Roanoke	Virginia O'Barr	Teaching	Thomasville
Elizabeth Parnell	Teaching	Guntersville	Marie Painter	Teaching	Vincent
Elizabeth Wallace	Teaching	Atlanta	Carolyn Pennington	Teaching	Morris
Elizabeth Bradford	Teaching	Wetumpka	Sara Terry	Teaching	Magnolia
Evelyn Ellis	Teaching	Dothan	Angela Tinta	Teaching	Blue Springs
Vivian Heath	Library Work	Fredower	Mellijo Williams	Teaching	Guruy
Ella Mae Neill	Teaching	Danville	Fay Wooley	Teaching	Hamilton
Amilea Porter	Teaching	Blountsville	Edith High	Teaching	Birmingham
Marion Walton	Teaching	Hanceville	Sue Graves	Teaching	Clio
Sadie Campbell	Teaching	Ft. Payne	Juliette Hardy	Teaching	Monroeville
Doris Logan	Teaching	Montevallo	E. V. Harvey	Teaching	Hanceville
Josephine Watson	Teaching	Pensacola, Fla.	Dorothy Hatcher	Teaching	Brilliant
Ruth Carmichael	Teaching	Double Springs	Margaret Hodges	Teaching	Birmingham
Sarah Cogley	Teaching	Prattville	Carolyn Latimer	Teaching	Rockford
Juanita De Loach	Teaching	Linden	Evelyn Mitchell	Teaching	Russellville
Elizabeth S. Harris	Teaching	Albertville	Claudine Parrish	Teaching	Birmingham
Annie Mae Barton	Library Work	For the State	Janice Ward	Teaching	Talladega
Edna Hinton	Teaching	Hancioner	Laurice Wilson	Teaching	Dora
Dot Akinson	Teaching	Ward	Fannie Stollenwerck	Teaching	Sylacauga
Olivia Barnes	Teaching	Holley Pond	Annie Bledsoe	Teaching	Alabama College
Virginia Carpenter	Teaching	West Blocton	Leila Ford	Teaching	Huntsville
Lettie Cowart	Teaching	Dozier	Louise White	Teaching	Anniston
Ronnie Davidson	Teaching	Brilliant	Elizabeth Murphy	Teaching	Talladega
Hazel Davis	Teaching	Stranger	Ina Croon	Teaching	Pansey
Ruth Foster	Teaching	Cordova	Ruth Dupey	Teaching	Birmingham
Marie Fuller	Teaching	Ashland	Eugenia Mitchell	Teaching	Winterboro
Lillian Granade	Teaching	Vernon	Vera Sue Caughran	Teaching	Winterboro
Ouida Graves	Teaching	Belgreen			

## The Superlative in Bold Freshmen

IN AN ACT which almost approached boldness, a freshman at Alabama College did much to repudiate the conventional freshman to whom timidity and backwardness are usually attributed. The story begins like this,—On her arrival at college Martha McKee heard Dr. Carmichael, president of the college, make a welcoming address in which he put his services at the disposal of all those to whom he could give assistance. During the next week Martha found herself in danger of being seriously embarrassed by her inability to prepare an English assign-

ment. With more than the courage of a sophisticated upperclassman she went to Dr. Carmichael's office, introduced herself, and politely asked for the help which he had so sincerely offered in his welcoming address. Martha used excellent judgment in her selection of an English coach for she was rewarded by an hour with the president of her school and a perfect English lesson. While in the outer office, gray haired men waited to confer with the president concerning weightier matters than freshman English lessons.



# A Freshman's Diary

MONDAY, September 8. The poky old train snorted into Calera 'bout 4:30 this afternoon. I followed a million girls and hopped off, getting my first view of Calera. It was an inspiring sight I'll tell the world—rain, sopping wet little negro boys grabbing my bags, and a Ford taxi with six girls in it. I managed to squeeze in just in time for two girls to land nicely in my lap, one on each knee. I'll admit I enjoyed my ride to Monte. I was numb from the weight in my lap and was on the verge of snatching a nap when the door was flung open and out jumped everybody but me. I looked out and all I could see for what seemed to be blocks around, were hundreds of electric lights and millions of girls. I thought for a minute I was . . . I couldn't decide where till a girl in a rumpled white dress picked up my suit case and said something about, "Let us . . . room number? . . . Y. W. . . welcome . . . give name . . . assembly Hall." She started off like she was in a hurry and I ran after her. I didn't know whether she wanted me or my bag. I got inside and had to tell my family history before they let me climb up some steps. They were the funniest steps I ever saw, went straight up out of the middle of the room. I didn't have anything else to do so I counted the first 132 steps. At the top they opened a door and shoved me into something that looked like a cracker box. Just as the door closed on the girls in white, I started bawling. I cried till my roomies came in, then I got scared and quit. One of them was bigger than Fatty Arbuckle used to be and the other one was just a tenth of an inch bigger. They said that I was a baby and I'd get over it, and I did, right then and there.

Tuesday, September 9. I went through the Spanish Inquisition or something worse today. For six hours I stood in long lines. The girls in front of me were on my feet and those back of me might as well have been on my shoulders, I held them up the whole time. Folks that looked plumb scarry were back of desks and in cages asking the most personal questions I ever heard of. They wanted everything from great grandpa's family down and up. And having to put my last name first, I reckon that was because there was just room on the line for one name, if it was real long. Anyway I got to the

paying window four times before I got the things where she'd even look at them. Gosh I'm sleepy now.

Wednesday, September 10. I slept pretty good but I was dreaming a mile a minute, about mama making the best chocolate pie. She was just putting it in my mouth when the fire whistle or some sort of loud bell went off. I never will get over missing that pie. All I could do then was get up and go to breakfast to eat scrambled eggs, when what I sure enough wanted was chocolate pie—oh well. Then I went to an intelligence test. I wonder how they tell if I've got any sense from that page of squares and triangles, etc. It looks to me like that ought to show whether you've got weak eyes or not. Then I went to an English test and read more big words and saw more funny names. I think I did right good on that though; I had read at least six of the books that they asked about. And why in the world did they ask "Does percolate mean to heat?" Everybody knows that you have to heat coffee when it percolates . . . why do I get so sleepy?

Thursday, September 11. I guess there must be two million girls here now. They've poured in every five minutes yesterday and today. Oh me, if I didn't get smashed today I give it up. I started in the P. O. just as everybody else was either going in or coming out. I got caught when I stooped down to open my box and I couldn't get up till the bell rang and half of the mob ran out. I got a letter though.

September 30. Gee, but its a long time since I wrote in this diary. But with studying my nine lessons two hours a day, and having a thousand and one exams, washing clothes, and sliding down fire escapes, I just don't have time for anything. Oh yes, we had to wear rat caps and go to soph. court one morning before it got light. I had lots of fun; I mean I was scared to death too. They called on me three times. Once I had to scramble like an egg (that was the hardest of all) then I had to do nothing for ten minutes. That was easy but everybody giggled and pointed at me and I felt worse than nothing. Oh and then I . . . Will you look? Grandfathers, I never have been so surprised in my life, tomorrow is the first of October, only eighty more days till Xmas.

# The Pied Pipers of Learning

Once upon a time in a land of learning and wisdom, the utter sophistication of the inhabitants aroused the anger of the gods. After long debating the gods decided to punish their unruly inhabitants, who really belonged to the powerful tribe known as Upperclassmen, by descending upon them a plague—a plague in its most atrocious form—a plague of Rats.

Upon hearing of this, the patriarchs of the Land of Collegiates tugged at their beards and called together the most able of the citizens to determine what steps should be taken to combat with this terrible menace. After much deliberation they decided to greet those loathsome creatures in a hospitable manner and try to train them to become useful in the Life of the Land.

The time came when into this beautiful land of learning, the ignorant Rats came. Rats from the North—Rats from the South—Rats from the East—Rats from the West—Long Rats, fat Rats, tall Rats, and lean Rats in droves, teeming into their Promised Land. The citizens greeted them as commanded. Then the patriarchs ordered that all Rats go to the general Assembly Hall of the Land where their names and history was recorded. They gave the bewildered Rats courses of study to pursue as a part of their training in becoming uplifted. Also they ordered the Rats to the upstairs of the general Assembly Hall where they were stripped of their worldly possessions.

Later, a band of the most sophisticated citizens of the Land, Collegiate, took it upon themselves to correct some of the habits of the Rats—therefore in the early course of the morning sun every Rat was hailed into Court. After much battering and wailing, the Rats were initiated into the traffic regulations of the Land. However, the wiser inhabitants declared that this procedure was used to appease the blood thirstiness of some of the younger citizens. It was said that some of the Rats suffered many bruises as a result of this deed—but no fatalities occurred.

However, the Rats did not seem to fit into the life of the Land of Collegiates so the patriarchs hired a group skilled in their profession to lure the Rats with the Music of Learning out of their state of oblivion. At present these Pied Pipers of Learning

(Continued on page 12)



# FUDGE and FAGOTS

## ALABAMIAN TRYOUTS

TRYOUTS for the Alabamian Staff will begin Saturday, October 11. Come to the Alabamian office between eleven and twelve o'clock Saturday morning for assignments. Three places on the regular staff and several on the cub staff are to be filled.

## HOME-COMING DAY CHANGED

SINCE the founding of the Alumnae Association in 1902 Home-Coming Day has always been celebrated on the Saturday preceding commencement exercises, at which time the annual business meeting of the association was held with the election of officers and other important business transacted. Two years ago during the administration of Lillian Gatchell a recommendation was made to the association to change Home-Coming Day from May to October. The two most important reasons advanced for the change were (1) the request of many former students to fix Home-Coming Day at a time which does not coincide with commencement dates in the public and high schools of the state. (2) Requests came also from a number to have Home-Coming at some time when the college could be seen in action rather than at a time when a majority of the students were away and particularly at a time when Seniors were too rushed with other matters to be interested in the Alumnae. By a vote of the association at its last annual meeting in May, the date of Home-Coming therefore, was changed, and fixed as the third Saturday in October of each year.

It was the wish of many, perhaps of all the members, to combine Home-Coming with Founder's Day. Inasmuch, however, as Founder's Day is October the twelfth and will not often fall on Saturday, it was thought best to fix a permanent date for Home-Coming. Plans are being worked out for Home-Coming this year on Saturday, October the eleventh.

It is trusted that every member of the present student body will do her part in welcoming these members of former student bodies and help to make this Home-Coming Day a great event for them.

## BROADCASTING STATION ON CAMPUS

WITH the establishment of a broadcasting station in Palmer Hall the Alabama College division of WAPI, the voice of Alabama, seems to have reached the culmination of a period of rapid growth which it has been undergoing for some time.

No longer is it necessary for programs to be given from WAPI's broadcasting station in Birmingham, but can be given here on the campus. Of course, this means a great deal less expenditure of time and money and energy.

The Alabama College programs are given on every Thursday and Friday from three to three-thirty. This year the various departments of the school will be in charge of the programs. The number of programs each department has depends upon the size of that department.

The programs for October promise to be very interesting and varied. On the ninth and tenth of October two members of the Home Economics department will broadcast. On the sixteenth and seventeenth the art department and the Alabama Federation of Women's Clubs will together furnish the programs. The programs of the twenty-third and twenty-fourth will feature members of the Education department. The last programs of the month come on the thirtieth and thirty-first and are to be furnished by members of the Chemistry department.

The music department will broadcast numbers each time in addition to those broadcasted by the other departments. Often the major part of the program will be music.

From time to time special programs will be given besides the usual one on Thursday and Friday.

Mr. Anderson is in charge of the WAPI programs of Alabama College and has very promising plans for the year.

## COLLEGE THEATRE

THE COLLEGE THEATRE, under the direction of Dr. Trumbauer is planning the presentation of three plays during this school year. The first of these, to be presented on October the twenty-fourth, is to be a play by Oscar Wilde, **The Importance of Being Earnest**. Many students have participated in the tryouts which have been going on for several weeks. Dr. Trumbauer plans for this play, which is a farce of manners, to be done in a Baroque manner—with grotesque form and color. This is regarded as one of the greatest plays of its type.

**The Assumption of Hannele**, by Gerhart Hauptmann, is to be the second play of the year. It is a religious play dealing with the hallucinations of a girl repressed and ill-treated by her father. The natural realistic style is to be used for this play. It is to be presented on the twelfth of December.

The last of the three plays is to be Shakespeare's **The Tempest**. This symbolic play is to be done in an impressionistic manner.

Two faculty members are to appear in the cast this year. Miss Willie Lee Reaves will play the part of Hannele in the second play. The part of Prospero in **The Tempest** is to be played by Miss Helen Osband.

From the statistics of last year we glean these interesting facts: one hundred fifty-six people tried out for casts; of those who appeared in the casts sixteen were Seniors, ten Juniors, seventeen Sophomores, and thirty-seven Freshmen; the total number parts one hundred sixty-four; the total attendance for the year was two thousand ninety-three, making an average attendance of about seven hundred at each of the three plays; total receipts were eight hundred sixty-one dollars and sixty-two cents; the total expense was nine hundred five dollars and twenty-eight cents, leaving a deficit of forty-three dollars and sixty-six cents. To oppose this deficit, however, the theatre has about two hundred dollars worth of properties, eighty costumes, a spot light, bulbs, make-up material, scenery, etc. The theatre has so far been financially self-supporting and hopes to remain so.



## ALABAMIAN OCCUPYS NEW OFFICE

The Senate tours of the campus are over and you think you know every spot on the campus, but if you have not seen the *Alabamian* office "you ain't seen nothin' yet." The room was made to write in—it has been lonely since Miss Surles moved away. Also it has undergone quite a transformation; newly painted walls beam down on the busy occupants; five large droplights shed brilliant rays; gay curtains and Parisian tapestry—oh, you just must come around to see *Dame Office* and we'll introduce you to all her charms. She is at home to visitors from eleven A. M. to twelve A. M. any Saturday.

## HEAR THE GOOD NEWS

A new set of pinnies has just arrived! If, by chance, you are a freshman, a pinny is cross between a jacket and bib, used to distinguish rats from sophs during a practice ball game. And if you have worn an old belt around your head, or one stocking up and the other down or any other mark of identification for the past year or two you will shout the glad tidings. There will be no excuse if you, Miss Guard, throw the ball to Miss Opponent for these pinnies are such a bright shade that even weak eyes is no excuse. Bright blue is the color, and we earnestly hope it may be extremely becoming to all blond, brunette, and red haired athletes.

And we almost forgot. We have something else new, twelve new hockey sticks. We have been advised from various sources to ask that Izell Brown please use the old sticks. Perhaps she can explain the request.

## CONVOCATION—NOT CHAPEL

Since the term *chapel* implies a religious service, Dr. Farmer, chairman of the Convocation Committee, urges that the term convocation be substituted for the more prevalent term, for not on all days of the week will there be religious services.

Monday's program each week consists of a brief devotional service with Dr. Carmichael in charge and Mr. Richmond playing the organ. On Tuesdays the various departments and student organizations give demonstrations of the services which they render to the institution. Every Wednesday is "Dean's Day." Thursday is student Government day, with Ruth Scott presiding. Friday is the day

for off-campus people. Prominent people throughout the state will be featured. This day is to serve in acquainting the girls of the college with people who are doing things in Alabama.

The convocation committee consists of a combination of faculty and students. The faculty members are—besides Dr. Farmer, Dr. Vaughan, Miss Lawson, Mr. Richmond, and Miss Gould. The student members are Jule Reynolds, Virginia Brannon, Esther Lacey, and one girl from the Junior class to be elected in place of Marguerite Gibson who is not back this year.

## IT'S OVER AT LAST

Any time of the day a long line entered and a much slower line came out of the infirmary. Nothing but an epidemic could claim so many victims. Alabama College had a terrible epidemic of physical exams which has only been checked recently. During the epidemic the patients were treated hourly with questions, and more questions. Then the feet were turned in and out and all way around. After ten minutes' time elapsed the back of the patient was rubbed till a red line became evident. Next the capacity of exhalation was taken. After a two hours rest the patient landed on the operating table. Here she underwent a series of poundings and thumpings which left her exhausted but convalescing nicely from physical exams.

The convalescents are well on the way to health. No new cases have been reported for a week and the epidemic is over till next year.

## NEW STUDENT GOVERNMENT OFFICERS

The following new officers have been elected to fill vacancies among the various student organizations.

Vice-President Student Government—Flo Fraley.

Editor-in-Chief *Technala*—Mable Peters.

Business Manager *Technala*—Evelyn Fulford.

Secretary Y. W.—Meredith Bullock.

College cheer leader—Helen Catanzano.

Vice-President Junior Class—Ruth Ford.

Treasurer Junior Class—Bido Purvis.

President Sophomores—Emily Linch.

Vice-President of Sophomore Class—Esther Lacey.

Secretary of Sophomore Class—Margaret Poindexter.

Junior Executive Board Representative—Hasseltine Stallworth, Dorothy King.

Sophomore Executive Board Representative—Lucy Lee Pruett.

Senior Honor Board members—Lucy McCormack, Olene Garrett.

## CLASS SPORTS

Class volley ball practice began September 19 and will continue until the middle of October. Basketball will then begin and last until Thanksgiving. Hockey begins at Thanksgiving and ends at the last of the semester. Points on your letter will be given for participation in these sports. And don't forget that the cup goes to the class who wins first place in the games.

## Y. W. C. A. RETREAT

Retreat, to the Y. W. C. A. cabinet members bears a connotation of camp fun and inspiration. Each year the Y. W. C. A. cabinet members go to the college camp for the week end before classes begin to plan their work for the year and to have a jolly good time too! This year the Sophomore sponsor and two of the Y. W. C. A. advisors—Dr. Pierson and Miss Saylor, as well as the cabinet participated in the fun which began when we left for the campus Saturday, September the sixth.

Some began preparing supper immediately on arrival, Eugenia Morrow acted as chef. Others gathered on the front steps to think over the delights of vacation.

In answer to the call to supper all reminiscence ended in shrieks of joy, as the girls, like starved maniacs, made a mad rush for food.

After supper and dishwashing, singing, and dancing, we enjoyed sitting in the spacious camp living room until time came to discuss business. Then, with the aid of Dr. Pierson and Miss Saylor, the cabinet made plans for the most important phases of Y. W. work on the campus, and so to bed.

To begin the year at Alabama College in a fitting manner, cheese toast was a big part of the Sunday breakfast menu.

Immediately after breakfast a devotional service under the trees in front of the hut was held.

On leaving the camp soon afterwards all agreed that the week-end had been perfect and left determined to render good service to the college Y. W. C. A.



# Have You Seen Her?

"EARS!" shrieked I in consternation. "Can you sit there with a calm countenance and inform me you are determined to marry a man because you feel a thrill when the lamplight makes iridescent rose leaves—er—sea shells or what not—of his ears?" I burst into uncontrollable laughter.



"Well," she trilled in a slow, enigmatic tone, "not every man has transparent ears!" and a smothered something in her throat warned me that further information was nihil.

Turning in the doorway I threw the girl a slow wink and what I hoped would be an encouraging grin. Parallel to expectations she reciprocated, then stamped her little feet and sobbed, "Get out! If your plan doesn't work I'll cut your ears off!"

It had been up to me in the fullest sense of the expression. In the first place I should never have considered it my augustine duty to feel out and change the wet pillow cases of the Novices. Freshmen are so unapproachable. She had been more so than the rest until I had seen a certain something in her eyes and gagged her with an old girdle when she had slid down the fire escape bound for home or other foreign parts . . . gagged her and tied her down until her vocabulary lay throttled and exhausted behind its stopper.

Today she doesn't even speak to me. She has become the most popular Freshman in school and all due to financial reverses. She wept upon me and confessed to having practiced every ounce of coquetry advised by the magazine advertisement kingdom.

However, she needed more than coquetry—having lost her one and only suit case somewhere between Montgomery and Calera and being minus a dress for the time being. It was at this point I presented my plan and got kicked out—to stay. "Go to the library . . .," I yelled at the slammed door. Freshmen are also to be henceforward recognized by their superfluous ingratitude.

The first day was horrible. Suppose any one suspected. Not a dress, "Why of course you shall be sent home immediately." She went that moment to the library, opened the door and asked to be shown the room where the college costumes were lying in wait for the surprise of their lives.

"I've got to get my college education," she had beamed upon me. "He wouldn't have me if I didn't; I've got to make social success; He wouldn't have me if I didn't. I've got . . ."

"There, there," and I had assured her that I eclipsed all the they-laughed-when-I-sat-down-to-play ads in all magazines.

Left alone in the costume room she selected Little Lord Fauntleroy's jacket and a bit of black stage curtain for a skirt, slid to the desk and checked them out for twenty-four hours. Her next day of class going was a stupendous series of ecstatic "sweets" and "suitables" and "appropriates."

The same afternoon she did solo swimming in the pool while several scores of admiring eyes, swinging legs from the concrete, envied the originality of the girl's bathing costume. It was a cunning 1900 Annette Kellerman model, or, I should say, the bottom section, pulled to her slim shoulders with the front side buttoned high about her neck. The back side was tucked in at the termination of a marvelous expanse of sun tanned back. There was little notable exposure of bathing suit. A wide belt set the costume to a degree that would have caused consternation in the Mack Sennett studios.

I might name innumerable occasions upon which she has appeared and received her landations as the best dressed Freshman on the campus, but her rank ingratitude leaves me inebriate. If I were so inclined

I could tell you that the boots and blazer she wore during our recent deluge once flashed through a bloody Captain Kid act; or that the long swooping grand daughter dress she wore to the grandmother granddaughter party not so long ago was a fourteenth century court lady's acquisition with the waist line dropped an inch and a half and the sleeves removed temporarily but tucked away on a shelf to be neatly sewed back in before twenty-four hours had elapsed; I might even . . . but I won't.

How did I know anybody'd be fool enough to act on a suggestion born of my imagination? No one ever has before!

Here she comes now on her way to the reception. Queen Elizabeth, or whoever it was who played the part six years ago in the Easter play, would walk through seven cemeteries tonight if she could only see the way that girl has the collar on that dress lying down for a cape, the sleeves camouflaged into a magnificent bow at the rear of the skirt, and the whole outfit belted so tight up and so high that . . . for goodness' sakes.



"The Reveille" from L. S. U. in discussing late-to-class excuses names a few which are familiar: Lights go out conveniently; clocks stop; glasses break and have to be sent to the shop at a strategic moment. One excuse, however, that we in the dormitories can't use is that the car won't run or there was a puncture. Don't think we don't envy the person who can use it! Our feet finally get hardened to all the hiking, however. The cleverest excuse was the one given by a freshman who said, "At our house you simply can't leave the table till everybody is through—and we had four Bishops for breakfast."



# CAMPUS WORLDS

**NEW YORK CITY.**—With the "Tower of Learning," or "Cathedral of Learning," at the University of Pittsburgh rapidly nearing completion, and plans being made for the erection of a 25-story educational center here, American education is continually getting more up in the air.

The New York educational skyscraper is to cost about four million dollars, and will house the Board of Education and considerable museum space. Education has reached its height—so far as edifice is concerned.

**Milwaukee, Wis.**—Marquette University, not satisfied with having had the distinction of introducing night football to the collegiate mid-west last season, will present another novelty in college football this year when it stages the Thanksgiving Day game with Butler University at 10 o'clock in the morning.

Members of the Marquette team are reported to be jubilant as they think of the Thanksgiving dinner they have been denied in the past, which now will be theirs after a well-earned shower bath at noon.

"Praise Allah," echo football men from every direction, "How soon will the custom reach us?"

"As I say, there is a good deal of honor among the Southern students. The honor system prevails marvelously well. Anyone who is familiar with the Northern universities knows how miserably the honor system has failed wherever it has been tried. Here, it seems, there is enough of chivalry and honor still held over from Colonial Days, enough of the inheritance of the stuff that makes a Southern gentleman, to make this system applicable." It makes us feel quite proud to realize that this statement was made in an article written about an Alabama School.

**Washington.**—Because the President of the United States could not find a popular book in the executive mansion the first night of his occupancy, the nation's book sellers are now reported to be preparing a collection of five hundred volumes as gift to the White House.

Such books as Don Quixote, Sherlock Holmes, Tom Sawyer and Uncle Remus, as well as many of the best current novels, are to be included in the list—Rather difficult to picture Hoover digesting Uncle Remus, don't you think?

The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teachings has given more than \$18,817,000 in 837 retiring allowances from 1906 to 1930.

Rural teachers in Haiti receive salaries of from four to five dollars a month. And we thought \$90 was bad!

**Ann Arbor, Mich.**—A near-hermit, who lived in a tumble-down estate near Rye, N. Y., was in life and in death one of the greatest benefactors the University of Michigan ever had, and its most modest.

Although he gave the University between eight and fifteen million dollars during his life-time, and bequeathed the institution about twelve million, William Wilson Cook never visited the place after his graduation in 1882, not even for the dedication of the beautiful Lawyers' club and the Martha Cook dormitory, both of which were his gifts, the latter-named after his mother.

The house in which Cook lived at Rye has been described by neighbors as not worth more than \$5.00, and containing furniture which was mostly junk.

**Gulfport, Miss.**—For reasons not immediately announced the trustees of the University of Mississippi, meeting here, have dismissed four professors at the University and eleven members of the faculty at Mississippi State College for Women.

Unsubstantiated rumors on the campuses of the two schools blamed the dismissal of the 11 men and women on the alleged liberal views entertained and promulgated by the faculty member.

Perhaps just another argument over Darwin's theory which ended in disaster.

## BABY LEARNS TO HIKE

The word "walking" is becoming obsolete as the term "hiking" comes into general use. Before long we may be saying "The bride hiked down the aisle on the arm of her father." —Ex.

## BLUE RIDGE

The Y. W. C. A. of Alabama College had six representatives at the Southern conferences of Y. W. C. A. held at Blue Ridge, North Carolina on June 6th through June 14th. We were: Eugenia Morrow, Dorothy Burks, Josephine Mizell, Mary Plant Hanlin, Lucile Parrish, and Inamurl Smith. We met in Birmingham, June 5th, and after surviving the ire of a Pullman conductor, aroused by our throwing peanut shells on the floor, we arrived, during a hard rain, at Black Mountain, N. C. We found that, as the state of North Carolina has a law that prohibits taxis from parking at stations, we would have to walk a block to get to the taxis which were to carry us to our destination. We were drenched by the time we finally found the taxis and felt perfectly at home and "Montevalloish" because of the downpour.

Representatives were present from colleges in Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Florida, North and South Carolina, Maryland, and Virginia. These delegates were housed in Robert E. Lee Hall which commands a wonderful view of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

The aim of the conference was to offer solutions for the common problems pertaining to the Y. W. C. A. in Southern Colleges.

## THE PIED PIPERS OF LEARNING

(Continued from page 8)

are gradually leading the Abominable Rats into the first stages of citizenship. And it is said that in the course of the year the inhabitants of the Land will be ridden of these Pastionear Rats—they being changed by the Pied Pipers of Learning into useful citizens of the Land of Collegiate.

Yet—too—it is whispered that while walking in this Land at night when the moon is hidden by a cloud, the soft chuckling of the fat gods can be heard—and it is feared that in the course of a year the Land of Collegiate may become infested with another plague of Abominable Rats.



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# ALABAMIAN

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## CLARA, MOTHER

She rises dark and early when for cold  
 her hands are numb,  
 And she prods the groaning children,  
 and she bids them sharply, "come!"  
 A moment spent in peering and in call-  
 ing from the door,  
 She's slipping down the stairs to set a  
 fire and make it roar.  
 In the icy vault of kitchen-air, she stirs  
 around and blows,  
 With her kindling and her kettle, and  
 assaults its black repose  
 Till the panes all trickle steamy, and the  
 sullen oven glows;  
 But anon she stops before she gives the  
 biscuit-pans a shove  
 To listen out if signs of life are break-  
 ing up above.

So down they fly with shoes in hand, and  
 shivering aloud,  
 And in the moist expanding warmth she  
 moves, and serves her crowd,  
 Sustaining all their hurrying and noise  
 without a frown,  
 Directing that the first one dressed go  
 bring the baby down,  
 With the clock, and then a bite, and then  
 a gulp, and then the clock  
 They have their breakfast done, and  
 she has wrapped their luncheon stock;  
 And if in time she finds some lunches  
 left still in the hall  
 She sends the last one shouting after,  
 carrying them all.

And no one sees her breakfast; if she  
 does, then no one knows,  
 Because the latest child of hers that  
 round the corner goes  
 Sees her sitting out at leisure with the  
 baby in one arm,  
 Seeking on her own front step the win-  
 try sunshine's charm,  
 While the mist across the street goes up  
 like waffle-iron smoke,  
 And the weak and winking sunbeams  
 dance on spider-webs now broke;  
 And she throws her sweater back a bit,  
 and dreams a little dream  
 And sits so quiet that a lizard crawls  
 from out a seam;  
 And then she cries so tenderly, for her  
 littlest one.  
 "Hey! Little lizard—show your blanket  
 in the sun!"

—MARY LITTLE.





# Students Choose Class Advisers

**A**N ELECTION is always an exciting event. About the middle of August an election, no less exciting than the usual primary, was held. This election concerned candidates for extremely important positions, that of faculty advisers.

The problem of faculty-student relations had long been prominent on the campus. It was after much consultation between the two groups that the decision was made to allow each student to cast her ballot for her class advisers. The returns from the election were watched with interest and counted with precision.

Upon the arrival at Alabama College this fall we were told the results of our voting. The committees chosen were:

**Freshman Class**—Dr. Steelman, chairman; Miss Peter, Mrs. Rand, Miss Eddy, Mrs. Grisom, Miss Reaves, and Miss Farrah.

**Sophomore Class**—Dr. Vickery, chairman; Miss Osband, Mr. Kennerly, Miss Tobie, Miss Saylor, Dr. P. H. Carmichael, and Miss Kemp.

**Junior Class**—Dr. Vaughan, chairman; Dr. Means, Miss McWilliams, Miss Grayson, Miss Golson, Dr. Pierson and Miss Decker.

**Senior Class**—Dr. Farmer, chairman; Miss Brooke, Mr. Anderson, Miss Hall, Miss Stockton, Mr. Ward, and Miss Lawson.

The first three persons listed under each class constitute the executive committee on personnel work for that class. The four class chairmen, together with the Student Counsellor, who serves as chairman of the group, constitute the executive committee, while the twenty-eight members of the four committees with the student counsellor make up the entire personnel committee for the college.

The system, making its initial appearance on Alabama College campus, has created quite a bit of interest and questioning among various students. Some perhaps expect a complicated and intricate system of being advised and disciplined. Some, perhaps, look with awe on the proceedings, wondering what to expect and asking the committee officials, each of whom has certain policies and plans, "what are you going to do?"

Discussing the plan with several of those of the faculty who are most concerned with its effectiveness, gives one a much better idea of what this "system" is. The Freshmen committee plans to work as a committee in helping the Freshman class in every way they possibly can

and in sponsoring its undertakings. For instance, when the class decided to have a Freshman revue the committee immediately expressed its desire to sponsor and to help, so far as it was able, with this production. Then besides their work as a committee, each class adviser wishes to be regarded as a friend who may be called on for those little services and those few words so greatly needed from time to time. One member of the committee, expressing his opinion of adviser, said that adviser and friend should be synonymous. This system should be a means of sharing viewpoints, problems, and differences. Both the adviser and the student should benefit from such contacts.

A member of the Junior Adviser Corps, in discussing the plan, stated that the advisers wanted to talk to and help students at any time the students felt the need of such a talk. The faculty members in placing themselves as advisers have taken the first step toward closer faculty-student relations and they very much want students to desire to come to them—thereby showing their desire for more intimate acquaintance.

Each Junior Class adviser has selected a number of students who are to be considered his or her "personal trusts" for the year. It is a rather wonderful thing to realize that every member of the class was asked for by some one of the committee.

To the Senior Class committee two new members have been added, Miss Gibbs and Miss Edwards. This committee has no definite objective plan worked out. They feel that their responsibility depends on being ready to advise students when their advice is wanted. They feel that their work will be more of a personal type than that of a class because of the splendid class organization which has been perfected for the past three years. The members of this committee feel that there is no need of handing out advice until it is asked for. They hope to represent various enough points of view so that each girl can find some one capable of advising her on her particular problem. A member of the committee, in discussing the situation said, "I believe in the system. I think the biggest problem that will be met will be in cooperation. The faculty will feel that the students have their own interests and affairs and do not need their counsel; while the students will feel that the faculty members are busy and do not have time to talk to them. Because of this attitude both will go their ways and not build up the essential



# Thanksgiving Then and Now

**A** GAIN IT has come! Jack Frost has been flirting in and out of shady corners for sometime, and the splendor of forests and fields deludes no one by its hectic outburst of coloring. Thanksgiving is here. Thanksgiving, the altar from which the incense of affection curls in visible wisps. Thanksgiving, the time when the current of love also flows backward to those who sit waiting by ancestral hearths.

Being in the blood of America's first settlers, the custom appeared early in our land. The custom which took root in the sources of rational enjoyment. Many years ago in England fixed autumnal festivals were held with a general merrymaking over the bountiful harvests. Later extraordinary feasts were proclaimed on special occasions such as the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and the recovery of George III from insanity. These grew so numerous as to sometimes interfere with the serious affairs of life. When our forefathers went to Holland to seek religious freedom, they carried this remnant of their Homeland with them with a much more conservative and religious attitude than some of their countrymen held. For ten years English Thanksgiving gained an impetus in Holland, when they joined with their Dutch friends in celebrating the deliverance of Holland from the Spanish.

The old loved story of the crossing of the Mayflower is familiar to every American boy and girl. We have lived in memory those hardships that our ancestors endured when pushing back the horizon to meet the dawn, and transforming a wilderness into a Promised Land. Af-

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cooperation, each fearing to trespass on the other."

And then there is the student's part in the discussion. The student often wants to talk to someone. She is afraid of the term advice but would enjoy an hour of talk with an older friend. She desires closer faculty-student relations; she really dislikes the idea of knowing these people merely as instructors and never seeing the personality that cannot present itself fully in a class room. The student welcomes this new plan which necessarily must feel its way into the hurrying life of Alabama College, and she awaits with interest its development.

The policies of the elected have partially been expounded. The fulfillment of these policies can only be depicted after a period of time has elapsed, allowing growth and permanent placement in the life of our college.

ter the first long winter, with only 55 of the 101 settlers surviving, the Pilgrims planted the corn they had found in deserted Indian huts. Then Autumn came and Bounteous Nature with the pride of a prophet spread all of her treasure before them. And so it is that in the autumn of 1621, this band of pioneers gave thanks to God for giving them life and Nature, then a bride in cloth of gold presiding at her Wedding Feast.

With the incoming of more settlers to the New World, the idea of Thanksgiving spread. In 1865 the first annual National holiday was observed on the last Thursday in November, a day of worship, thanks, and feasting. What measure of beauty we received from our forefathers, we hold yet in spite of time, in defiance of distance and separation. Now in 1930 the President of the United States issues a proclamation for a national holiday, and the governors of each state also issue a proclamation for their states.

To some of us the flavor of smoking fleshpots, and not that of strong sermons, also marks the coming of Thanksgiving—a time when the secrets of the pantry and closet are revealed. Even Nature seems to abet our mood and mellows the atmosphere.

Now the Indian summer, a gentle mist, a veil upon the beauty of the time, has gone away a little into the hills and back country leaving the splendor of autumn in all its radiance. It seems that we are opening a door to a gallery of musty old portraits, from out of whose dim perspective, feeble hands beckon, and the glory of Thanksgiving is in our hearts, that core, which underlies all crusts of worldliness. And we know that the spirit of Thanksgiving must breathe life into the work of our hands—or it perishes—and we along with it.

Thanksgiving! A feeling of friendliness and worship like a smooth flowing pastoral with here and there a quickening of rhythm. As some one has said, let the old folks be thankful for their wisdom in knowing that young folks are fools, and let the young ones be thankful that they may live to see the time when they can use the same privilege.

The day is weeping out her life upon the hills while her handmaidens are silently bearing her train, yet the Spirit of Thanksgiving, bequeathed to us as a sacred heritage from our forefathers, gives substance to shadows and might to mists . . . And we lift our voices in unison to "grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as He alone knows to be best."

Thanksgiving is here!!!



# A Visit From The Alumnae

**A**BOUT A MONTH and a half after the influx of Rats, which had caused such excitement and uproar in the institution, there was an influx of a different character. This time the visitors were not so noisy nor so numerous, and they came only for a day. Nevertheless their coming was momentous and perhaps the walls of Assembly Hall thrilled with more joy at the sound of their once familiar voices—now grown mellower and less blatant—than they did to the harshly new and shrill shouts of her newly won fledgelings. Some of these Home-coming Day visitors were not easily distinguished from the present student body, having been gone from the campus only a year or so, yet even these had lost some of their “Montevalloishness.” Instead of dressing, talking, and walking in the accepted collegiate manner, they had adopted queer school-teacherish or housewifely airs. How much stranger were the manners and general bearing of those who had bid goodbye to the Alma Mater a decade or so ago and were returning on this day for the first time since that long ago graduation day! Some had grown older, some stouter, some wrinkled, some brought with them several of the Alma Mater’s grand-children, and looked happier, some sadder, some richer, some

poorer—all looked maturer, and more worldly wise than they had that long-ago day when they had been college girls like the girls who stood and wonderingly watched them come. As they came they produced varying emotions in the present college girl. She felt inclined to sniff quite openly at the funny matronly airs of the Alumnae, and to laugh at the absurd antics cut by some in their unsuccessful efforts to appear collegiate. She felt fascinated by the ones who seemed to have grown in personality and wealth since their college days. She felt deeply touched by the happy greetings exchanged by these women, who called each other by their first names and talked together about their college days. She thought “maybe there is more to be known about my Alma Mater than I know, and maybe we are not the most important student body that has ever been here.” Visiting daughters said, “This and that were different when I was here,” and “We did things thus and so.” The undergraduate student was awed by these reflections and emotions aroused by her contact with her elderly sisters. She wondered if, on some future Home-coming Day, she would arouse similar feelings of mingled admiration, pity, and awe, in some future Alabama College girl.

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## The Student-Alumnae Basket Ball Game

**P**ROBABLY the most exciting feature of Home-coming was the Student-Alumnae basketball game on Saturday, October 18th, at two o’clock. The game was played on the Hockey field and quite an enthusiastic throng witnessed it. Queries of “who is that?” and “when did she go to school?” were heard repeatedly. “Oh, there’s Miss Griffin playing guard—and the Martin sisters—that Teeny Tope,” exclaimed one enthusiast. “Polly McCord, the married lady, playing again,” someone else ventured. Most of the Freshmen and Sophomores were wondering who the tall brunette was who played so effectively at forward. The secret was soon revealed. Cries of “Shoot, Cricket!” were heard throughout the game. Miss Grayson, of the Physical Education department also did splendid work. Several of last year’s Seniors were noticed in action, among them, Fanny Stollenwerck, ex-president of the Athletic Association. The first quarter showed the college with only slight margin over the alumnae. The half denoted only a small increase which caused neither students nor alumnae to appear confident. Alumnae were showing spirit

and excellent passwork. Although the latter half appeared a cinch for the college, no interest was lost. The players battled hard, fast and furious. When the whistle sounded announcing the end of the game, cheers, which had been capably led by our cheerleaders, burst anew. The score was 32-9 in favor of the college. Even velvet-turbaned, furcoated alumnae grouped hurriedly and exercised their lungs in a cheer for the ex-students of ole Alabama College. The crowd not so hurriedly diminished. Too many husbands and babies were under discussion. As groups finally drifted apart voices proclaimed “I knew her when. . . .”

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### FESTIVAL

Thanksgiving builds a glowing fire  
 The radiance illuminates November  
 As new children of desire  
 Laugh at each fading ember.  
 Bright feast fires glow in human hearts  
 Dead memories are awakened  
 As autumn flows in star like darts  
 And faith remains unshaken.

—Leila Bruce.



# EDITORIAL

## COOPERATION

**S**PEAKING of cooperation, the Alabamian absolutely must have cooperation of every student at Alabama College. A discussion is in progress of the great need for a college weekly paper. We heartily agree that this is a present need **but**—we do not have such a paper and we do have this magazine. It was by the vote of the students that the paper became a magazine. The vote of the students plus more money would change the form of the publication. The staff feels the need of a paper, we understand how you feel about the situation, but, until some drastic step is taken, the change is impossible. Won't you, for the present, give your suggestions, criticisms, and originality to the Alabamian as it is? We feel that your ability will be better used if you honestly make an effort to help rather than to wish for something that is not and can't be had at present.

## HOME-COMING DAY

**H**OME-COMING DAY was a huge success, everyone agreed. We are grateful that the day has been changed to a time when everyone can have the opportunity of meeting alumnae. It was a delightful experience seeing old friends, or friends of old friends, and hearing of their former affiliation with Alabama College. We heard all Saturday "what I did when I was here" and "just the same as it was years ago." We enjoyed watching faces and connecting the face with Alabama College history. Those faces probably studied us and saw in us resemblances of the past.

These Alumnae, we were surprised to see, are as much a part of Alabama College now as they have ever been. They come back here as they go back home. This is home. They are vitally interested in our advancement. They are in a position to see more clearly our progress and to appreciate each minute step which we advance.

Then we met the children. We saw in the alumnae, Alabama College of the past. We see in the children, Alabama College of the future.

It's rather a wonderful feeling, realizing what a part Alabama College plays in the life of the three generations. The old students realize now what it has meant to them. We will appreciate its value in the future, and in the dim future others will come and go.

"While our love and praise and reverence,  
Ever deepens with the years."

## FACULTY CONCERTS

**T**HIS YEAR various members of the faculty are planning to give faculty concerts. Miss Farrah and Miss Osband will give a joint speech and music recital this month. Mr. Ziolkowski, Miss Jones, and Miss Hardin will appear at various times. We have often wanted to hear them and heretofore we have had no opportunity of doing so. We wish to thank you, faculty members, for your plans, and to tell you that we are waiting expectantly for this and other of your concerts.

## TRYOUTS

**T**RYOUTS for Alabamian Staff reveal promising material among our upperclassmen. To the staff has been added the names of Dorothy Kitchens and Mildred Nungester. The Cub Staff has increased to a greater extent. Its new members are Jennie Gates, Eugenia Morrow, Lillian Worley. In this issue you will find some of their work. We think it is very good. You agree with us, I'm sure?

## PLEASE DO

**T**HE Alabama College campus seems more beautiful now than ever before. Grass, shrubs, and plants have been planted around the new buildings. The grass in its earliest stages of growth needs your cooperation to become beautiful and mature. It takes this method of sending an appeal to each of you to "keep off."

## PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

A special request is made by the Alabamian staff that you read our ads and patronize the advertisers.

## Y. W. C. A. SERVICES

Under the please do's we wish to mention one thing more—the problem of quiet during Y. W. C. A. Services. It is most trying and difficult for a speaker to attempt to make himself heard above the bedlam that often exists. It is most embarrassing for Y. W. officers and for others interested in their work, and it is unfair to those who wish to listen and to enjoy the programs. The noise is not made intentionally. Will you not remember that absolute quiet must exist for just one half hour Thursday and Sunday evenings?



# Polly Prattles to Patty

Patty Darling:

I'm simply overcome with excitement in this institution. We really have too much. It's quite an imposition on the nervous system! Oh, but truly, week-ends here are intensely interesting; that is, if you dress carefully and sit on the front campus with several of your dearest friends. One must be careful, however, to have blending rouge and lipstick, hose seams vertically situated and the firm imprint of fingers on the hair. Patty, you must come down soon. We, too, will sit and watch the girls strolling about "looking for something but not finding anything there." All except the freshmen—they're an unusually attractive, snappy group this year and have flocks of young swains hanging around them. That reminds me—of course you remember Mary Evelyn Jones, that cute cut-up from Columbus, Ga. Several nights ago she had seven 'Southern boys around her all absorbed in watching big brown eyes flutter. And all seven seemed satisfied to be just one of the group. Ain't that power for you?

Rush week was a nightmare. To use an old biological term it was a matter of "Survival of the fittest!" Too many clubs rushed the same girls and you know what happens—weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then after the storm came the calm and they all seem content, if slightly disheveled.

It's impossible for me to tell you what Dora Little is doing, Patty. She's always beaming, though. You remember that ol' famous smile? I think it would be worth any one's while to make a study of her personality to discover "How to win and hold the love of nine hundred students."

Do you remember the young professor whom you met when we were at Y. W. C. A. your last visit? The man in gray whom we agreed was the most optimistic, broadminded, attractive personality of our acquaintance? He is unconsciously running a race with Dr. Carmichael and Dean Napier as the "beau ideal" of our dreams! They're each so different, yet each possesses a magnetic personality that one cannot escape. There are many additions to our faculty this year. A cute, deep voiced individual who joined the ranks of the Physical Education Department is making quite a hit. I'm sure we'll like them all when we know them.

Patty, I have gobs to tell you about many of your friends. Some of them changed beaus, other coiffures, and still others their manner of walking and talking during the summer. Catherine Carroll has her hair cut but looks quite as

beautiful as ever and she smiles lots more this year—"what is this thing called love?" Lila Nolen is as poised and confident as ever. Don't you think those qualities are two of her greatest assets? And Lacey, that clever athletic sophomore, is even more popular this year than last. Virginia Brannan is wearing a Theta Chi pin that 'most weights her down. Lucy Causey is letting her tresses sprout. She's even beginning to appear S. S. and G. Lois Williams still has that perpetual date each weekend with that same sweet "boy friend." They're a cute couple. Wonder if Lois will finish college? Evelyn Fulford's crown of flowing glory is now attractively gathered at the nape of her neck. Oh, yes! Munsey Chappell has changed her way of walking—Don't misunderstand—it isn't a swagger, it's a limp. She received a severe cut on her foot while indulging in a wading escapade. Edith Hunley is talking as usual in that crazy brogue of hers and is in constant demand at the piano. Margaret Allen Wallis and Ula Purefoy had a glorious time this summer in Europe, and judging from the angel snapshots Margaret Allen has of herself and an adorable Easterner whom she met on board steamer coming home, I'm sure that a "good time was had by all present."

I'll have to stop raving but it's almost an impossibility. There are so many people and things to tell you about. If you'll answer this promptly, Patty, I promise to give you another sketch of "People and Things on Alabama College Campus." Please don't be "Mean to Me" by ignoring this epistle.

Always devotedly,  
POLLY—(Dorothy Kitchens).

## DID YOU SEE HER?

SALLY descended the steps three at the time, jumped over the last four, and landed at the dining room just as the door closed in her face. She was a lovely spectacle. Hair that reached her shoulders hung in stringy strands; face that had been cold-creamed the night before shone with bright lustre; eyes that showed plainly they had not closed before the very wee hours of the morning, looked out from heavy lids; a dress that exclaimed its night spent wadded under the bed, hung limply around its occupant; shoes that would have stayed on better had they been tied, were kept on her feet only by rigid care.

Sally looked the door over, gave a sleepy grin and ascended the steps, to breakfast on stale crackers and get a half hour nap before her first class.



# Mary Has a Bad Day

THE ALARM CLOCK goes off at 6:30. Dreaming of a football whistle, Mary reaches over and turns it off and immediately returns to her touchdowns and tackles. At seven she jumps out of bed, rushes head first into clothes, sprinkles water over her face, and is off. She sits down at the breakfast table after the cereal has passed her and awaits its return. Thoughts, terrible thoughts of her unworked math problems, her unlearned French verbs, and her unwritten English theme race through her mind. The cereal is attacked with vigor. She formulates her plans to eat breakfast in ten minutes, work math and write the theme in the thirty remaining minutes before the ten to eight bell rings.

Before the coffee has arrived Mary has hurried from the dining room, caught the elevator on the move and pulled herself to fourth. After a very unsuccessful study period (due to undue interference by the two roomies), Mary hastily powders her nose, grabs notebook and pencil, and gets to class just after the last bell has rung. The lesson is interesting, perhaps, but how can anyone half asleep learn what chroloplastids are? Miss Instructor asks a question which Mary, recovering from her reverie, answers incorrectly. The rest of the period is spent in meditating on the evils of the recitation class and in planning revenge for the missed question.

At 9:00 the P. O. is quite naturally everyone's destination and Mary, along with the rest, overcomes 400 foes and gets a view of an empty box. This is the last straw.

At the next class the teacher wonders if Mary isn't ill. That is an idea. Perhaps that is what is wrong. This period is spent in attempting to decide whether it's her tonsils that need removing or merely the arm she broke when she was in Junior High.

After a series of such classes Mary finds herself back in her room on "buzzard" wondering whether she has been to chapel once or twice this week. She decides it must have been three times, and the thing most needed now is sleep. For five minutes everything is peaceful and she's just thanking the gods that she's above the noise, when the portable next door whines out "Minnie the Mermaid." Letting down the transom helps little and, after another vain attempt at sleep, Mary jumps up and leaves the room.

The lunch desert is bread pudding—it would be, thought Mary as she leaves the table.

In the student parlor she can't dance because no one will play the piano. Finally the music

begins and everything goes well until the big girl, doing a heavy stomp, lands directly on Mary's instep. "I suppose I'll live through it but I'll never be the same," is her only comment.

From 1:30 till 3:20 she spends reading about the Hottentots, the Gauls, and the Arabs (fifty pages of history reading). From 3:20 till 3:40 is spent in rounding up gym suit, hose, and shoes. After collecting an article in every room on the hall and still having no belt, Mary slides down the fire escape and drags her weary bones to gym class. Hockey looks as if it would be fun, but unfortunately she doesn't know which goal is hers, where she plays, or anything except that she made a foul when she swung her stick and let it fly out of her hands. At 4:30 she returns to the room utterly exhausted. She spends an hour composing an appropriate letter to Tom and then hurries to get in line for a shower. She gets one just as the supper bell rings, dashes in and out, and in three minutes she descends the steps for supper, trying to tie her belt and button her shoe at the same time.

After supper she determines to go to sleep at 8:00. But before retiring she pays a little social call to her best friend, Jane. She and Jane have a friendly little spat which ends in her leaving the room in a very unfriendly manner. She goes to her room and finishing her cry she disconsolately remarks on the events of the day—"This is the most miserable day I've ever spent except the time I knocked down the hornet's nest. I bet tomorrow I'm going to be a model of perfection. I'll go to class with the most angelic little smile. I'll know every word of the lesson, and everything else—but I declare I'll never speak to Jane again, as long as I live."

It was exactly thirty minutes later that she entered Jane's room asking, "Where's the history lesson?"

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## MISS MONTEVALLO

AS WAS announced at mass meeting on October 23, there is to be a "Miss Montevallo" at the far-famed Birmingham Southern and Howard football battle, the biggest game of the year. The committee in charge of the game wrote to the Student Government president, asking that a representative girl be sent from our campus. Between October 23 and October 30 there was an opportunity for campaigning. A great deal of interest was aroused over the matter as Ruth Scott announced, the girl elected should be the best we have in intellect, popularity, personality, looks—a big order, isn't it?



# FUDGE and FAGOTS

## WHERE ARE THEY FROM?

**A** GAIN the campus of Alabama College re-echoes with the footsteps, laughter and chatter of the old girls and the new girls.

The total number amounts to 862—504 old faces and 358 new ones. Of this number 12.5 per cent are Seniors; 17.5 per cent Juniors; 25 per cent Sophomores; and 45 per cent are Freshmen. Among these Alabama College has not only girls from the high schools of our state, but has enrolled girls from some of the leading colleges of the United States. Among these are:

Columbia University, Woman's College (5), University of Alabama (2), Mississippi State Teacher's College, Mississippi State College for Women, Shorter, Maryville College (2), Troy Normal (3); Florence Normal (2), Henderson State College, Agnes Scott, Martha Washington College, Junior College of Augusta, Howard (2), Columbia School of Music, Jacksonville Normal, Birmingham Southern (2), Florida State College, Auburn (2), Hollins, Athens (5), Judson, Piedmont College, Randolph Macon, Cincinnati Conservatory.

This fact shows that Alabama College is establishing an outstanding record among other colleges and is taking her place in line with the leading educational institutions of the time.

## A BIG CHANGE MAKES ITSELF EVIDENT

A drastic change has made itself evident on the campus. It is seen when girls meet classes—their dresses are as bright and colorful as on the first day they were worn, and more marvelous still, every button is in place. It can be seen in the rooms—pillows, dresser scarfs, curtains and spreads all retain their beauty and coloring. Pajamas of gaudy colors, with large flowers or small dots—all are good as new. Pins formerly so stylish have gone absolutely out of style, buttons are in vogue this year. All because the laundry has changed its cleaning method and has lost its art of stealing buttons.

## THESE FRESHMEN

According to Mary Stewart, the Chairman of the Freshman class, the Freshmen are endowed with brains

and ability as well as physical attractiveness. From impressions gained by the interviewer of the Rat chairman, they showed rare judgment in selecting Mary as their leader. The list of officers so far selected are:

Mary Stewart, of Anniston, Chairman  
Pattie Bryant, of Bessemer, Secretary  
Billie Sims, of Fairfield, Treasurer

The president and vice-president will be selected in December.

The Freshmen seemed enthusiastically over prospects of a Freshman Revue, directed by Miss Osband, Miss Tyler, Miss Flint, Miss Farrah, and Edith Hunley as musician. The Revue will be made up of various dances, songs, and skits, and because of the clever directors, the entire student body will be looking forward to it.

Upperclassmen wish it mentioned that the Freshman class was hostess at a masquerade dance on November the first. Three cheers for the Freshmen!!!

## TRAVELING SECRETARIES

**T**HIS IS the day of Traveling Secretaries! At least it seems so on Alabama College campus.

Miss Mary Clark, a student volunteer secretary, spent several days in October with us. She was the principal speaker at the Alabama State Student Volunteer Council meeting which was held on our campus Oct. 18 and 19. Miss Clark is a very interesting and lovely young lady. She graduated from Smith College three years ago. Her parents are missionaries in India and she told us that she would be holding open house herself in Egypt before very long. Miss Clark held private interviews with the cabinet members of the Y. W. C. A. and also spoke at the Sunday evening Y. W. C. A.

Miss Lockman, a secretary of the International Student Prohibition Association, was with us for a chapel program on October 20. She also talked to several Sociology classes.

Miss Aileen Ward, a Baptist Student Secretary from Mississippi State College for Women, conducted a study course for the Baptist Students on our campus. Miss Ward spoke to us at convocation and at Y. W. C. A. service.

Miss Elizabeth Smith of New York, a national Y. W. C. A. Student Secretary, visited us and made a study of

our campus and principally the Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. cabinet gave a tea on October 24 in Ramsay parlors for Miss Smith in order that all the cabinet members and sophomore sponsors might have an opportunity to know her.

## NEW DATE PARLORS

The class of 1934 is far too popular. This popularity is reaping benefits in the form of a new date parlor. The parlor is being furnished by one of the Senior classes in Home Economics. They enjoy furnishing the place but think, as a reward for their labors, the freshmen should share their super-supply of dates with their less fortunate big sisters.

## Y. W. HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The very best Hallowe'en party of the year, according to members of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet, was the dinner given at Brown's Tea Room by Dr. Steelman to the Y. W. girls. Lovely orange candles, orange and black favors, and a big spooky jack-o-lantern lent proper witchery to the banquet table. But the best thing of all was wee Doris, looking like the Spirit of Hallowe'en incarnate, in an adorably beruffled orange and black paper dress. The food was unsurpassable; there was fried chicken, 'n choc'lit pie, 'n everything!

A good time was had by all.

## IS THAT MINE?

"Ohs" and "Ahs" have been in constant use for a week or more. "Isn't it terrible," "it looks just like me," and many other comments have been heard in every direction. Picture proofs always provoke laughter, pleasure, or disgust. Laughter at the queer image that one hates to call her own. Pleasure, perhaps, at the beautiful face that is flattering beyond degree. And disgust at the picture that faintly resembles the likeness of one's self.

If statistics were taken we think 50 per cent would fall in the laughter group, 25 per cent in the pleasure and 25 per cent in the disgust group.

Is it that we are plainly ugly or is it that we overestimate the ugliness of the image which stares us in the face?



## SPEECH NOTES

### Critical Speech Recitals

Tea, entertaining, interesting readings, and an opportunity to criticize—that's the treat in store for the private speech students of our splendid speech teachers, Miss Gould, who heads the department, and Miss Osband, assistant professor. The first of these recitals was given Thursday afternoon, October 23rd, at three-thirty, in the parlors of Hanson, with Miss Gould and Miss Osband as hostesses. Every two weeks following this, certain students will be hostesses while others read. Besides pleasure derived from such contact, the opportunity to discuss the weak points will be of benefit to the students. The following girls were heard at the initial tea:

Virginia Brannan in "There Was a Lady."

Hazel Jackson in "Tommy Atkins."

Sara Holbrook in "Several Short Poems."

Dorothy Kitchens in "A Woman in a Shoe Shop."

### The Acting Laboratories

The acting laboratories operated under the supervision of the Speech Department are beginning the year with marked enthusiasm. Hidden talent is being discovered and the speech teachers are pleased with the results so far tabulated. Four worthwhile one act plays are at present under way:

"Trifles" by Susan Slaspell.

"A Night at an Inn" by Lord Dunsany.

"The Rehearsal" by Christopher Morley.

"Opera Matinee" by Alice Serstenberg.

### RAIDO PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER

Alabama College's Radio program for November is as follows:

Nov. 6-7—History department.

Nov. 13—Math department and Alabama Federation of Women's Clubs.

Nov. 14—Math department.

Nov. 20-21—English department.

Nov. 27-28—Psychology department.

Miss Crawford, of the Home Economics Extension Department, is giving a series of twenty lectures broadcasted each Saturday morning on "Parent Education." This is not given at the regular Alabama College hour, but we are glad to announce the program of one of our faculty members.

## ATHLETIC NEWS

### VOLLEY BALL RESULTS

THE VOLLEY BALL season was brought to a successful close with the Freshmen winning the tournament, Sophomores running second, Juniors third, and Seniors fourth.

On October 14, members of all the teams met at camp and enjoyed supper and dancing. An unusual way of selecting varsity was the horseshow directed by Miss Tyler, faculty volley ball counselor. From the horses trotting, galloping and running around the camp nine of the best were selected and pinned with blue ribbons. The nine on varsity were: Izell Brown, Harriet Barnes, Sara Bonner, Tommy Parrish, Billie Sims, Mary Agnes Lawlis, Sara Edmonson, Emma Pearle Lancaster, and Sara Matthews.

Lolly pop volley balls were given as favors on the occasion.

### ATHLETIC FIELD IMPROVEMENTS

The appearance of the athletic field has been much improved by the addition of newly painted hockey goals—vivid green in colors. At one end of the field there is a new equipment box which is quite an asset in that it will save many weary trips to and from the gym.

### ANNUAL PHYSICAL EDUCATION CLUB CAMP

The Physical Education Club had its annual week-end at camp October 24-26. The purpose is to give to all majors, Freshmen and upperclassmen an opportunity to know each other better and to develop among them a stronger bond of common interests. Each Junior major has been assigned two Freshmen with whom she was to get acquainted before the camp, in order that she might help them adapt themselves.

### EXAMINER'S BADGES GIVEN

The test for the Red Cross Examiner's badge, given by Mr. Kenning, was passed by the following: Sarah Stevenson, Anne Tumlin, Clough Wallace, Winnie Mae Toomer, Eleanor Keeney, Ruby Moore, Wilma Wood, Dr. Lorraine Pierson, Elsie Mahaffey (renewed), Mary Hayes (renewed).

Mr. Kenning of the National Red Cross headquarters was on Alabama College campus for about a week. In addition to the life saving instruction and examinations, he gave lessons to

beginners in swimming, and a lecture and demonstration in convocation on First Aid.

Mr. Kenning, the examiners, and the physical education teachers had dinner together in the new dining room, October 9.

### BASKETBALL

The 4:30 bell calls a stream of girls from all dormitories clad in every conceivable style and form of breeches (all reaching to the knees). There are those who have lost all pride (or pants), and actually come out in public wearing their gym suits. Then there's the freshman who wears the bright orange suit with the number 1 on the back and with the extra piece of darker orange sewed on the bottoms to insure knee length. Several wear those huge box-pleated bloomer effects that Aunt Mary probably wore several ages ago. Knickers, white, green, black, blue—every color and size—are prominent. Pants, breeches, or knickers—anything to answer the purpose. The present purpose is basketball, and from the steady stream that continues for fifteen minutes, it seems that the whole student body is actively interested.

'Spose it's time to be wondering who'll win the tournament?

### GLEE CLUB

THE GLEE CLUB of 1930-31 is composed of the following members, according to the statement of Mr. Le Barron:

Mildred Allen, Charity Armstrong, Cornelia Andrews, Sara Blair, Dudley Bell, Ann Christian, Merle Cloud, Maxine Couch, Julia Campbell, Elsie Culpepper, Evelyn Calhoun, Martha Dickinson, Floyce Griffin, Belle Hart, Agnes Harper, C. Margaret Hammond, Sarah Howell, Maiben Hixon, Ida Hayssen, Nelle Harmon, Roberta Huddleston, Mary Jordan, Eleanor Keeney, Nelle Kennedy, Mary Nelle Lewis, Frances Middleton, Kate McCaughy, Frances McMillan, Ruby Milner, Margaret Moore, Elizabeth Murphree, Edyth Nettles, Annie L. Purefoy, Christine Purefoy, Elizabeth Powell, Evelyn Pearson, Mary Pittman, Elizabeth Reeves, Nora Sapp, I. Smith, Mary Alice Stone, Ruth Scott, Martha Sparks, Maurine Thompson, Lenice Vaughan, Hermie Whigham, Helen Webb, Martha Wilson, Eleanor Youngblood, Marie Turner, Dora Carpenter.

The club is expecting one of the best years of its history and although the programs for the year have not been definitely decided on, we know that there is something in store for



us because of the personality and knowledge of the instructor and splendid membership.

The musical recitals so far listed are:

#### Faculty Recitals

Fri., Nov. 21—Miss Jones.

Fri., Nov. 25—Misses Farrah and Osband.

Fri., Dec. 5—Mr. Ziolkowski.

Fri., Jan. 30—Miss Hardin.

#### Junior and Senior Recitals

Fri., March 6—Hill.

Fri., March 10—Pearson.

Fri., March 20—Pearson (Scott).

Fri., April 3—Hart.

Fri., April 10—Hayssen.

Fri., April 17—Scott (Hunley).

Fri., April 25—Robinson (Nix).

Fri., May 1—Young.

Fri., May 15—Cambel (Hunley).

#### PLEDGES TO SOCIAL CLUBS

AS A RESULT of Rush Week on our campus, October 6-11, one hundred and twenty girls were pledged into the eight social clubs. The following girls were pledged to:

##### Tutwiler Pledges

Effie Cowan, Union Springs; Evelyn Pow, Woodward; Roberta Huddelston, Speigner; Margaret Coley, Alexander City; Margaret DeLoach, Demopolis; Margaret Chandley, Bessemer; Mary Ellen Worthy, Alexander City; Helen Morissette, Monroeville; Helen Roll, Bessemer; Helen Hawkins, Montevallo; Verna Hart, Dothan; Terry Broadus, Montevallo.

##### Beta Sigma Delta

Constance Marsden, Bound Brook, N. J.; Ruth Jennings, Seale; Edna Hanson, Roanoke; Rosalind Jackson, Tuscaloosa; Bernice Arthur, Fayette; Sadie Humber, Fayette; Virginia Cook, Roanoke; Eloise Murry, Dadeville; Laura Kate Eatman, Pell City; Roberta Musgrove, Jasper; Georgia Lee Jackson, Clairmont Springs; Dorothy Prater, Millport; Mary Lowe, Greenville; Pauline Drewery, Jasper; Mackie Aid, Ozark; Evelyn Edwards, Ozark.

##### Phi Delta Sigma

Frances Riley, Selma; Elizabeth Hicks, Selma; Emma Lee Hafner, Selma; Margaret Jones, Selma; Ruth Thomas, Coal Valley; Louise Caton, Andalusia; Ammie Copeland, Bessemer; Jessie Lee Rains, Fort Payne; Rebecca Laney, Chipley, Fla.; Leora Woodall, Tallassee; Margaret Hill, Talladega; Annie Walters, Tarrant; Ellen Parker, Tarrant; Wynell Duren, Birmingham; Lula Mae Rockett, Birmingham; Mattie Lois Clayton, Pinson.

##### Castalian

Jennie Underwood, Birmingham;

Mary Wharton, Gadsden; Mae Stembridge, Dothan; Kate Pierce, Montgomery; Martha Ford, Alexander City; Lavinia Foy, Eufaula; Eleanor Burns, Montgomery; Katherine Jackson, Selma; Lucille Williams, Luverne; Mary Nell Wood, Columbiana; Sarah Cater, Anniston; Evelyn Lide, Birmingham; Frances Hall, Dothan; Elizabeth Hathcock, Greenville; Jet-tie Vaiden Ward, Tuscaloosa; Emily Starr Kirksey, Aliceville.

##### Kappa Sigma Phi

Anne Watson, Tuskegee; Grace Lane, Milstead; Katherine Taff, Oneonta; Katherine Skinner, Fairhope; Bernice May, Salipta; Mary Petman, Fairhope; Marie Harper, Beatrice; Bessie Lee Combs, Fairfax; Norma Roberts, Anniston; Prudence Walker, Gadsden; Willie G. Rains, Gadsden; Florice Hardy, Bessemer; Elizabeth Holly, Northport.

##### Zeta Pi Delta

Cherokee Shirley, Tuscaloosa; Billie Sims, Fairfield; Sara Edmundson, Bessemer; Pattie Bryant, Bessemer; Martha Sparks, Birmingham; Lena Mae High, Bessemer; Grace Waldrop, Athens; Christine Duncan, Florence; Edna Earle Cummins, Gordo; Dorothy Naftel, Bessemer; Louise Smith, Bessemer; Eleanor Hogan, Prattville; Evelyn Denson, Dothan; Majorie Jones, Dothan; Mary Stewart, Anniston; Jane Nichols, Woodward; Jane Evans, Leighton.

##### Alpha Pi Omega

Vera Houze, Demopolis; Francis Kosch, Demopolis; Annis Louise Mallett, Demopolis; Margaret McElroy, Cuba; Mary Nelson Powers, Greensboro; Susan Barron, Andalusia; Dorothy Brunson, Andalusia; Helen Philips, Fairfield; Louise Walsh, Birmingham; Elsie Spearman, Birmingham; Hilda Stephens, Elba; Katherine Baxter, Luverne; Mignohyn Riviere, Wylam; Ann Louise Miller, Wylam; Louise Davis, Anniston.

##### Philomathic

Marjorie Miller, Brewton; Eunice Thomas, Atmore; Ann Christian, Oxford; Mary C. Smith, Talladega; Mary Jane Cawthan, Selma; Kathleen Summers, Ft. Worth, Texas; Dorothy Sowell, Monroeville; Dorothy Day, Selma; Alva Craig Kendrick, Selma; Martha Nettles, Monroeville; Hattie Matthews, Camden; Emily Montgomery, Anniston; Sara Wallace, Isabella, Tenn.; Mary Jordan, Selma; Rosa Reynolds, Selma.

#### FULL HOUSE

FROM THE filled list of camp goes it seems evident that Madame Camp will hold open house every week-end this year. Madame Camp was mistreated, we fear, for

she had no chance to defend herself from the onslaught of anxious girls who impatiently waited to sign for her services. It seems a pity that she cannot have the privilege of inviting her own party just once. However, we believe she will have a gay time. Each week-end to be a rendezvous for a group of gay girls, enthusiastic and happy, a pleasure house to those who want fun and play; to be the haven for those who desire quiet after a busy, bustling week of work; to be the heart of a circle of girls relating personal experiences, episodes and events—all this and more will the camp house be.

One week-end the house creaks with dancing and running through the rooms. The visitors play games that recall kindergarten days—from leap frog to wheel-barrow. Windows echo the shouts and screams of merry players.

Another week the group is changed, giving Madame Camp opportunity to recuperate from wild romps and shouts. Now she is quite differently used. The occupants spend their leisure in talk, talk, and more talk. Discussions of campus life, individual tastes, every theme of conversation is worn to a frazzle before the night is far gone.

Then again the group changes. This time Madame Camp sees little of her refugees. They are absent on long hikes or running down the hill, cooking in the open, or doing any of the other things that are done by those people who have a mania for outdoor life.

One week-end there is a large group. This time the Hostess has difficulty in classifying her guests. A small crowd plays ball, another sits and talks, another cleans house, and another goes hiking. All meet for meals but still there is the hiking group and there is the talking group apart as usual. Madame Camp finally decides that the group is made up of many more or less uncongenial souls who separate from choice.

One week-end she is infested with players of sol. Double sol, triple and single, all vie for highest honors as good entertainment. Madame Camp looks with consternation and wonder at the spectacle before her eyes. This is, indeed, a new thing!

For more than 30 weeks every week-end brings the same story. Aged and utterly fatigued at the end of the thirtieth, Madame Camp looks into the future and asks, "How long will it last?" About the middle of May she hears her answer from one of the usual groups who sings "One more week and we'll be through."



# CAMPUS WORLDS

## HONOR WHERE IT IS DUE

AT MOST schools very little publicity is given to those who excel in grades, headlines being donated to the athletic heroes. But the "Atheneum" comes to the front with a little originality. The name of the student who led the West Virginia University in grades for the last mid-semester is strung across the front page like that of some grid star who made six touchdowns in the last game.

The student at Alabama College who leads in grades for a semester deserves far more than publicity. We feel that she deserves all wealth that can be bestowed on her, for she has certainly accomplished huge things.

## "WHAT PRICE GLORY"

Minnesota co-eds found wearing fraternity pins are subject to fines of \$50 or six days in jail. This seems unfair in view of the difficulties of obtaining the pin.

## IDAHO UNIVERSITY WILL PLAY HAWAII

Moscow, Idaho.—After playing their tough 1930 schedule of 10 games, the University of Idaho Vandals will journey halfway across the Pacific to the Hawaiian Islands to meet the University of Hawaii grid-sters and the Honolulu All-Stars.

The Idaho team will sail on the Madson liner, Madsonia, from San Francisco on December 17, and will return on the same ship, Jan. 7. They will arrive in Honolulu harbor, Dec. 24, and play their first game on Christmas day.

The trip will be the longest one ever taken by an Idaho team.

## WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT

Our word "School" was derived from a Greek word which means leisure. And has not the meaning undergone a fearful change! We grant that school days are happy days, but we don't always see that they are leisurely. For we who are in school now know that we lead the busiest life possible. There is something to be done every minute. If it isn't one thing, it's another—classes, lessons, gym, meetings, always something. The sad part is that duties demand more time than there is. Just to come near "breaking even" requires the maddest dashing about. It has recently been pointed out to some of us that

people who bustle, scurry, and hurry hither and yon present a ridiculous spectacle. Nobody enjoys being ridiculous.

Dr. Herman Schneider, president of the University of Cincinnati, hopes to eliminate many of the complexities of university organization by providing for five major university divisions: Liberal arts, economics, or engineering and commerce, human adjustments, physical and mental health, and fine arts, the last four corresponding to the divisions of mankind's professional activities.

"Princeton University has created a chair of French Literature which, lasting four months every year, will be entrusted to French author, Andre Maurois, famed for his biographies, who has been chosen for this place and is now en route to America. The mountain will have to come to Mohamet for M. Maurois says he will stay in one place because "touring America one sees nothing on account of hurrying from place to place."

We wonder what sensations the gentleman would experience if he should see some of Alabama College students making a wild dash from one class to another.

Co-eds are certainly no curiosity at Ohio Wesleyan, where there are 1,015 of the fairer sex as compared with 793 men. In addition to their advantage in numbers the women students have permission to stay out until 10:30 on week nights and still later on week-ends. In spite of being exposed to this situation, some of the men do actually pass.

## LACK OF CONCENTRATION

Lack of concentration is the greatest handicap which high school students have when entering college, it was found by Pennsylvania State College authorities in a questionnaire sent to students here.

Other difficulties which the freshmen revealed were lack of knowledge of how to study, of how to budget working time, of how to choose among the various subjects on the curriculum. Are they certain these difficulties apply to freshmen alone?

Aloise Lang, Christus of the 1930 Passion Play, received only \$955 as his share of the proceeds of the play.

## RAH! RAH! PROFESSOR!

Over at Mississippi A. & M. they have established a cheer leading school for the purpose of developing cheer leaders and cheering squads. Head cheer leader, B. B. Winsett, is to be dean of the department. That caps the climax.

Last year there were more college students in the United States than in all the rest of the world combined. There were 1,237,000 students enrolled in colleges and universities of this country.

In an effort to offset the habit of becoming "music listeners" engendered in youngsters by the radio and player piano, school authorities in New York are setting up courses in music, to develop "players of music" among children.

That's an idea but they seem to forget that many of us have taken courses in playing half our lives only to be listed as a listener only.

## NEW ANTHOLOGY OF COLLEGE VERSE TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT MAY INVITES STUDENTS TO SUBMIT POETRY

New York.—A new anthology of American college verse will be published in May, 1931, by Harper and Brothers, it has been recently announced by the publishers. The book will consist solely of poetry written by students attending college during 1930-31 college year. It will be edited by Miss Jessie C. Rehder, Randolph-Macon '29 and Columbia University '30.

All students, either undergraduate or graduate, attending any college during the current year, are invited to submit poems for inclusion in the anthology. The verses will be selected for publication solely upon their literary merit, it was announced. If the venture is a success it is expected that it may become an annual affair.

The verses may be written upon any subject, but must be limited to fifty lines or less. Students wishing to make contributions should mail their manuscripts to Anthology of College Verse, care E. F. Saxton, Harper & Bros., 49 East 33rd Street, New York City. All contributions must be in publishers' hands by December 10, 1930.



### DEPRESSION HITS PART TIME WORK STUDENTS

THE ONCE "Cloistered" college is today getting experience of trade depression and unemployment at first hand. Many students accustomed to earning part of their expenses are up against a bleak outlook for the year owing to the sharp decline of jobs in the summer, and the drop in prospective part-time work now available.

Students have made their way into some businesses in droves. The department stores in New York City employ hundreds of college girls on Saturdays and at rush seasons as extra clerks. Theaters call for batches of college men as "supers." Post offices engage them as extra clerks at busy seasons. Libraries employ them regularly, and large companies use them as filling station attendants, extra factory hands, train conductors, and statisticians.

Altogether the earnings of students last year amounted to over twenty-six million dollars. The break-down of many industries in which students previously earned considerably, has placed a great hardship on many.

—N. J. C. Campus.

### AMERICAN INDIAN STUDENT ATTENDS CONFERENCE

Miss Verna Norai, junior at Mount Holyoke College, is the only full-blooded American Indian student to have attended a conference of the International Student Service. Summing up impressions of her summer tour, in which she was in touch with the German Youth Movement, the British Student Christian Movement, and the French Student Union, Miss Norai declared that the attitude of the students of the world toward each other was a friendly one and that though German students were critical of United States politics and policies, they cherished no bitterness toward its students.

—Wellesley College News.

### OBERLIN COLLEGE BUILDS DORMITORY FOR MARRIED STUDENTS

Oberlin College, after much deliberation over the expenditure of a recent \$700,000 gift, has decided to build two dormitories, one for the single students of the institution, and another for the married men of the college. "Kitchenette suites and all modern conveniences for married life will be found in the latter dormitory."

—Wellesley College News.

### UNITED STATES WITHOUT PRESIDENT FOR SEVERAL HOURS EVERY FOUR YEARS

It may not be generally known that every four years the United States is without a president for several hours, but such is the fact. The term of the outgoing President expires at midnight on March 3 and the new President is usually sworn in about noon on the following day. During the intervening hours the country is without a chief executive.

The question of whether a vacancy existed during this interval was discussed early in the history of the country. In response to an inquiry, Chief Justice John Marshall wrote on February 21, 1821:

"There has been uniformly and voluntarily an interval of 12 hours during which the executive power could not be exercised."

If an emergency demanded, the new President could be sworn in immediately after his predecessor's term expired at midnight on March 3, but no situation has ever existed to make this necessary.

### EUROPEAN STUDENTS MEET AT INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE AT HOLYOKE COLLEGE

Students and leaders of student relief and self-help representing twenty-five or more countries in both Europe and Asia will meet for the first time on American soil at Mount Holyoke College, September 1, 1931, for an eight day conference, according to the plans announced by Marjorie Marston, chairman of the American Committee of International Student Service.

The plans for the reception of foreign representatives are already under way. A group will arrive in August to spend the month at various summer student camps and industrial study groups. The conference will include a presentation of American student life in all of its various phases, sports, music, drama, etc.

The American Committee of International Student Service which will arrange for the reception of delegates will be entirely separate from the National Council of Christian Associations this year. The Harmon Foundation has donated office space to the committee, which will be the location of the new headquarters.

Projects in international student service cover student needs in China as well as those in parts of Europe this year, and will require a budget of more than \$59,000.00.

### ABE MARTIN COMMENTS ON "HARD TIMES"

"I jest hadn't thought much about hard times, I knew o' course that farmers had quit smokin' cigars an' that banks hemmed and 'hawed if they knowed you wanted to borrow money to buy a car, but I never dreamed the general depression would git around to us," said Mrs. Leghorn Tharp's niece recently. An' then she went on: 'We jest can't borrow the money to send our two daughters to a summer camp, an' here I am with the prospect o' two long-legged girls bossin' me around all summer. I'll bet they beat it back to college in the fall if I've got to cook in a restaurant to git rid of them.'

"The cost of keepin' children away from home these days is mountin' in spite of eighty-three cent wheat an' general unemployment. Mrs. Joe Kite is solicitin' subscriptions to magazines to keep her girl in the Adirondacks. She don't worry about her boy. She knows where he is. He's in jail an' out of harm's way. 'I've done nothin' but stand over a hot stove an' cook fer fraternity brothers this blessed summer,' sighed Mrs. Artie Small. 'An', she added, 'our son wuz so pop'lar at college that his frat brothers thumb ther way from nearly ever' state in the union to be with him. O' course he can't git work, so he just sticks around home an' entertains.'"

### EDUCATION PLAYS PART IN RADIO BROADCASTS

One-eighth of the broadcasting stations in the U. S. are owned and operated by educational institutions, the Advisory Committee on Education by Radio reports. There are 77 such stations. Eighty colleges and universities in the U. S. that have no broadcasting stations of their own use commercial stations for educational broadcasts. There are 58 non-academic, non-commercial organizations of national scope, including 3 federal government departments, that report the use of radio for instructional purposes.

—Teachers College Mirror.

### TUNE IN THE HEAT

Tests made by students of the University of Minnesota in cooperation with Radio Station KSTP have proved that students can do their best studying when listening to jazz music on the radio.

Less distraction was found to prevail when the loud speakers were vibrating than when absolute silence reigned in the student's room. Believe it or not.



**Good Things to Eat**  
**Your Taste Our Interest**

**COX'S TEA ROOM**

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## SONG FOR NOEL

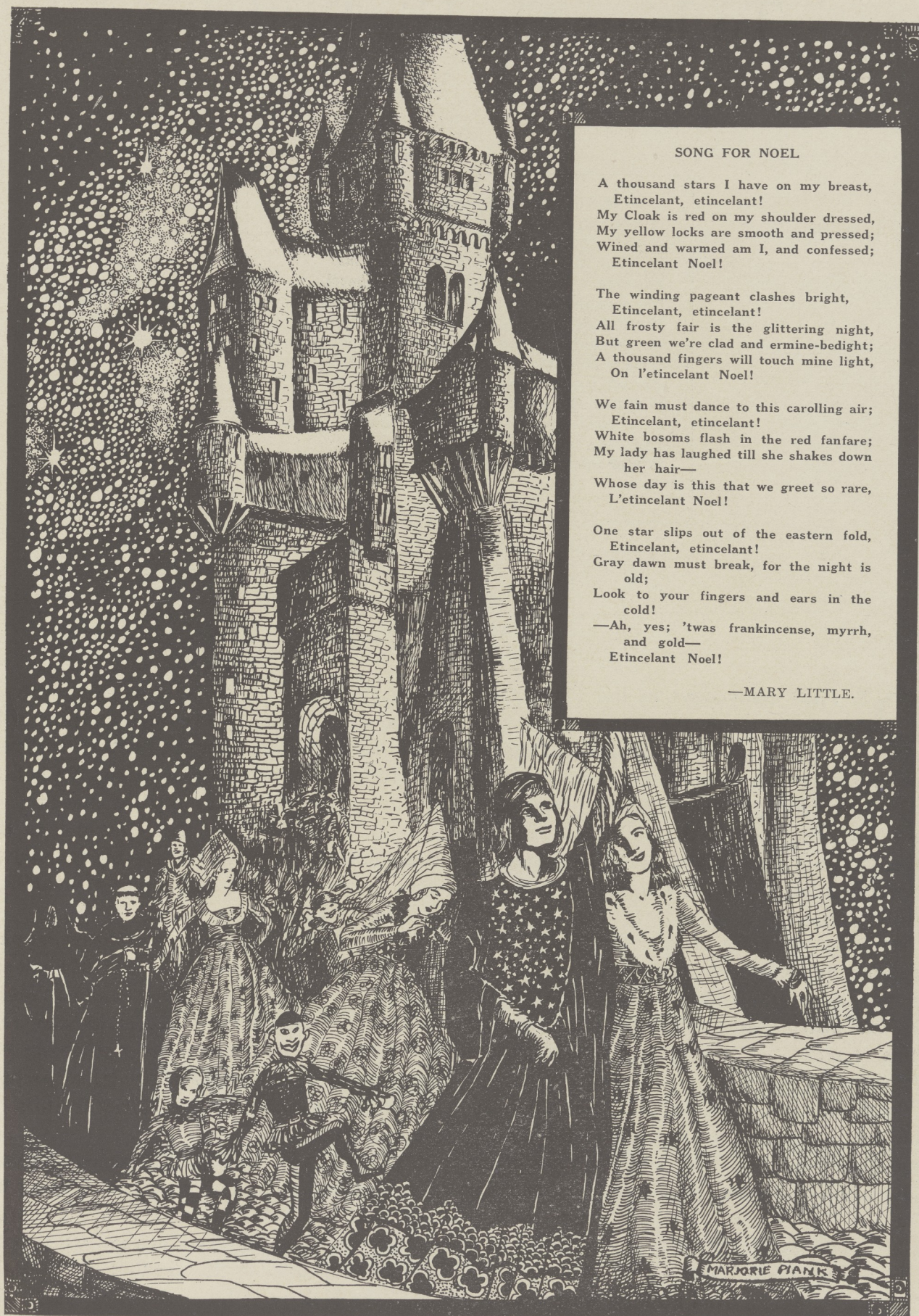
A thousand stars I have on my breast,  
 Etincelant, etincelant!  
 My Cloak is red on my shoulder dressed,  
 My yellow locks are smooth and pressed;  
 Wined and warmed am I, and confessed;  
 Etincelant Noel!

The winding pageant clashes bright,  
 Etincelant, etincelant!  
 All frosty fair is the glittering night,  
 But green we're clad and ermine-bedight;  
 A thousand fingers will touch mine light,  
 On l'etincelant Noel!

We fain must dance to this carolling air;  
 Etincelant, etincelant!  
 White bosoms flash in the red fanfare;  
 My lady has laughed till she shakes down  
 her hair—  
 Whose day is this that we greet so rare,  
 L'etincelant Noel!

One star slips out of the eastern fold,  
 Etincelant, etincelant!  
 Gray dawn must break, for the night is  
 old;  
 Look to your fingers and ears in the  
 cold!  
 —Ah, yes; 'twas frankincense, myrrh,  
 and gold—  
 Etincelant Noel!

—MARY LITTLE.



MARJORIE PIANK



# To Jesus On His Birthday

*"For this your mother sweated in the cold  
For this you bled upon a bitter tree;  
A yard of tinsel ribbon bought and sold;  
A paper wreath—a day at home for me.  
The merry bells ring out; the people kneel;  
Un goes the man of God before the crowd;  
With voice of honey and with eyes of steel  
He drones your humble gospel to the proud.  
Nobody listens. Less than the wind that blows.  
Are all your words to us you died to save.  
O Prince of Peace! O Sharon's dewy Rose!  
How mute you lie within your vaulted grave.  
The stone the angel rolled away with tears  
Is back upon your mouth these thousand years."*

—MILLAY.

ON THIS anniversary of the birth of the Christ Child, the bells sound faintly over the stainless snow—dimmed by the traditions built up through the ages.

The star which shone over Bethlehem brought love and reverence to the hearts of the wise men. Their awe is present in our lives today—giving us a haven—a place to rest from weary worldly things.

We hear the noise of the conventional celebration—dripping with flattery, but underlying we feel the quiet, assuring voice of Him—touching our hearts and straightening the warped souls of men. He is ever present—Jesus, the Nazarene.

To each—during this age old celebration the thoughts of home are uppermost. During the rejoicing of Self, only the faint still voice of the Christ Child bringing visions of Mary and her Precious charge—can be heard though the holy branches, gaudy decorations, and lit candles.

Gifts from loving hearts come as the melody of songs—unsung. And gifts for duty's sake—for convention—glittering in their tinsel masks seem to turn to ashes as we gaze at them—wondering.

The huge, red paper bells hanging with silent tones—the paper wreathes glaring with bright colors proclaim the mad scramble of people after a small wisp of Happiness. While few, like the wise men of old, in silent devotion lift their eyes to the resplendent hills seeking the Christ in the stainless snow—freeing themselves from the harsh gayety and shallow manifestations of a shallow love . . . . .

The true spirit of love, that endures not only at Christmas, but during the other 364 uncelebrated days, burns like a strong candle at night. The harsh winds blow—the clouds may rent the earth with all their forces—yet steady and bright—Real Love and Sacrifice as so perfectly lived by the Lord Jesus—shines forth in all kinds of weather.

The utterings of false prophets, outward show with tinsel hearts, eyes blinded to the beauty of His Birth, and ears willingly deafened to his immemorial teachings are all discords—harsh—grating, in the greatest of all Melodies—the Melody of Life. Perhaps this is why our poet sings:

"The stone the angel rolled away with tears  
Is back upon your mouth these thousand years."



# Campus Scenes

## MORNING

**D**AWN—The hour of fleeing stars—with the first streaks of crimson playing hide and seek among the trees.

Giant Oaks—standing—still damp and fresh with the disappearing dew.

Campus—drowsily settled in the midst of gray buildings.

White Columns—gleaming yet with the reflected radiance of an old and forgotten moon.

Palmer—progress over a background of tradition.

Music Hall—where fingers toil that souls might be expressed—guard of the morning sun.

Students—waking—beginning another day with an energy that would make Hercules jealous.

Youth—zest—joy—the glint and foam of another day's adventure.

## NOON

**N**OON—the sun—with burning arrogance turning gray buildings to gold.

Shrubbery—withering for the cool of twilight.

Water tower—grim—picturing medieval prisons.

Girls—sitting against stone pillars talking of those who were here “last year”.

Freshmen—fast donning the air of integral parts of Montevallo.

Chapel—bringing a different and stronger contact that cannot be forgotten.

The organ—filling the auditorium with melodies of dead masters.

Lunch—conversation colored by individual experiences of the morning.

Student parlor—students—losing the seriousness of class work—dancing with collegiate antics.

Post office—little cubby holes—sheltering messages from those “back home”.

Classes—work—earnest—climbing on toward the rays of higher learning.

## NIGHT

**B**UILDINGS—like huge bugs ready to spring—yet sitting—waiting for something.

A thin mist—drowning the campus in a gray pool of Beauty—protecting Trees—like shroud-

ed ghosts straining heavenward trying to catch the melody of the singing stars.

“The Rosary”—floating from a dormitory window on a thin strand of moonbeams—awakening “memories that bless and burn”—Gay laughter somewhere—tinkling with the familiar zest of youth—then dying away.

An occasional straggler—walking with slow—lazy motions—hands in pocket—head down—dreaming.

An odor of leaves mellowing bringing thoughts of home—filling the soul with a tender longing for childhood.

A faculty member—coming from the library—book under arm—glancing at the sky—maybe dreaming too.

Lights out—darkness—quietness settling over all like a mother dove folding her wings for rest.

Then a faint echo of invisible taps—dimly sounding against a clear sky.

“Day is done  
All is well.”

## CAMP

Inviting—high up on a hill—garnished with gaunt, black trees.

A huge fire place—blending the warmth of hospitality with

the beauty of comradeship.

Huge comfortable chairs—invoking the very spirit of story telling.

The long sleeping porch—bathed in the very essence of out of doors.

Pennants—giving the unseen atmosphere of those at home.

The out of doors—with the moon caught on the topmost limb of a jagged pine—dripping diamond dusted dew on mouldering leaves.

The dying fire—casting grotesque shadows on the wall—rising to a point then broadening like the souls of people rising to a point then realizing their inability to reach the stars.

Then silence—creeping like a jilted bridegroom—hiding—waiting for the apple green dawn.





# Poets' Corner

## MAMMAN

Old, old and beautiful,  
Old, and wise;  
And the world seemed very innocent  
Through her eyes.  
She lived among soft-polished things,  
Gleamingful,  
Like her old heart must have grown,  
Rosy-dull.

Old, old and beautiful,  
Old, and rare;  
And she always did lovely things  
Into her hair.  
Why her old white hands, faded  
So purely  
Always touched harsh life so sweetly,  
So surely,  
Why her old girlish lips, motioned in praying.

Always were young as the things they were say-  
ing;  
Why all her rooms-kept things, sanctioned with  
caring,  
Gave benediction with scent they were sharing;  
Mysteries of her heart, wrapped in lavender,  
By her unquestioned, known to their sender.

Old, old and innocent,  
Old, and young;  
And she had a way of little precepts  
On her tongue,  
Salted in among her laughter.  
Oh, she flew,  
And why her days were all so full  
Never knew.

Old, old and wonderful,  
Old, and rare;  
And she gave me words of a child's mouth,  
Rocking there;  
And she glanced me smiles of a tall belle's  
With a belle's air;  
Adorned, dressed and careful, sweet each fold,  
Seeing no time—oh beautiful and old!

Oh let me to be old,  
Not with parchment cheeks,  
But with a heart aged in spiced time,  
Whatever youth time speaks.  
Oh let me to be old,  
And who would love me, young?  
I fear the callow rawness from whence my  
shrines are sprung,  
I need the spicing smoke of years for which new  
hearts are hung.

Give me time to age a bit, a stool to watch her  
chair—  
So, so old and beautiful,  
So wrinkled and so rare!

—MARY LITTLE.

## OCCUPATION

Monday—business first  
Tuesday—wine for thirst  
Wednesday—lunches for five  
Thursday—dancing—alive  
Friday—a wedding train  
Saturday—a muddled brain  
Jesus—Christ Child—Gethesemane  
There are no thoughts—left for Thee.

—LEILA BRUCE.

## AN ALABAMA SHACK

Squatting on the raw red clay it stands  
A wretched shack all grey and weatherbeaten,  
Built long ago by vanished calloused hands,  
With sagging roof, and chimney all  
And windows gaping blackly at the sky.

But though all else has fled, Beauty yet  
Lingers round the ruin. Goldenrod  
And clustered daisies, eyed with blackest jet,  
Toss their brilliant heads, while from above  
Drifts down the sleepy, cooing of a dove.

—MILDRED NUNGESTOR.

## VAGUE MUSINGS

The grey rain veils the hills in mist,—  
A gauzy-like swirling smoke  
From autumn bon-fires.  
Grey drops of lightly falling rain  
Are splashing on the tawny leaves  
Like ghosts of dead desires.

## MAIN STREET

The mist is floating through the village  
Like craven thoughts through a brave man's  
brain  
Or moist breath upon a frosted window pane  
It settles on the lone Main street where ghosts  
pillage.  
The dumb—pleading faces of the innocent  
Who do not understand  
The Divinity's blindness  
To the sharp miseries that bent  
Their twisted souls that He planned  
And cast around them sable clouded kindness  
Of Heaven's fineness.

—LEILA BRUCE.



# EDITORIAL

## WISHING YOU A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Christmas is the fulfillment of the best plans, hopes and expectations which begin in September and grow in tensiveness and degree until December 20. It is a time that we look forward to from year to year—never growing weary of the custom, never ceasing to plan and expect. Christmas is, as it should be, the peak of love, pleasure, and happiness which we reach once a year. The Alabamian wishes for each student the happiest, and the very best Christmas you have ever spent.

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## THOSE WHO INFLUENCE US

There are those people among the Alabama College faculty who feel that your little problems are of vast importance and yet can be solved in a very short time. These people immediately make you feel at home and happy. Their optimistic outlook finds its way into your pessimism and clears it quickly away. Your doubts, fears and troubles are erased with one simple word and smile. Their ability to understand your opinion and position is an ingenious asset. Their evident desire to help, their visible interest in you and your activities gives you poise, interest, and inspiration. They, in their unselfishness, their sincere interest and enthusiasm have more influence on Alabama College students than every rule which has ever been written. They are instrumental in upbuilding an attitude of loyalty, amiability, and a desire for giving one's best to studies and to Alabama College itself.

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## A LA COLLEGIATE

Romeo and Juliet scenes are not so attractive when they take place from dormitory windows. The necessary balcony is lacking, and too, there are witnesses who cannot appreciate fully the charm of the conversation. Such scenes are repeatedly acted on our college campus. They can be described as everything that is not dignified, refined or even slightly permissible. The reaction of those students who listen to the little *tete-a-tetes* is not favorable to the continuation of such scenes. It is not a becoming phase of college life, it brings on the college severe criticisms which could be prevented by a very little thought and the cessation of a few seconds of talking out the window to campus visitors.

## THE CHILDREN BECOME RESTLESS

The speaker was assiduously attempting to interest and amuse his audience. He was sacrificing one more hour of his valuable time for the benefit of Alabama College. He was an attractive, an intelligent, and a beneficial speaker. His talk plainly showed preparation and an insight of those things which will immediately attract attention. The allotted twenty minutes' time had elapsed but, unconscious that such a short time was usually allowed, he continued his discussion. After the elapse of a very few seconds he was made aware of the seemingly atrocious crime he had committed by the shuffle and general unrest among a relatively small group of girls. Sighs and every indication of ill breeding were displayed. Only a few minutes remained until lunch time (Children are always restless before meal time) and the movement became more pronounced. Upset, the speaker hurriedly made his last remarks and closed rather abruptly. The little group gave an open sigh of relief and immediately grabbed books and started rushing forth. Realizing their breach of etiquette the rather shame-faced girls sat down again, while the large majority of the student body suffered miserably at the lack of courtesy displayed.

This was an occurrence which shocked and mortified Alabama College students beyond degree. It is an occasion that we feel sure will never occur again.

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## HOLIDAYS

The very spirit of holiday is flying through the air, touching everyone lightly and awakening an answering note in them which craves immediate freedom. As this gay spirit finds its way into our classes and into our study hours it becomes a demoralizing force. It is all very well to have the Christmas spirit, but when that supposedly Christmas spirit instills in one a desire for rowdiness, for utter neglect of lessons and for a general let-down in one's entire work there is something wrong with the whole idea. The desire for a speedy flight of days and for an early dismissal from school will not shorten the time until the vacation begins. A realization of this fact and also of the absolute absurdity of allowing anything to create such an attitude should eliminate the grip which the "spirit" sometimes gets over groups of people. Let us resolve to have smooth, ordinary, everyday work at Alabama College until 4:30, December 19th.



# One Gift

IT WAS in the month of Kisler, and winter days were growing colder and colder. All of the city of Bethlehem was full of people; a jostling, land-talking, bartering crowd. It was a great event, this taxation. Those of the ancient line of David, descendants of scores of kings, had gathered there to be taxed and they were no small family. Children ran around underfoot; women screamed at each other; old hates were renewed; old trades were brought up.

Tiglath stood by and watched his uncle trade. He was a small ragged child of some eight years, with a pinched face and hungry black eyes. As he waited, his attention wandered to a procession of camels passing. The men were strange looking and richly dressed. Curious-eyed, Tiglath watched them. Then he followed the camels. They stopped in front of one of the small buildings adjacent to a larger inn. The men dismounted and went in.

Outside, the wind was cold and Tiglath was none too warmly clothed. He shivered a bit, then followed the strangers. Within, it was warm.

Tiglath saw nothing unusual, except that the

men were putting costly ornaments in front of a tiny baby. The baby was held closely in the arms of a pretty young Jewish girl, who looked very much like Tiglath's own sister. The baby was no different from other Jewish babies, yet something about him held the boy spellbound.

There were servants waiting near the door for the strange men. Tiglath went timidly to one of them and asked why the men gave precious gifts to such a tiny baby. The man replied that the child was Messiah, that he would some day grow to be a King of the Jews, the greatest king on earth. Then, Tiglath wished to give something to the baby, but he was a poor little boy and had nothing to give. That is, with the exception of one marble of lovely color. It would be a sacrifice to give that.

The men left. Tiglath crept up to the girl, and glancing shyly at the baby, said, "I want to give him something, too. Maybe he would like this"—and he held out the marble. The baby's eyes turned slowly and seemed to see the gift. He raised his tiny hand, and rested it upon Tiglath's head—perhaps it was a benediction—who knows? And then, the Christ-child cried.

## A STUDY IN CHARCOAL

STANDING—white teeth betraying a good nature within—bowing—speaking—white aproned. Hurrying—from elevator to Assembly Hall—answering the telephone with a querious "Hello"—running errands with surprising quickness—giving information with alarming correctness—cleaning with an adept hand—a veritable Gungha Dinn—here—there—everywhere—a faucet of energy radiating service and cheerfulness—custodian of checkered work in Main Dormitory—this . . . . . this is Mittie May!

## A POEM

Medea filled her urn  
And gazed above the thing spirals of smoke  
That coiled above the altar.  
Her cold blue eyes seemed to gather  
A bit of warmth for a moment—  
A human spark awakened in the depths  
Of a sensitive heart.  
Then a mist covered the eyes  
As they gazed above endless hills  
Into ages unfathomed by wizards.  
The hills rolled back and revealed  
A valley where a woman stood  
Lone and trembling with an outraged

Sense of love and duty—

An outcast battling against a multitude.

The vision passed—a cold breath

Stroked Medea's cheek and stirred her black hair—

"Don't you think you'd better come in dear?"

Said Jason, "The twilight air is cool".

## A FLEETING WISH

Above the low long line of sea and shore,

Poignantly beautiful,

The wild geese cut the thin crisp air and scar

With swiftly curving wings

Into a land of strange unimagined things.

Oh, would I had the strong swift wings of flight

To bear me far away,

Where, sunk in misty pools, the captured light

Fast fettered always lies,

Where shadows never touch and sorrow dies!

But beauty lies in shadow's purple blurs

Across a sunlit land;

And ecstasy without dark sorrows slurs

Of pain, beneath, would be

As tarnished gold sunk deep within the sea.

MILDRED NUNGESTOR.



# Polly Prattles to Patty

Patty my dear:

I can't express the thrill of finding your fascinating letter placidly lying in my dusty box. A letter from you, Patty, means pages of droll humor, sarcasm, adorable catch phrases and an array of comments concerning our mutual friends. But imagine my chagrin when I found that you and I were at the same theater, on the same evening, in the same balcony to witness the same play, "Strange Interlude." To think that we two were unaware of each other's presence. So near and yet so far. Of course you saw several of the Alabama College girls at the Erlanger. Annie Seay Owen, Evelyn Leak, Virginia Brannan and Dora Little composed an enthusiastic group. Kathleen Doone, Carolyn and Sis Long occupied orchestra seats (Ssh! here's a secret—a sold-out balcony forced them to.) Floyce Griffin informed me today that she had quite a chat with you—across an aisle and several rows of seats. One of those nod the head, move-the-lips-smile affairs, resulting in utterly blank expression of the faces of the participants and a much rattled brain. Loads of the faculty were present. I wouldn't attempt to name them. All were beaming and appeared to thoroughly relish the experience. Dorothy Davies was a member of Miss Gould's party, which passed a lovely pair of mother-of-pearl opera glasses among themselves. Wasn't it glorious fun watching the varied expressions on the faces in the audience when lights were suddenly flashed on succeeding each act of that marvelous production? Some faces were rather scarlet, others attempting an indifference, many simply blushed, smiled, or gave a nervous laugh. Patty, honey, I've never had so much fun in all my life watching a certain splendid play director on our campus who has always appeared indifferent to the weaker sex play up, so to speak, to one of the younger, fairer, sweeter members of our faculty. They were really cute together. Honest!

Patty, I'd love to feel that every girl here could and would see "Strange Interlude". I really can't wait to hear you rave, darling.

Did I tell you that we selected as our representative to the Howard-Southern game, Margaret Allen Wallis? She'll be lovely and quite representative. Don't you admire her? Speaking of lovely girls, have you met Carolyn Fussel? She, to me, embodies the height of refinement and culture. You knew that Dudley Bell was sporting a lovely A. T. O. pin. Some young man is lucky. I can easily imagine her the dream girl's type, can't you?

We have such a variety of Freshmen this year—as always. I told you before they were extraordinarily popular with the opposite sex. We find in looking them over that there are tall, short, fat, slender, good, bad, sweet, despicable, aggressive, violets, extroverts, introverts, and all colors except black. They're with all a sassy, stubborn, group quite overloaded with talent, charm and pep. Patty, you probably know a few of them whom I consider attractive. Jenny Underwood hails from Birmingham and is a little bit of a "Honey", if you catch what I mean. She's blonde, petite, has adorable features and a broken tooth that she declares was the result of an accident with her little sister. Cherokee Shirley is a cute thing. Rather inclined to be spoiled. She's very witty, pretty and has her share of grey-matter. Margaret Coley and Mary Ellen Worthy are an attractive pair. I wonder what power Alexander City has over its daughters. Patty, last night I saw a darling brunette, Freshman who has your given name, with three young males and one of our prominent Seniors at supper together. Feature it, Patty! A Senior and freshman double-dating. I would have slunk into an alley of self-conscious despair had I experienced the same last year. But there she sat—laughing, talking—. One would never have guessed which the Freshman and which the Senior! Such poise in two months!

Frances Fuller asked about you the past week. Yes! she and Jule are inseparable—when side by side they look like the "light and dark of it", don't they? And when Frances is sandwiched between Jule and Ruth Scott, I always think of chocolate cake with cream filling. I'll bet they'd appreciate my metaphors or similes—which? No, be safe, burn this, hear? They're really a striking triplet and so worthwhile. I can't feature Alabama College this year without the three of them!

There are so many sisters in school this year, I think its amusing to see their reactions toward each other. Mary Little is such an interesting creature, but one would be when one is so versatile. Fate was bounteous to Mary. Perhaps that's why some of us seem so bare. Eh?

You ask about Winnie Mae Toomer? She's quite as bouncing and athletic as ever. She and her roommate, Claudia Schwoon, compose what I consider a wholesome pair. No, Bethany Sharman isn't rooming with Kate Sabotka this year. They're just as congenial, however. Bethany's

(Continued on page 12)



# FUDGE and FAGOTS

## EVERY WOMAN SHOULD SEE "EVERYWOMAN"

Every woman nowadays, who listens to flattery, goes in quest of love, and openly lays siege to the hearts of men, should see "Everywoman."

This play by Walter Browne is to be presented by the Dramatic Club, January 10, and is under the leadership of Miss Ellen Haven Gould.

It is a morality play but is modern in regard to characterization and environment. Each character is symbolical of various abstract virtues and conditions, with the endeavor to make them concrete types of actual men and women of the present day. It might be called an allegory in shape of a stage play, but sufficiently soul stirring in its story and action to form a very attractive entertainment. Music, songs, chorus dances, spectacular and scenic effects and realism of every day life afford pleasure and entertainment to all. Don't miss "Everywoman."

N. S. F. A.—which, as everybody knows, stands for National Student Federated Association—is to be held this year in Atlanta. Consequently, Alabama College is able to send more representatives than were sent to California. Ruth Scott, Flo Fraley, Lucy Lee Pruitt and Kate Sabotka are the ones delegated to go. The convention will meet the last days of December during our Christmas holidays.

## NEW MEMBERS OF THE DRAMATIC CLUB

New members of the Dramatic club according to ability shown in recent play productions and staging of plays, include: Alvā Craig Kendrick, Katherine Jackson, Cherokee Shirley, Marjory Goff, Margaret Allen Wallis, Annie Seay Owen, Grace Motley, Dora Little, Inamurl Smith, Iris Waldon, Elizabeth Saunders, and Bell McCall Hart.

Those who wish to tryout this year are going to have their opportunity in mob parts in the dramatic production, "Every-woman", and in one large production of their own.

## RECITAL TEA

The second of a series of recital teas took place November the twenty-fourth, with the seniors as presiding hostesses.

After a critical conversation for the betterment of individual talent as supervised by Misses Gould and Os-

band, speech professors, following selections were interestingly rendered:

Dorothy Davies—"School Daze".

Iris Walton—"Scene from Shakespeare".

Lacy Gibbs—"Not on Schedule".

Virginia Brannon—"There Was a Lady".

## SPEECH RECITAL

Alice Nettles and Elizabeth Waldon were presented in speech recital the second week in November. Selections were: Alice Nettle, "Prince of Court Painters," by Constance D'Arcy McKay, Elizabeth Waldon, "The Bank Account," by Howard Brook.

Armistice day, which is always an event, this year was an especially big one on our campus, because of the excellent program. Dr. A. B. Moore of the University of Alabama, who for seven months during the war served in the Navy, delivered the address of the day. Another interesting feature of the program was the presence on the stage of the Hendricks-Hudson, the local post of the American legion. The Post had planned to have its Gold Star Mother, Mrs. Hendricks, present, but her illness and the inclement weather conditions prevented her presence.

## FRESHMAN REVUE

Here's to the Freshmen! Raise it higher, girls—we're all for them! They really were adorable in their revue which was produced by that tall genius, Miss Helen Osband, whose personality and cleverness express themselves even in her feet—(watch them—her feet, I mean, and see if you don't agree.) So lift the glasses a bit higher and toast the head man! But wait—Miss Osband had several able assistants among faculty and students—Misses Farrah, Tyler, Flint, Strom, Wiley, and Edythe Hunley, Annie Seay Owen, Rachel Broadnax, Sarah Mathews and Dora Little. So here's to them!

Anyone who sat watching the revue from the tappers who tapped so skillfully to the flitters who flitted so gracefully and was not thoroughly shocked and delighted once over the Freshman class, could not be enthusiastic over any phase of entertainment for it was all there. All (even the horn to announce intermission) Freshman—we're all for you! All for you!!!

## FRESHMAN COMMISSION

The Y. W. C. A. Freshman Commission, composed of thirty Freshmen, has been chosen by the Y. W. C. A. Sophomore council. These girls were chosen because of their leadership qualities and their special interest in campus activities.

The Sophomore Council has been studying the interest of each member of the commission in order that they may better suggest definite projects for the group to undertake. Dr. J. H. Steelman is conducting a series of talks to the commission on "Leadership." Later on in the year discussion groups are to be arranged on the subjects of "Jobs and Marriage" and "Appreciation of Beauty." The purpose of the Commission is to sponsor Y. W. C. A. activities in the Freshman class and to cooperate with the Cabinet in its various functions. A committee from the commission, under the direction of the Social Welfare Department, took baskets of fruit to the alms house on Thanksgiving. They also are helping with the Red Cross drive now in progress on the campus. The following girls are members of the commission: Margaret Coley, Martha Sparks, Faith Holmberg, Sadie Humber, Georgia Lee Jackson, Mary Lowe, Emily Starr Kirksey, Effie Cowan, Dorothy Day, Edna Hanson, Cherokee Shirley, Mary Wharton, Margaret Chandler, Lena Mae High, Eleanor Keeny, Christine Duncan, Billie Sims, Sara McDonald, Sara Cater, Helen Phillips, Susan Catherine Barron, Lacy Gibbs, Helen Vines, Elizabeth Whitman, Nellie Rea Sledge, Nellie Bland, Tom Parish, Norma Roberts, and Mary Hanna Johnson.

## RADIO PROGRAMS OF DECEMBER

December 4th and 5th—Miss Taber.

December 11th and 12th—Home Economics Department.

December 18th and 19th—Alabama Federation of Women's Clubs, and Dr. P. H. Carmichael, and Religious Education Department.

January 1st and 2nd—Education Department.

Music.

December 4th—Miss Jones.

December 5th—Miss Harden.

December 11th—Mr. Ziolkowski.

December 12th—Miss Gibbs.

December 19th—Miss Farrah.



## EMILY POST CALLS

And did you know that the girl should always sit on the boy's right in an automobile? (Of course there are exceptions.) That the fingers should be licked one at a time? (Never thrust the entire hand in the mouth even when excited.) That one should never yell across the campus or to any one from a window. (No dear, it makes no difference if Joe has come or Mary does have a new broadtail coat—it simply isn't done!) That one must always sit gracefully, and if knees insist on being crossed the crossed foot must touch the floor? That the faculty members have been discourteously treated by some of our girls? (But dear faculty, please say that you've noticed improvement on our part in allowing you to pass through doors without being molested?) Our cry is more and longer lectures on etiquette. We're strong enough to withstand any blows which come our way. We weren't bowled over by the accusation that we were more discourteous than people living in the Polish settlement district, were we?

## IN FLANDERS FIELD

I wonder what they're thinking—those men on the stage at Palmer Hall on this, our Armistice day, some with lips tightly compressed as though to avoid tears, others with puckered brows and eyes intent on the ceiling. A violin is pouring out its strains of "For those who watch"—they seem to be intoxicated with the melody—But what are they thinking? That day twelve years before when peace was declared? That still, gray morning when they crept through trenches drenched with blood and laden with human bodies keyed to a tension of the n'th degree? That night shells burst, bombs exploded and comrades fell—when the next minute of their lives was uncertain? They're brave—those men on the stage—they've had experiences uncommon to us. Their lives are fuller because of those months lived under fire—We are proud of them, aren't we?—and all those men on and off the stages today throughout our United States!

Y. W. C. A. Christmas Pageant is to be given December fourteenth.

This "Nativity" play is under the supervision of Misses Gould and Farrah for acting and music respectively.

## SHERLOCK HOLMES LIVES!

To some the thoughts of Sherlock Holmes being dead is similar to a dash of cold water early in the morning. He may be dead physically, but his spirit does "carry on."

Mrs. Wallace, the Napoleon of Hanson Hall must have been shocked—surprised—mortified—when one of the three night footmen informed her that two strange looking men had entered the indomitable walls of her dormitory late Saturday night. Still worse—the men hadn't come out. The night watchman waiting—the cold as biting as that pictured in "St. Agnes Eve"—Men!! the very word glitters with mysticism when spoken late at night on the Alabama College campus.

After a careful search in every rat hole and behind legions after legions of cold cream jars, no men could be found cowering before the blazing eyes of the posse!

Finally a thought struck some one—staggering in its stupendity. It was the night of the freshman dance for upperclassmen. Two girls dressed with all of the sportiness of the stronger sex—unconscious of the havoc they wrought—must have been in their own white beds—dreaming of home instead of dreaming of being the heroines of another mystery story. Yet—the mystery was solved! And to those who watch over us—we say again—"The spirit of Sherlock Holmes is not dead."

## WHAT DO YOU FEAR

Do you fear men? dogs? halitosis? high places? the smell of onions on your lover's breath? lordosis? pink eyes or toothbrush? smokes? falling down a flight of stairs before a group of boys? the all-important moment when He kneels to pop the question? the dark, a wild date?

If you haven't been approached this year by some excited, anxious student of Dr. Means—don't feel hurt or neglected—it won't be long now! They wouldn't overlook you for anything—and really it takes only a half hour of your time. Just draw out the pencil, check and return promptly. There she goes down the hall with several fear papers. Ah! Such a world of relief sweeps over me. But wait! She turns the paper over and rushes back with a thoughtful expression, "Oh, honey, you forgot to put the origin of your fears!" What is one to do but spend another valuable half hour going over it? Then a groan, a sigh and a feeble cheer for the research work of a certain attractive doctor of psychology.

## JUDGMENT DAY

"There little girl—don't cry—They've sent out your grades, I know!"

But who will there be to make those comforting remarks? The members of the faculty are inflicting the punishment, we nine hundred students are recipients. Is there among us one who can comfort? Oh Mittie Mae, Prince, Dolores, and even Clyde—perhaps.

In all sincerity we're all excited if not crushed about our mid-semester averages being sent home. High School valedictorians are shrieking, "How can I enter the old Alma Mater again after I have made C on three subjects!" Pampered pets of fond families are tearing wave from wave over that F in chemistry, or what have you? But why linger on the subject? We're all suffering.

## Y. W. C. A. RECOGNITION SERVICE

The Y. W. C. A. had its Recognition service for its new members in the Assembly Hall, November 7th. The hall was darkened and the cabinet, Sophomore Council, and Freshman Commission in white dresses filed down the steps with lighted candles singing "Father of Lights." Violin music was furnished for the service by Kate McCannaughy and Dudley Bell. The purpose of the Y. W. C. A. was read and explained, after which each member was welcomed into the fellowship of the Young Women's Christian Association. In symbolism of the recognition, each member present had her candle lighted and followed the cabinet out onto the front campus, while singing, "Follow the Gleam", . . . . At the conclusion of the service the watch word of the Y. W. C. A. was repeated.

## CONVOCATION PROGRAMS

Convocation has been one of the outstanding successes on the campus this year. The programs are planned by the convocation committee, headed by Dr. Farmer. The music department furnishes a very enjoyable part of the programs. On November 23, Miss Margaret Edwards spoke on "The Place of Home Economics in the Education of College Women."

Some special December programs are:

December 2—the last of a series of talks on "Social Graces," by Miss Osband.

December 5—Rabbi Newfield of Birmingham.

December 12—Dr. Walter D. Agnew, President of Woman's College.



# ATHLETICS

## BASKET BALL VARSITY ANNOUNCED

At the close of the basketball season of 1930, the athletic board gave a supper at camp for the members of all the basket ball teams. The fine class spirit displayed during the tournament merged into one school spirit. Games and stunts were played. Of course the breathless moment came when varsity was announced. Awaiting the always unusual and unexpected method of announcing varsity, everyone watched, tensely expecting each stunt to tell the secret. The entrants to the most amusing stunt were selected by numbered peanuts. The unlucky number 13 was held by the lucky eight members of Varsity, who were:

Guards—Flo Fraley, Winnie Mae Toomer, Mildred Lloyd, Mamye Chandler.

Forwards—Billie Sims, Susan Beach Garren, Sara Bonner, Emma Enslyn Robinson.

The tournament closed with the sophomores receiving not a single defeat. Their teams were truly "faster than lightning." The juniors came second, winning 3 games. The spirit was there but players were lacking. The freshmen came third, winning 2 games. If the freshmen grow at least six inches taller by 1931 we predict victory for them. Congratulations seniors on your spirit and pep.

Here's to basket ball! May it ever radiate the interest, pep and enthusiasm on Alabama College campus that it has produced this year.

## HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

The midwest Hockey Tournament met in Chicago in November. It was composed of 14 teams from St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Madison, Wis.; Normal, Ill., and of miscellaneous players from Iowa City, Urbana, Lawrence, Ky.; Montevallo, Ala., and Lansing, Mich. These were city and not school teams.

The object of the tournament was to furnish an opportunity for a hockey play time. Each team played two or three games, totaling eighteen games in all. The games were umpired by candidates for admission to the National Umpire Rating Committee. . . . Twenty of these candidates tried out, but only eight were admitted. These eight represented, Kansas, Alabama, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, and Wisconsin. The selection com-

mittee chose from the eighteen teams, two honorary midwest teams.

The games three at one time were played in Washington Park. The place was crowded with spectators, men, women, and dogs. The Park with the many bright uniforms, orange, green, henna, blue and brown, looked like a street fair or circus.

Miss Mossdrop attended the Tournament and got back her full rating as an umpire. Also, she is left half on the midwest 2nd team.

The Umpire Committee for the tournament was composed of twelve judges of which Miss Mossdrop was chairman.

On December 6th, Alabama College will put on a hockey game to show Howard College how to play hockey. The school teams will be picked from the best players in school. Hockey movies will be put on and a luncheon will be given the visitors by the Athletic Board.

The Alabama College Athletic Board has applied for membership in the United States Field Hockey Association. This membership would enable us to get pictures, material on hockey, and all national reports on hockey at reduced rates.

## JUST NEWS

It is of interest to all girls who played basket ball this season to know that Miss Grayson has written letters to the heads of Physical Education departments in all colleges in Alabama and some high schools recommending a trial of the new method of playing at center. This method does away with all jumping at center and instead alternated forwards put the ball in play by throwing from center each time. She hopes soon to get a report from these schools and will continue attempts to have this improved method made permanent in Alabama.

The gym classes of Miss Flint and Miss Grayson ended their tenequart tournament recently, with Miss Grayson's class victorious. The defeated teams showed they were good sports by entertaining the victors at supper at the camp. We are not surprised that Miss Grayson and Miss Flint have such large classes. Who wouldn't want to be in on the fun?

Recently flocks of athletic looking girls were seen bunched around the front steps of main dormitory. Everybody was talking at full swing and rushing madly for the front line so they could be easily seen when the home folks began looking for them. The reason was that a picture was being made of the Department. This picture and a story of the Department came out in "The Birmingham News" as soon as Miss Surles completed the write-up.

The marriage which really was started in the Physical Educational department last year by one director and several of our majors has been started again this year with renewed enthusiasm. Amy Tidwell gave us one of the biggest surprises of the year when she became Mrs. Theodore Hampton, having decided to leave her Alma Mater in order to direct her energies in other fields. We congratulate Theodore but we miss Amy.

"The meeting will please come to order", is the correct way to open a meeting, as any member of the parliamentary Law class will testify. Mrs. Narcissa T. Shawhan of Mobile was on our campus the week of November 24 to give her course in Parliamentary law. Mrs. Shawhan is very enthusiastic about her subject and thoroughly enjoys her work. The girls who took her course had lots of fun while they were deriving very worthwhile knowledge about "Robert's Rules of Order."

The Physical Education Club met on November 11 in the gym for the purpose for discussing plans for further development this year. Some songs were taught and a motion made to have special physical education club songs and yells written. Plans were also made to have social and educational programs on physical education as a profession. Jimmie Walker was elected vice-president to take Amy Tidwell's place. Class representatives were elected, with the club officers, Frances Smith, Lucy Lee Pruett, and Jimmie Walker compose the social committee. These representatives are: Junior—Eula Thorne, and Sophomore—Ruby Lee Moore.

Miss Mossdrop made an inspiring talk on improving the club and developing a closer relationship among its members.



# CAMPUS WORLDS

## UNIVERSITY OF BARCELONA CLOSED AFTER ANTI-MON- ARCHIST RIOTS

The students of Spain, particularly those of the region around Barcelona, are proving an important factor in the troubled political situation in that country. The departure from Barcelona last week of the Infante Don Carlos, Captain-General of Cataluna, which has been regarded as indicating serious trouble to come, was caused largely by a riot of the law students of the University. The students of this restless area have for a long time been markedly anti-monarchist, and the recent expulsion of Macia, a strong advocate of Catalan independence, brought this feeling to a head. A dispatch in the *New York Times* for October 15th says: "The University of Barcelona was closed indefinitely today when students, objecting to the expulsion of Macia, broke windows, beat student proctors who tried to halt the disturbance, and burned a picture of King Alfonso in a courtyard. The rector stood on a balcony and ordered the police not to enter the school. Then he tried to address the students, who drowned out his words with cries of "Death to the King," and "Long live the Republic!"

## EUROPEAN STUDENTS SEEK IN- FORMATION ON PROHIBITION, INDUSTRY, CAPITALISM, EDU- CATION AND AMERICAN CONDITIONS

A list of questions on America and Americans formulated by European students at the International Student Service Conference at Oxford in July was received this week from the American Committee of I. S. S.

The National Student Federation of America is submitting these questions to students throughout the country in an attempt to get definite reactions to these stimulating queries:

1. Is it true that, as a result of higher education, the American woman is highly strung and nervous? (From Ceylon.)

2. America is the land of capitalists. Money interests are said to control education and politics. Is this control excessive? (From Germany.)

3. What does the American stand for in life? The European has pictures of American prosperity, unemployment, big business, social life as

portrayed in the films. Is there a typical American life, student or otherwise? (From Hindustan.)

4. Is there a policeman in the United States who cannot be bribed?

5. Prohibition: How does it work? What are its repercussions?

6. Are women the real rulers in the United States? (From Germany.)

7. What is behind the great increase in the number of registrations in American Universities? Is it inspired by the desire for learning for its own sake, for service, or as an aid to economic advancement? (From Germany.)

8. What effect has standardization in the big industries had upon the workers?

## DUTCH STUDENTS DESCRIBE HOLLAND UNIVERSITIES

The organization of the Dutch students is explained in an article addressed to the National Student Federation of America by C. M. Nienhuys of the Dutch Student Union.

"Briefly, every university and college has its own student life and customs. There are more than 11,000 students, distributed over six universities and four colleges in Holland including Utrecht, Leiden, Amsterdam, Delft and Groningen."

"Each University-town has its own character and recruits its students from certain districts and communities. In Utrecht, many sons of the land-owning nobility of Holland are studying. Leiden has more Dutch aristocracy, and Groningen has many Groningen and Frisian gentlemen—farmers' sons, whilst Amsterdam is conspicuous for its students from intellectual circles and from the commercial milieu, having moreover, a strong Jewish element in its student world."

"The organizations which comprise all the students in the five academies are the faculty-corporations which regulate for the student his studying opportunities. They are so-called professional corporations (vakverenigingen), organizing scientific lectures, outings, announcements of dates, etc."

"Nowhere is such a free and easy studying regime to be found as in Holland. No obligatory college attendance, no examinations after fixed terms of study, nor enforced interrogatories. Certainly, this carries

with it a greater danger for spirits too fond of liberty. However, the selecting influence is of more value."

"In the same way the student is given much more freedom in shaping his life outside his studies, for there are no compulsory clubs or boarding establishments of which he must be a member. There are, however, "corps" in which a student may become affiliated. They are a powerful corporation which sway the student's code of morals and pass it on from generation to generation. Their social life culminates often in beautiful clubs where all the 'solemn' happenings of student life are celebrated."

"As a reaction against the 'ragging' (groenen), which was sometimes too severe, 'bonden' (clubs) sprung up in the eighties, with more democratic tendencies, where also lady-students were admitted."

"Especially in Utrecht, Leiden and Amsterdam they are well to the fore. They too know the social club-life. Between them and the Corps the relations are, as is only natural, not 'loving', and they sometimes give vent to them at nocturnal encounters."

"As you will understand, the R. C. and Calvinistic Corps are social corporations on a religious base."

## NEW COURSE AT UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The University of Southern California has introduced a new course in scenario writing under the tutelage of a Hollywood scenario writer. The best production will be filmed with the assistance of the art and speech departments of the university.—Campus News.

Pennsylvania, Princeton, and the University of California at Los Angeles have made experiments with student churches. And lately, students of Oklahoma A. & M. have made persistent efforts to establish a student church. "Critics noted for their ill opinion of college youth should be softened by such demonstrations," says the Oklahoma editor. The proposed A. & M. church would be devoid of dogma or creed and would provide a channel through which the student could express his views. The fact that the project is meeting with bitter verbal attacks from the local ministerial alliance seems to be spurring on the leaders.

—Collegio.



# The Melting Pot

## BASKET BALL TOURNAMENT

Figures flying—hair streaming—curls bouncing—faces crimson—arms excitedly aching—blouses waving—colors flaunting—purple, yellow, green,—lovely girls sponsoring—clothes, stylishly and attractively worn, cheerleaders peppering it up—girls chewing—girls screeching—girls pretending to understand what it's all about—girls cheering and hoping—a brief sketch of what one sees at the basket ball tournament that has held our attention for several days.

Thud! Thud!—the sound of scurrying feet—Rah! Rah! the unison of voices as spectators yell enthusiastically for their team! "That wasn't fair—it's a technical"—a voice heard through the din as a forward gets two shots at the basket. We're all behind you team"—yells ring out at crucial moments—blah! blah! "We haven't another substitute. Where's a junior?" A panorama of sound. Then there's the brave Junior sponsor who volunteers to enter the game when all effort had appeared futile to produce another junior player. She arose in the midst of the throng and wended her way to disrobe, followed by an admiring group. Hysterical laughter floated from the scene of dressing while time had been called for the operation. In two minutes the loyal one appeared arrayed in a simple tub frock and tennis shoes which had displaced a lovely black outfit. The dark-haired heroine rushed to the floor and although naturally confused by laughter and comments, rose quite nobly to the situation.

We'll take off our hats to her—even if we aren't Juniors! She's our idea of a good sport.

## POLLY PRATTLES TO PATTY

(Continued from page 7)

pretty, isn't she? And Kate? I've heard scores of girls remark about her chic figure. Have you ever noticed that Kate's coloring is a becoming tan—hair and skin, with two vivacious blue eyes? And her personality simply radiates, even through the tan!

Just as a suggestion—Pat—if you see several single saps who apparently have not been captivated, (be sure it's several—one would probably be killed in the rush) send 'em along Montevallo way and they'll be pro-

vided for—'cause honest they're getting fewer and fatter as the Sundays roll 'round. The cute ones are always all dated up before they arrive for our inspection.

And in the meantime, I'm expecting you before many week-ends. Won't it be a lark to gab again far into the night?

As ever,

I love you,  
POLLY.

## BULLETIN BOARD OF INTEREST

Of course everyone has noticed the new bulletin board in Block Hall. The home economics department is trying to help the whole student body by bringing to the public, notice some of the results of investigations made in the various home economics classes. One week a very tempting collection of things which could be bought with a nickel was on display. Later the household equipment class had a very frightening display of knives. On closer investigation it proved to be a really harmless illustration of good and bad characteristics of kitchen cutlery. It is quite in fashion now to watch every day to see what new interesting display will be exhibited.

## FROM HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

Through the cooperation of the Division of Vocational Education and Alabama College there has been created a new position, that of Field Worker in Parent Education. Miss Pearle B. Crawford has the distinction of being the first person to hold this position in the state. Many of you remember her as a former home demonstration agent in Jefferson County. She left there to accept the Laura Spellman Rockefeller Fellowship in Parental Education, and she studied at Columbia, at the Merrill Palmer School, and at the University of Minnesota. She then went to the University of California to organize the nursery school in their new department—the Institute of Child Welfare.

Miss Blanche Tansil is the new Foods Instructor. She took her B.S. at the University of Tennessee, her M.A. at Peabody, and has done further graduate work at the University of Chicago.

Mrs. Lila Pfautz is the new Home Management Instructor. She comes from Iowa State College where she took her B.S. and M.A., and taught part-time on that staff.

Miss Eleanor Haile is in charge of the Home Management House at Columbiana. She took her B.S. and graduate work at the University of Tennessee, and has since been teaching at Cookville, Tennessee, which is a teacher training center.

Other new members of the Home Economics faculty are Miss Lawreane Craft, who came from Ozark to help with supervision of student teachers, and Miss Pearl Burleson, who has been added to the staff of itinerant teacher trainers.

## TO MARKET, TO MARKET

Have you seen Nell and Elizabeth lately? Why do you suppose they are always running here and there with market baskets on their arms? That's it! They are in the Practice Home now. Ask the Senior class advisers about them. They will tell you what a nice time they had when they were invited over to tea Friday evening.

The girls staying in the Practice Home here are: Nell Rodgers, Elizabeth Walters, Velma Smith, Clancy Morrison, Minnie Lou Stinson, and Mary Elizabeth Davis. Those in the Practice Home in Columbiana are: Evelyn Davis, Eloise Rhodes, Mary Wright, Mittie Sprott, Emalene Graham and Bracie Vines.

## HOME ECONOMICS TEAS

The Home Economics Faculty is giving a tea for various groups of the faculty every Friday evening in Block Hall. The girls taking courses in meal-planning serve these teas.

## FRAT BUTLERS ORGANIZE

At the University of Georgia, negro butlers have organized a fraternity to be known as the Silver Kings. Requirements for initiation are: Butler-ship at a Greek letter fraternity, wearing of clothes acquired only from fraternity men, and the attending of every football game.



# "Now, Where Does Mary Live?"

SESSION 1930-31

## FRESHMAN

FRESHMAN		Union Springs		Hawkins, Geroldine B'ham, 1020 43rd Place	
Alison, Emma Knox	Winter	Cox, Elsie Elizabeth	Gadsden	Hawkins, Helen	Montevallo
Aldredge, Vernice	Aldredge	Cox, Martha	Ashville	Hawkins, Hilda	Dothan
Alverson, Virginia	Springville	Crandall, Frances	Dixiana	Haynes, Alta Mae	Lineville
Anthony, Mildred Louise	Midway	Crenshaw, Clara	Greenville	Helms, Lucy Bell	Birmingham
Ard, Mackery	71 Riverside, Ozark	Crosthwait, Anne Jo	Moulton	Helms, Vera	Opp
Armorester, Kathleen	Renfroe	Cumbie, Hazel	Ozark	Henderson, Gearvice	Camp Hill
Arrington, Hazel	Hurtsboro	Cummins, Edan Earle	Gordo	Herren, Ruth	Tallassee
Arthur, Bernice	Fayette	Cunningham, Frances	Aliceville	Haster, Beulah	Russellville
Austin, Codie Lee	Daleville	Dally, Doris	Talladega	Hicks, Elizabeth	Selma, 401 Alabama Ave.
Averyt, Estelle	Orrville	Davies, Bernice	Talladega Springs	Higginbotham, Nina Mae	McCaller
Bailey, Melba Elizabeth	Tallassee	Davies, Louise	Anniston	High, Lena	Bessemer, 414 Owen Ave.
Baird, Mildred	Gruin	Day, Dorothy Louise Selma, 403 Union St.		Hicks, Dorothy J. B'ham, 1908 16 Ave., So.	
Ballas, Marie	Decatur	Deholl, Elizabeth B'ham, 1701 So. 16 Ave.		Hogan, Eleanor	Prattville
Barnes, Katherine	Euton	DeLoach, Margaret	Demopolis	Holder, Dora Anna	Stephensoy
Barnes, Mary Elizabeth	Gallion	DeLoach, Marie	Thomasville	Hollard, Katherine	Gadsden
Barron, Suasan	Andalusia	Denson, Florence	Dothan	Holley, Elizabeth	North Point
Bates, Geneva	Huntsville	Dimit, Catherine	Hylam	Holmberg, Marguerite Faith	Hartsford
Bean, Euda	Adger	Dix, Mary Vernon	Decatur	Holomon, Margaret Bessemer, 1718 Ave. D	
Bell, Dudley 5407 Georgia Road, Birmingham		Drewery, Pauline	Jasper	Hood, Mary	Carrollton
Black, Marjorie	Montevallo	Dockworth, Edna	Cullman	Horn, Myra	Montevallo
Blackwell, Dorothy	Ridgley Apts.	Duren, Wynelle	Birmingham, Route 6	Horton, Margaret Elizabeth	Sumiton
Bland, Nellie Estelle	Abbeville	Dycus, Sarah	Columbiana	Houston, Louise	Bessemer
Bland, Susie Wilson	Abbeville	Easterling, Lucille	Clio	Howell, Bessie Mae	Birmingham
Blaum, Olivia	Birmingham	Eatman, Laura Kate	Pell City	Howell, Kathleen	Mount Hope
Bracewell, Mildred	Blountsville	Edmunds, Mary Elizabeth	Pell City	Howle, Jennie	Wetumpka
Brackett, Jeannette	Republic	Edmundson, Sarah	Bessemer, 1700 3rd Ave.	Howze, Vera	Demopolis
Brannon, Rosa	Headland	Edwards, Martha Evelyn	Ozark	Huddleston, Roberta	Speigner
Brindley, Gene	Huntsville	Ellard, Sara L.	Brent	Hudson, Ala Mae	Russellville
Broyles, Mary Lee	Madison	English, Mary Lee	Rockford	Hudson, Lucy Agnes	Louisville
Brunson, Dorothy 3650 Cotton St., Andalusia		Evans, Jane Morrow	Leighton	Humber, Sadie Kathleen	Fayette
Bryant, Pattie 1421 6th St., Bessemer		Farris, Jewel Elizabeth	Monroeville	Jackson, Frances Gertrude	Brewton
Burge, Marjorie	Kimbrough	Fellows, Edna Lee	Ashford	Jackson, Georgia Lee	Clairmont
Burk, Minnie Lou	Talladega	Finch, Velma	Alberta	Jackson, Katherine	Notasulga
Burks, Viola	Rockford	Fitch, Cleone	Snow Hill	Jackson, Katherine Lee Selma, 5 Union St.	
Burns, Eleanor E. Montgomery, 504 Court St.		Folmar, Sibyl	Luverne	Jackson, Margaret Eva	Mt. Hope
Burrow, Adalee	Lineville	Fondren, Irvyll	Ariton	Jackson, Rosalind Amanda	Tuscaloosa
Calhoun, Evelyn Agnes	Winter	Foy, Lavinia	Eufaula	Jennings, Pauline	Camp Hill
Carlisle, Irene	Wedover	Gaines, La Nella	Haynes	Johnson, Adine	Vernon
Carpenter, Marie	Montevallo	Galloway, Carmia	Frisco City	Johnson, Julie Elizabeth	Sweet Water
Carpenter, Mary Ben	New Hope	Gamble, Cora Dell	Roanoke	Johnson, Mary Hannah	Dothan
Carr, Margaret	Enterprise	Gammell, Willie Pearle	Clayton	Johnson, Virginia Sue	Lineville
Catanzano, Helen B'ham, 1155 N. 13th St.		Garlington, Mildred	Camp Hill	Jones, Cora Ellen Ensley, 2309 16th Street	
Cater, Sarah	Anniston	Gadney, Mary Helen	Lineville	Jones, Frances Alma	Springville
Caton, Louise	Andalusia	Gates, Lena Sara	Eufaula	Jones, Jane	Greenville
Cawton, Mary Jane Selma, 701 Dalac Ave.		Glenn, Edith	Trussville	Jones, Margaret,	Gallion
Chandler, Margaret R. Bessemer 830 14 St.		Gibbs, Lacey Shreveport, La., 814 Cotton St.		Jones, Marjorie	Dothan
Clark, Mildred	Dozier	Haffner, Emma Lee	Selma	Jones, Mildred Ruth	Eufaula
Chapman, Dorothy Louise	Luverne	Hall, Essie Mae	Midway	Jones, Nelle	Auburn
Clenney, Dorothy Carolyn	Abbeville	Hall, Frances	Dothan	Jones, Nina	Collinsville
Cloud, Merle	Prattville	Hall, Margaret B'ham, 1200 No. 13th St.		Jones, Warene	Centerville
Cody, Mildred Leslie Tuscaloosa, 903 22 Ave.		Hand, Mary Katherine	Andalusia	Joruan, Lula	Selma, 18 Union St.
Coleman, Anne	Montevallo	Hanson, Edna Earle	Roanoke	Jordan, Mary	Selma, 403 Malbry Street
Coleman, Mary Cordelia	Anniston	Harden, Edith	Hurtsboro	Keeney, Eleanor Frances	Fairhope
Coley, Margaret Smartt	Alexander City	Hardy, Florice DeVere	Bessemer, Rt. 5	Kerr, Mary	Birmingham, 4501 Ave. D. So.
Colvin, Allene	Albertville	Harmon, Nelle B'ham, 1421, No. 22nd St.		Keynton, Rachel	Montgomery
Combs, Bessie Lee	Fairfax	Harper, Anna Marie	Beatrice	Kilpatrick, Helen	Cullman
Cook, Gladys	Camden	Harris, Julia	Camden	Kimbrel, Eline B'ham, 827 Tuscaloosa Ave.	
Cook, Mildred	Butler	Harris, Katherine Caine	Winfield	King, Norma Louise	Holly Head
Cook, Nina	Butler	Hart, Verna	Harton	Kirksey, Emily	Aliceville
Cook, Virginia	Roanoke	Hartung, Margaret	Cullman	Kirkwood, Ida Selma, 1019 Lauderdale St.	
Copeland, Ammi	Bessemer	Harville, Sara Jo	Jasper	Knight, Aurelia Montgomery, 104 Ann St.	
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JANUARY '31



# ALABAMIAN

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## The Barnacle's Saga

The Barnacle Man lived on a Leg  
Of Lighthouse 33;  
And he lived in the wash of the phosphorous flume,  
And he lived most drippingly  
So that he shone  
With a lovely tone  
All green and purple to see.  
But life on the Leg was dull at best,  
And dragged most dismally;  
For no one cares if a Barnacle's breast  
Has visions of glory and knightly quest,  
Crowned by the radiant lights that rest  
In the eyes of a fair lady.  
He had no precedent, had no goal,  
He had only the phosphorous lights in his soul,  
That flashed from the velvety bay;  
He lived with the wood of his ancestral home,  
The rocketing swell and the feathery foam,  
And the night and the air and the day.

One pale-blue night  
Mixed with thrilling white  
Of the moon, in the sky, on the sea,  
The Barnacle Man  
In his soul began  
To yearn most restlessly  
To burn for the beauties that be,  
The Barnacle Man spoke in his heart,  
On the Leg of 33.  
"Every Wash  
Of this phosphorous slosh  
Is heavy as wine to me;  
This can't go on  
For some great dawn  
I shall put out to sea."  
And a great wave tipped  
On the Leg, and lipped  
Over his head most recklessly;  
"This can't go on,"  
Said the Barnacle's son,  
"I must put out to sea!"

He loosed his hold  
On the Lighthouse old;  
"Farewell, O Wood of my home," said he,  
"The frothing light  
Of this pale-blue night  
Is in the burning heart of me."  
—All orange sparks  
Shots in the darks  
Of the trough where the Barnacle fell.  
And ruffling flume  
Foamed green in the spume  
Of the blowing, deep sea-swell;  
And he plunged in the spray like a soul that embarks  
With a long and a deep farewell.

The wind blew low, the wind blew long;  
The waves dipped up and down;  
And he sailed a thousand miles among  
Both purple seas and brown,  
And he slithered on perilous yellow seas  
Where many a man would drown.  
And the Barnacle found that he had a soul  
Like a white sea-nymph in a shell;  
And he loved the main and its mighty roll  
Mightily passing well;  
And he found that he had such a soul as blooms  
Into purple sails on the sea;  
Into radiant sails flung overhead  
On barks that golden shells be;  
And he lived like a white he-nymph of yore  
Slitting the waves twelve miles off-shore.  
And the Barnacle lived in his new found light  
And wrought till he grew to a Barnacle Knight,  
But he longed to be  
Where ladies might see  
His glory, and murmur his name. . . .

Far, far on a rock that the Barnacle knew,  
Dwelt a Mermaid lone with hair of blue,  
And maddening Mermaid eyes;  
And though he sailed in desperate fear,  
He could not but approach her near  
And worship in knightly wise—  
Till he, as love more anguished grew,

Bespoke her for his prize . . . .  
"O Radiant Being, whose silver scales  
Flash like the southern sea,  
Oh give thy hand like a webbed wand  
To a worshipper such as me!"  
So the Mermaid stared with her wonderful eyes,  
On the Barnacle Knight so free,  
And her lips grew pink  
As a pearl in the brink  
Of an oyster shell in the sea;  
And she sang in a voice of the wind to the spray  
And a bubble to the moon—  
"Oh Knight of my dream; Oh wonderful day;  
My Lord, Oh take me soon."

She stretched her little webbed fingers bright  
To the Barnacle Man on the swell,  
She saw the sail behind his head,  
The purple sail and the shell,  
And the colored sea-weeds from the various seas  
That wreathed and dripped and fell—  
"You have a glorious soul," she said,  
"And I love you as well."  
It was in and out of a thousand isles  
That they sped on a feathery tide,  
And never touched shore, nor wood evermore,  
The Barnacle Knight and his bride;  
And all the ocean wondering watched,  
In admiration sighed.

Then one fell day  
Off Baffin Bay,  
A Terror hove in sight;  
O words of bale,  
The dreadful Whale  
Rolled near in all his might;  
"Be calm, my love, be calm, my dove—"  
Said the valiant Barnacle Knight;  
But with every breath  
She shook for the Death  
That loomed, and wept with fright.

He waved his arm with a gesture grand,  
And gave a terrible shout:  
"What is the meaning of this? Cow-beast!  
I'm a dangerous man to flout!"  
The whale reared back his cavernous jaw  
As if to suck them down in his maw,  
And spouted a torrential spout—  
"Milord," he said,  
And turned quite red, "I'm clumsy at this sort of thing—no doubt—  
But I'm sent to bear  
You to the court where  
The king begs your presence—now don't back out!"

The Barnacle Knight and his bride sped on  
Like a gull that sails up in the glorious dawn!  
And close at their stern, the joyful whale  
Leapt and spouted and flapped his tail,  
Friendly and meek as a whale can be,  
And like a big hound-puppy born of the sea—  
For a man as proud, you understand,  
As proud as the Barnacle Knight we know,  
Would never permit that another's hand  
Should carry him where his shell might go.

So into pale-blue night  
Mixed with thrilling white,  
Sped the brave Barnacle in his frail shell;  
And all the orange sparks  
Lit it the deep wave-darks  
Gleamed with the ruffling green of the swell;  
Purple spread forth the sail  
Into the pale-blue gale,  
Rocked to the wash of the phosphorous flume;  
And like a nymph of yore  
Skimming twelve miles off shore  
Mid spitting bubbles and feathering spume,  
Thus, with the maid, his love  
Thus, as brave spirits move,  
Sailed on the Barnacle Wanderer free;  
Thus, with his new-found soul,  
Thus, with the King his goal,  
Sped in his wreathed shell over the sea.

—MARY A. LITTLE.



# Jubilee

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED ninety-six—thirty-four years. A small institution has become an important college—guided by free, timeless spirits bent upon inspired errands, mystical and splendid as the treasure at the rainbow-end.

Jubilee—the thirty-fifth year will mark another full flush of power that the growing tune of Alabama College will yield. To sense again the high power of growing in defiance of limitation within the midst of activities—to live and learn another year—a jubilee year.

The clock and the calendar have only been useful tools in the past thirty-four years, they have had no power—only to serve and not to impose limitations upon the growth. The rules of mankind have been learned—transcended—spiritual essence wrung from them—adding growth. Strong in the belief of unfathomed resources Alabama College enters into the thirty-fifth year to achieve the best work of the ages.

The period of doubt and fear, of groping and bewilderment when it was not known whether Alabama College would grow or fail has been passed—and now a flood of gratitude for the achievement of those before goes with us into the beginning of the thirty-fifth year—the year of jubilee.

At the beginning of this year Alabama College is certain where once it doubted; it will act where once it wavered; it will justify faith and build on strong foundations where once it vaguely hoped. A timeless quality, a mystical power of unlimited growth and achievement through the seasons to come will add more to the already lofty shrine of education—demanding purpose, effort, and achievement—for 'tis the year of jubilee.)

No matter how rich the prize or how long the tale of preceding victories, no matter how complete the seeming failures—the half has never been shown; Alabama College will keep strong in the added faith that is coming—and it shall come. All the beauty, all the power that is offered in the realm of dreams and reality will be gathered anew to begin anew—the thirty-fifth year—the year of jubilee.

The deep wells of life, courage, honor, and self respect will be drained. Never is true greatness known until great experiences have been passed. This year again Alabama College will go forward sure—tried and triumphant.

Alabama College has aspired—has achieved. Failure and repentance and renewed efforts

have been dominating forces in its growth—for none who aspire and achieve may evade those forces. And now the gates swing open on another year—another year that will surpass the rest—for 'tis indeed the year of jubilee.

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## A CATALOGUE

January—a miser—sinister.  
 February—a reverent minister.  
 March—a salesman—blustering.  
 April—gossipers—clustering.  
 May—an orphan child.  
 June—a gypsy wild.  
 July—a widow—poor.  
 August—a Russian boor.  
 September—a dying youth.  
 October—a bridegroom—uncouth.  
 November—a cynic—scorn.  
 December—a Christ child born.

—LEILA BRUCE.

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## MISER

I heard that January is a miser  
 She hides her vivid colors in black and gray  
 And that we could do without January  
 For life should be gay.

The black limbs so stark and bare  
 Shivering in the wind that cuts and swirls,  
 Moaning within thick coats of ice  
 Dancing toward spring with ecstatic whirls.

Black limbs and gray clouds  
 Shivering winds and biting cold  
 But was it not January,  
 Following the three wise men of old.

—LEILA BRUCE.

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Above my head the swallow wheels  
 Seeking his home with mournful notes,  
 —The rain-drops on his breast.  
 The rain's cold touch has frightened him  
 Even as it has frightened me.  
 It is the touch of death.

For death is dread reality  
 Life,—the smoke from a candle's flame  
 Flickering in the night;  
 We,—but the moths that hem it round,  
 Struggling with frail, silken wings  
 To die upon the light. . . .

—MILDRED NUNGESTOR.



# Date Data

**H**AVE YOU ever wondered where the dates come from? Wouldn't it be logical to wonder where each white-shirted, blue-tied, Florsheim-shoed male hails from; or that nice red-haired prince of a fellow whose poudre-blue veins bulge when curly heads yell from second story windows? Or perhaps the two boys—one a blonde, the other a brunette, who both wear brown extremely well? And the funny looking Smith youth whose profile compares favorably with our ape ancestors. Not to mention Joan's boy-friend who twiddles the second button from the top of his coat (he always forgets the vest) and shifts from one foot to the other as though Hanson parlors had hot floors? Oh, yes! and what ol' hometown claims the two youths who went to Main and became bewildered? (Boys do go to Main. Freshmen have the habit, you know, of writing the boys back home to come—the true worn line—entirely bereft of male companionship, and all that woeful plea). Since the girls hadn't given them the proper instructions they tripped the light fantastic toe up the stairs—they tripped and tripped until they reached the second landing. A female figure bouncing down from third greeted them with a shout and shoved them downstairs with the information that they were in "no man's land." These men!

But where do they come from? It isn't a secret. A bit of research revealed the mystery. Pink slips—blue slips—yellow slips—don't be alarmed—no change of subject—reference is to date slips—with all types of handwriting. Scratchy, straight, up-and-down writing; the backward twist that so many lassies employ to make their signature individual, or a formal forward gliding that makes one think of a rippling brook on a summer's day. It was quite amusing to observe how enthusiastically some of the girls had written "No" to the black printed query of "brother"?

Actual statistics indicate that for the past month the following dormitories have sported representatives from the ensuing cities. Watch for his abode, girls, look this way, please—and you might smile:

Ramsey—Birmingham, Selma, Tuscaloosa, Bessemer, Fayette, Montgomery, Auburn, Wetumpka, Wilton, Columbiana, Centerville, Sylacauga, Scottsboro, Dolomite, Eutaw, and Alexander City.

Hanson—Auburn, Sylacauga, Wilton, Montevallo, Birmingham, Minter, Berlin, Montgomery, West Blocton, Amory, Miss., Greensboro,

Tuscaloosa, Union Springs, Atlanta, Ga., Bessemer, Calera, Hartselle, Attalla, Marbury, Bologee.

Main—Montevallo, Selma, Auburn, Birmingham, West Blocton, Camden, Pell City, Gadsden, Ensley, Clanton, Tuscaloosa, Bessemer, Columbiana, Dothan, Abbeville, Furman, Opelika, Fairhope.

Several points might be commented upon in glancing over this list. We first see that most of the young men who visit our campus are from some certain ten towns. We notice that Main has the largest number of sources, which would quite naturally be the case because of the throngs of girls housed in the one dormitory. Most of us would be extremely surprised to know that some eight beau brummels from the city of Montevallo came 'a courtin' within our gates on an average of practically twice a week. They're being mean to us girls who aren't favored. We rather console ourselves when fellow-students date boys from afar (we always told our friends that we abhor having dates on the campus. One felt silly, we feel that they simply aren't acquainted with us.) But when boys whom we see on one of the two corners twice daily fail to recognize our attractiveness, it strikes deeply.

Rumors have drifted about that home talent is much more to be appreciated than the imported swains, but how are we to know?

## A RAT'S HYMN

Oh, I wish I had never heard of college,  
I wish there was no such thing as a degree,  
I wish all the speech, Spanish and history,  
Could be thrown in the bottom of the sea.

Please meet me tonight in the library  
Bring your pencil and paper and pen,  
And we will study the growth of civilization  
From be-gin-ning to the end.

On Monday we have peas, hash and potatoes,  
On Tuesday we have potatoes, peas and hash  
On Wednesday corn, okra, beans and spaghetti  
Friday, Saturday and Sunday we have a mixture of them all.

If I had the wings of an angel,  
Over these campus gates I would fly.  
I would fly to my homestead in Bessemer,  
And there I'd be willing to die.

(This was written by a homesick rat the first week of school.)



# Where Honor Is Due

THERE IS a subtle, fragrant, intangible something called personality. It has never been exactly defined and probably never will, but it is very evident when people possess in the finest degree this mystical element. In looking around the Alabama College campus, the observer for such minute melodies immediately discerns one, a very eminent faculty member who is the possessor of that magical personality.

With an intellect as keen as the blades of Indian corn, with a disposition as cheerful as Peter Pan, with a smile more ingratiating than old Man World's, with a store of energy more active than Vesuvius, with a capacity for strong decisions acknowledged by the wise—the faculty member walks in our campus kingdom holding a respect similar to that of a patriarch of old.

He has such a broad view that nothing is overlooked. He can see the flaws in a student and still appreciate the ability of the person.

One to whom a great many of the students of Alabama College go when they are blue—to gain a new outlook—to seek another inspiration—knowing all the while that they will be received with sympathetic interest. Knowing, too, that problems seemingly so large in a student's mind will be solved partly if not altogether—also feeling confident that those secrets or personal problems will go no further.

When some people grow older they seem to lose contact with that part of youth—that part that plays curious tricks in the mind—that part that makes people of college age do what the public sometimes calls silly, adolescent acts—but not so with him. He seems to know the very motives that instigated such things—and does not judge the offender by public opinion but by an opinion of his own—giving a judgment that does not lack in understanding and fairness.

To many students encouragement is necessary to awaken a tiny germ of hidden talent. From him this needed flame is given—not in miserly flashes either, but similar to a stream—steady and unswerving, trying to create a magnificent waterfall of achievement.

In campus activities, he is a leader—setting an example, himself, of leadership and fellowship. Every justifiable cause has his attention—concentrated on the fundamentals that make better benefit society.

Comradeship—that is the feeling when with him. He does not have that superior aloofness, that immobile face of authority but a warmth radiating from a smile that seems to invoke the spirit of confidences that are not betrayed. Mingled with this is a definite sportsmanship that is not merely a dormant characteristic but a living, glowing filament in his making.

We do not believe in waiting for the clinging smell of flowers for the droning eulogy—for the time worn words—"He was such a good man." We advocate expressing appreciation where appreciation is due—while that person is active. So to that faculty member we want to express thanks and gratitude for his support, understanding, and the tiny seeds of encouragement and hope that he has planted deep

into the hearts of those fortunate enough to know him.

## TONIGHT

Tonight as you wandered by in my hall of dreams  
My heart stood—quivering—still  
And the odor of roses softly clings.

In my temple invisible lips whisper of dragon flies  
Golden filaments—silver flakes in meditative ecstasy  
In the painted pools of thought—trembling—  
dies.  
—LEILA BRUCE.





# EDITORIAL

## RADIO

**N**CESSITY is the mother of invention—a maxim which proved true in Ramsay and Hanson Halls. Feeling the necessity of a radio and realizing that one could not be procured, except by student efforts, the girls displayed a wonderful spirit of cooperation in pledging themselves to pay their bit toward the new “machine”. The coveted radio occupies a prominent position in the parlors of the respective dormitories. We wish to commend the initiative taken by the students, the method of financing the undertaking by the finance committees, and the wonderful spirit of cooperation displayed by everyone.

## GOSSIP

**G**OSSIP—always a fashionable habit—has its seasons of predominance similar to that of basket ball, football, and other means of pastime. When the jubilee event of the year has become a memory and when the very air is filled with the spirit of resignation and uselessness of labor, gossip reigns supreme. This gossip is similar to athletics in that it has an unfavorable side? Gossip is a pastime which has very, very few outlooks which are favorable. It is prejudiced, unfair, and more than half the time untrue. It is destructive to both the accusers and the accused. It warps the minds of those who eternally practice its use. Overnight it can change one's entire status of society and work. Those people who have engaged in its discourse for such a great length of time that it has become an incessant habit are truly the greatest demoralizing force found in any community.

Among our numerous resolutions for this year may we firmly insert one which is strictly and severely against mere gossip and which thoroughly approves a more worthwhile, higher type of passing ones' surplus time.

## BOREDOM

**T**RAGEDY and comedy, laughter and tears, joy and sorrow all find a place in this microcosm that we call the campus.

Hypocrisy and sincerity, courage and cowardice, nobility and paltriness, kindness and cruelty. All the emotions and most of the deeds of the wider world swirl round about us in this torrent of campus life.

And still—there are those who are “griped” with boredom!

There are so many things beneath the sur-

face of campus life—the rich subtleties that are its chief joy—its essential purpose. We should let the beauty of friendships, the appreciation of real things on the campus flow into us, transforming our inner selves into the similitude of the loveliness of clouds and stars and trees.

These things will allow us to expand, slowly, unconsciously, naturally, into that beautiful, subtle, fragrant thing called—personality.

## HONOR

**E**ACH MONTH is famous for the things it brings us. January is highly famous—for it brings us the New Year and also Exams. As examinations approach the studious become ardent in their preparations, and those more or less laggard find their way to a textbook or a library reference. A general little flurry of preparation is evident.

This evidence of the approach of exams brings to mind the spirit of honor which pervades always, and especially during the time of examinations.

At this time honesty and honor assume their highest positions. There has been no blot on honesty's name this year. Shall not the conclusion of examination week find us as before—devoid of anything that is even suggestive of dishonor.

## RETURN TO ROUTINE

**T**HE RETURN from holidays always finds many dissatisfied, many unhappy and discontented. The attitude is partially assumed and partly real. That which is real is the least heard of, yet the most obvious. You who are unhappy, do you exaggerate your degree of utter displeasure? Will you not analyze your position and reach some definite, sane, conclusion as to the causes and the intensity of your woe? Too, will you attempt to conceal the disgust, the hatred of the return to routine? The fulfillment of these suggestions would greatly alleviate the unsettled discontent which is in evidence for a few days after school is resumed.

## CUT SYSTEM

**O**UR NEW “cut” system is a bit difficult to comprehend and to carry out, but we are very much pleased with it, in that it places some responsibility on the student. It makes us feel that we are progressing, even though slowly, beyond the stage of being superintended and cared for as we were in our grammar school days.



# Polly Prattles to Patty

Dearest Patty:

If I remember correctly—which is very improbable because of this poor, warped brain of mine—you wrote to me only a week ago, and here I sit, pen in hand, all agog with fond memories of the holidays and simply aching to tell you what has been happening—or better still what is going to happen! Oh, well, I haven't any resistance so here goes:

"The fondest thing we is of" is discussing the dances, banquets and celebrations of all kinds—even weddings—that we attend before we returned to our Alma Mater—Patty, if you ventured down to see us now you'd receive the most cordial greeting you've ever experienced. An extra edition of the *Alabamian* would probably be issued with box car headlines something like this: *Girl of Medium Height Arrives Garbed in Black—Overcome by Mob Which Surges After Her in Keen Anticipation of Relief from Comments on Christmas Holidays.*

Really, dear, you can't know how bored everyone is with the other's tale or how angry one is when the other's story is a bit more exaggerated or wilder than the last one she told. Something must turn the trend of thought. I'd even rather hear practically everyone in school say that they have classes until 5:30 most every day which of course isn't to be believed—oh! I have it—College Night steals in at the last of February and then school simply goes mad over it. Patty, you know the splendid cooperative spirit that prevails for that occasion. Isn't it wonderful and incredible? That keen yet friendly rivalry which makes February the month of the year at Alabama College.

You'll think this absurd, but it's been loads of fun. . . . You see, I've never been able to find a girl whom I thought ideal in every respect, so having failed, I've piece-mealed one—a mosaic, so to speak. You know most of the girls and I'm anxious to get your opinion on the subject.

My ideal girl would have dark hair either like Lacey Gibbs or Maiben Hixon. She would have the laughing, sparkling brown eyes of Sara Edmundson or the dark-fringed blue eyes of Avis Caddell. Her smile would be spontaneous as the smile of Kate Pierce and would disclose the loveliest dimples in school—Evelyn Leak's. My ideal girl would have Elizabeth Gibbon's fair, smooth complexion and Martha Hyndman's superb show of glistening teeth. She

would have the vim and vigor of Rachel Broadnax and the honest, straightforward manner of Ruth Scott. Her hand would be firm and deft like Helen Yarbrough's and Effie Cowan's or small and expressive like Bell McColl Hart's. The ideal girl I have pictured must be dainty and effeminate like Emma Lee Haffner and as altogether adorable as Hattie Wallace Bullard. Oh! yes, her figure might be as delightfully slender and boyish as Annie Seay Owens' or as admirably formed as Helen Webb's. The lower limbs should be nicely moulded like Toncie Summerville's, while the feet of Emily Montgomery would be a huge asset. A fascinating feature would be the lips of Lois Eich—and a nose? Whose nose? Noses are difficult. There are such varied and sundry noses. Martha Spark's saucy one or Floyce Griffin's classic nose would be nice. Then, too, I'd love for my ideal girl to be as quietly sweet and convincing as Mary Whorton or as earnest as Dorothy Day and as cheerful as Elizabeth Averyt. She'd also profit by wearing clothes as nonchalantly as Mary Lowe.

But here I sit, penning a long epistle to you, as always, and eagerly awaiting a similar missive from such an interesting individual as Patty—what say?

Loving you,

POLLY.

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## CLASSES

I sit and chew the end of my pen,  
I glance through the window pane, and then—  
I hurriedly take down a note or two,  
( 'Tis true I take entirely too few).  
A question is asked and I'm ashamed,  
(For answering questions I ne'er was famed.)  
My pen grows idle, my glances wander.  
(When inside, always of outside I'm fonder.)  
The chapel bell rings and class is out,  
While I'm still wondering what 'twas about.



## BEFORE AND AFTER

'Twas the night before holidays,  
And all through the air  
Sounded the gaiety of students  
Without even a care.

A Christmas carol here, a gay voice there, and down the hall laughter. Gaiety pervades the whole atmosphere, peeping into the tiniest recesses. Excitement, pitched to a high tone, holds eyes open long past the usual "lights out". Merry, joyous, and extremely expectant, the individuals await the morrow with much anxiety. A hilarious bridge game occupies one group, a "bull session" another, and farther down a small music box moans out its shrill notes for the benefit of a few rapt listeners. A sudden and rather loud, "To-morrow, to-morrow" sung to the tune of a former favorite song hit attracts a moment's attention. Answering calls come from the room at the end of the hall. The scene suggests confusion, riotous glee and taut nerves waiting and expectant. For will to-morrow not bring fairyland after a veritable valley of chaos and travail?

'Twas the night after holidays  
And all through the air  
Sounded the moaning of students,  
Tearing their hair.

An individual here, a yawn there, and a quiet exasperated ejaculation farther down. The whole atmosphere is one of resignation and utter weariness. Each individual so full of thoughts, memories, and so ready to impart these things—and so fatigued. Again there is a game of bridge and again music—this time a popular song which is connected with Christmas events. Now the hour is 9:30 and the halls are deserted. Intimate conversations, low and without laughter, come from behind closed doors. The busy scratch of pens tells the woe of the return—with perhaps the suggestion of a blot here and there. This scene suggests resignation, unrest, and a great longing for that which was. For has not the fairyland vanished, the fairy prince, and everything? And are we not back in the house of the witch, Work, and his hand maid, Study?

## CATS CLASSIFIED

Cats,—black, white, and particoloured. Be assured, I am not obsessed with the idea. I am merely pondering upon their classification at Alabama College. Why do they linger around the infirmary? Does Dr. Peck conduct classes for cats at the witching hour of mid-night? Are they Freshmen? Nay, not so; everyone knows that cats are death to rats. Are they Sopho-

mores? Of course not. They are too wise to be foolish and too foolish to be wise; therefore they are neither wise fools nor foolish seers! Are they Juniors? No, their midnight serenades are far from jolly—but they are not serious enough to be Seniors. What are they? I have it! They are Alabama's class of graduate students! They possess just the right amount of sagacious wisdom and the same blank expression that is often thought of in connection with the search for a Ph.D.

## COLLEGE NIGHT LEADERS

Before the next edition of the *Alabamian* makes its appearance the College Night Leaders for 1931 will have been elected; the magnificent preparations will be underway, and the old "spirit" will have the campus in its grip. Many freshmen have asked: What is this thing, College Night? They have received many and varied answers. But to understand, the real College Night must be experienced. It is that event of supreme importance which can come only once a year. It brings with it that tense excitement, that extraordinary spirit of friendly rivalry, and that secretiveness which lends so much to its enchantment.

For this event two people receive the great honor of College Night Leaders. These girls must be either from the Junior or Senior classes, and must hold no major office. They are entrusted with the success of the greatest event of the college year. They are responsible for the spirit which pervades the campus at this time. They must direct and lead the divided student body in such a way that the division will be vital and antagonizing—yet friendly—and in the end united. These are some few of the many duties and privileges of our College Night Leaders.

Who shall they be?

## NEW EXPERIENCE FOR SOCIOLOGY OFFICES

The date parlors of Main were filled to their capacity and still the dates arrived. It became a question of the survival of the fittest—or the rewards to the longest waiter. The late arrivals found their reserved space only in corners and in the center of the room. Lucky for these unfortunates, some members of the Advisory Committees for the Sophomore and Freshmen classes saw their tragic predicament and immediately sought a relief for the situation. The super supply of dates were housed in the offices of the Sociology Department. Each had a cozy room with two of their "advisory friends" as house chaperones.



# FUDGE and FAGOTS

## SPEECH NEWS

**T**HE PLAY PRODUCTION class gave in chapel, December 11th, a one act play entitled "HOW COME CHRISTMAS."

The cast was composed of members of the class. Those taking speaking parts were:

Willie—Virginia Brannon.

Christine—Cherokee Shirley.

Delia—Sara Huff.

Professor—Dorothy Davis.

The setting was a country church. The principal theme grew out of an argument about whether Santa Claus or Jesus was responsible for Christmas.

The same program was given on December 9th for the Studiosis Club.

## SPEECH TEA RECITAL

The Speech Tea Recital was given December 15th in Ramsay Parlors with Virginia Brannon, Dorothy Davies, and Dorothy Kitchens as hostesses. The program consisted of readings given by Margaret Allen Wallis, Annie Lera Strickland, and Cherokee Shirley.

## CAN YOU DEBATE?

All girls who like to argue stop, look and listen! One of the most lamentable facts at Alabama College is the lack of interest in debating. Probably this seeming lack of interest is due to the lack of knowledge of the importance and the future of debating. Challenge after challenge has been sent to Alabama College from other schools and due to our negligence or lack of interest we have had to reply that we have no debating team. This should not go on in a school of the size and standing of Alabama College. On January 14th a meeting will be held of all those interested in debate and who desire to try-out for the team. The economic questions of today are of such vital importance to the general public that they seem almost a challenge in themselves. Everybody—especially each member of the Forensic Club is urged to do her part to help put Alabama College on the map in debate work.

## DRAMATIC CLUB PLAY

"Everywoman," a realistic play, to be presented by the Dramatic Club, January 10th, has the following cast:

Nobody	Ruth Scott
Youth	Rachel Broadnax
Beauty	Margaret Allen Wallis
Modesty	Marjorie Moss
Everywoman	Evelyn Fulford
Flattery	Dorothy Davies
Truth	Alice Nettles
Love	Floyce Griffin
Bluff	Elizabeth Veitch
Stuff	Verna Hart
Coy	Ruth Reaves
Pert	Alva Craig Kendrick
Flirt	Jamie Frederick
Dimples	Bido Purvis
Curls	Zona Martin
Giggles	Cherokee Shirley
Shape	Virginia Brannon
Smiles	Winnie Mae Toomer
Sly	Winfred Carney
Curves	Katherine Jackson
Time	Elizabeth Sanders
Wealth	Inamurl Smith
Witless	Dorothy Kitchens
Conscience	Belle McCall Hart
Passion	Floyce Griffin
Growl	Janice Calder
Sneak	Hazel Jackson
Puff	Dora Little
Age	Claudia Schwoon
Greed	Dorothy Davies
Self	Stella Peoples
Vanity	Iris Walton
Vice	Winfred Carney
Law	Jim Bethune
Order	Dora Little
Charity	Maury Wisdom
Ellen Haven Gould	Director
Claudia Schwoon	Stage Manager
Annie Seay Owen	Art Designer

## NEWS FROM THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The music department announces the following programs for the month of January:

January 11—Mr. Alonzo Meek of Selma in an organ recital.

January 25—Mr. Herbert C. Grieh in an organ recital.

January 30—Miss Augusta Hardin of the voice department in a recital.

The music department will participate in the radio programs for January as follows:

January 8—Miss Hardin.

January 9—Mr. Ziolkowski.

January 15—Federation of Women's Clubs.

January 16—Mrs. Chamberlin's pupils.

January 22—Miss Jones

January 23—Miss Farrah.

January 29—Miss Hardin.

January 30—Mr. Ziolkowski.

## DID YOU KNOW?

We have all heard Mr. Ziolkowski play, yes, and we have all heard him play some of his own compositions too, but did you know that he gave an entire recital from his own compositions at the December meeting of the Montevallo Music Club?

## CONVOCATION PROGRAMS

January 13. The Physical education department will give a program consisting of tumbling, dancing and other features.

January 16. James Saxon Childers, professor of literature at Birmingham-Southern will speak to us. He is an outstanding author in Alabama.

January 23. Miss Agnes Ellen Harris, dean of women at the University of Alabama and also head of the Home Economics Department there will speak to us. She has a nation-wide reputation in Home Economics and is the State Chairman of the A. A. U. W. fellowship fund drive.

January 30. The second talk in the series of talks given by the health department will be given.

We still have the pleasure, during the month, of hearing our own president and dean on their respective days, Monday and Wednesday.

## CLASS BEAUTIES CHOSEN

Much interest has been stirred up on the campus by the selection of class beauties for the Technala. The girls chosen to represent the different classes are:

Freshman—Mary Ellen Worthy, Jennie Underwood, Dorothy Sowell.

Sophomores—Gwendolyn Nettles, Lacey Gibbs, Dudley Bell.

Juniors—Flo Fraley, Margaret Allen Wallis, Katherine Carroll.

Seniors—Carolyn Fussel, Myrtle Kelley, Bethany Sharman.



### MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Heaven, according to one of our English Teachers, is an English class in which every student has some topic upon which she is anxious to write a theme. The more popular conception is that, after Gabriel's trumpet has sounded, themes and English classes will be found only in the warmer regions.

### ANNUAL CHRISTMAS TREE OMITTED

The Christmas tree for the negroes, which in years past has been a feature of the annual Christmas programs was omitted this year. This omission was justified by the fact that due to the present economic depression there are many jobless and poverty stricken people who would appreciate aid more than the negroes. The Y. W. C. A. therefore gave a small contribution to the social welfare department instead of spending the same sum for the usual Christmas tree.

### JUNIOR DANCE

**S**ATURDAY, December 13, spelled anything but bad luck for Alabama College. Girls were seen running here and there with arms full of mistletoe, red and green paper, tinsel, and Christmas bells. Christmas trees and fireplaces were dragged in the direction of the gym. "What's up?"

"Why, the Junior Dance. I thought everybody knew about that."

The Juniors, like the spirit of Christmas soon turned the bare, cold gym into a dance hall fairly bubbling with Christmas warmth and cheer. Streams of red and green were extended to the center of the room where they were caught together by a huge red bell. A Christmas tree was decorated in one corner and a fireplace mysteriously appeared. To complete the picture, stockings were hung, candles lighted, and clocks wound. Coming on the floor you found yourself in a mass of fir trees covered with snow and icicles which formed a perfect contrast to the warmth and light. A real Santa Claus appeared through the fireplace and presented the best dancers with prizes. Miss Flint and Miss Surles acted as real judges for the elimination dance. Dora Little and Annie Seay Owen, looking like two very expectant little boys did a tap dance and then looked for Santa. They were not disappointed.

Eddie, Sarah, and Edith, as usual, were an orchestra in miniature. To you, Juniors, we say we want more dances—especially Christmas ones.

## ATHLETIC NEWS

**T**HE DECEMBER meeting of the Physical Education Club very happily combined instructiveness and entertainment. The first part of the meeting, which was open to the entire student body, consisted of the showing of some hockey moving pictures. In spite of the unceasing jumpiness of the film, the pictures were quite effective, as was proved by the wide-open mouths and bulging eyes which responded to the speed of the action photographed. Such speed is certainly not to be found on our Hockey field when we leisurely amble down the field to the goal, at which we shoot if we feel so inclined and if not we attempt to pass to someone who is not near Stone-wall Brown. Miss Mossdrop gave any needed explanations of the pictures and afterwards gave a very interesting talk on hockey. Miss Mossdrop believes in really playing hockey if you come out for class teams, and if you don't come out—well, you should!

### DEMONSTRATION HOCKEY GAME FOR HOWARD

A few Saturdays ago, Blue and Black meant something more than bruises. It meant the two opposing teams for the demonstration game put on for our Howard visitors. Those girls who were not to play did some mad rushing about in their attempts to borrow shoes, dresses, etc., with which to impress those fair co-eds.

The Blue team was victorious, although not overwhelmingly so. Several of our players made quite a hit with the visitors. They spoke praisingly of "Brown" ("that cute little blonde full-back"), Genie, and Sue Beech. Also the visitors seemed to envy us our peppy gym teachers.

The girls who played in the game were: Lucile Cory, Jean Liston, Elizabeth Reeves, Sara Langston, Jessie Mae Kaylor, Floyce Griffin, Winnie Mae Toomer, Mildred Clark, Sue Beech Garren, Inez Bailey, Izelle Brown, Eula Thorne, Edna Steele Bell, Lucy Causey, Clara Mae Farr, Helen Ross, Madelin Martin, Eugenia Morrow, Jeannette Hamilton, Mamye Chandler, Beth Wallace and Agnes Ernest.

After the game the athletic board had a tea for the visitors in Ramsay—informal, and how!

### PHYSICAL EDUCATION PARTY

On December 16, the Physical Education Club had its first social—a

kid Christmas party. All the Physical Education Majors dressed in either short dresses or short pants, devoured suckers, soda water, and animal crackers. Dora's and Annie Seay's tap dance and Christmas Dream were just the right thing in the right place. Other features were:

Santa—Jo Woodward.

Rag Doll—Kate Pierce.

Jumping Jacks—Winnie Mae Toomer and Sue Beech Garren.

Clowns—T. P. Chandler and Eugenia Morrow.

Tin Soldiers—Mary Stuart and Sarah Edmonson.

On December 17th, the Elementary School Play Classes put on a Christmas entertainment in Reynolds Hall for the parents and elementary school. The object of the entertainment was to show what the teachers are doing during the play periods. The grades taught by Miss Mossdrop's practice teachers were represented:

Grade I—Santa Claus' Bag (rhythms).

Grade II—A Christmas Story Play.

Grades III and IV—(Boys) stunts.

Grades III and IV—(Girls) folk dancing.

Grades V and VI—(Boys) stunts.

Grades V and VI (Girls) folk dancing.

### MONOLOGUE IN QUESTIONS

"Did you have a good time? What did you do? Did he really? A watch? For goodness sake let me glance at the thing? What did you give him? Oh, was it a pretty color? Did it look good under his coat? How many dances? Who took you? Oh, you don't mean it? Didn't you bust up with him last Christmas? And he asked you again? More power to you, eh? Was the New Year's dance good? Who all had a good time? Is she as cute as they say she is? I didn't think she was. Did she really? Well, no wonder she got a rush. Where did you get that new dress? Oh, Santa Claus? He who was good to you, wasn't he? Who did you date? Were there many parties? Did you say sleepy? Man, I don't think I'll ever get caught up. S'pose I ever will? Hate to come back? Oh, my goodness I feel like the little boy who ate the cookies and then got locked in the closet for punishment. Don't you feel like you've dropped about a million feet? I don't see how I can ever get back in the grind, do you? Oh, me I think I'll take a nap to recuperate a little bit. Wake me up will you in 20 minutes in time for that gym class?"



## RESOLUTIONS

BELLS RING, fireworks glitter toward the moonless sky, a siren screams its grating melody—this is the New Year. A New Year and the inevitable resolutions. The debutante stands against the velvet curtain of the french window, glass held high, resolving to destroy all forbidden habits. The beggar, cold and a little disgusted, pulls his frazzled scarf closer and mutters a resolve which will not be beneficial to the wealthy who pass him by. The baby awakes, and frightened by the large cannon, utters a terrified moan, probably resolving that such annoying noises should be prohibited. The joyous sailor coming into port resolves that a job on land shall be obtained in order to be near the children. The merchant fatigued after the Christmas rush resolves to have a larger sales force next year and to charge less for his white rabbits and golden ducks. The little boy who ate too much turkey and too many red and white sticks of candy resolves never again to even gaze at red and white sticks of candy. The young man bidding his most cherished "date" adieu resolves to pay the jeweler an immediate visit. The tired mother rocking her sick child resolves in some way to give the children new coats and hats as soon as possible. The reverent minister lifts holy eyes to the heavens and his lips move in a prayer for mankind. The already homesick Freshman resolves forever that her daughter shall never be sent to college—especially on the day before New Year's. The convict seeing the glare from the fireworks between two iron bars resolves that on his departure, three years hence, he will be through with jails and all things that lead to them. The little girl holding tight to her mother's hand resolves to grow up just like Miss Jameson, the pretty Sunday School teacher. The editor of the city daily resolves that this new year's edition of his paper shall be better than ever before. The teacher resolves to be more patient with the children and more kind to little half-wit John. The negro cook, Lucindy, wide-eyed and excited resolves, "nebah to take no more of them victuals ob Miss Mary's." The doctor returning from a late call resolves to clean up the city and also to stop making calls after nine o'clock at night. The miser waking from a long and sound sleep resolves to cut down on living expenses and to save at least a hundred dollars more than last year. The actor, a little vain over past praise, resolves to "take the world by storm."

The overworked business man resolves to slacken in his work and to take the vacation he has planned for so many years. The cannons boom and each individual makes resolutions covering every phase of activity.

After a time one by one the noises and lights disappear and calm remains. The debutante goes back to her party, the tired mother continues her rocking, and the miser returns to his sleep. The resolutions fly away with the smoke from the fireworks and all leave a trace of—nothing.

## POLITENESS VS. HONESTY

Why do we come to College? Dr. Agnew, President of Woman's College, Montgomery, Alabama, propounded this much debated question, Friday, December 12, during the convocation hour. Introducing his subject as one of his numerous extemporaneous addresses, he proceeded to prove conclusively that as an extemporaneous speaker he is extraordinarily accomplished. His attitude, far from being that of an antiquated professor, was one of broad and humorous tolerance. He stated that although students at Woman's College are rarely conscious of clearly defined motives in coming to college, we of Alabama College probably come here as Freshmen equipped with a set of definite motives. Dr. Agnew, it seems, disagrees with the accepted maxim, "Honesty is the best policy" in assuming that politeness is a far better one.

To Dr. Agnew and his ability to talk to college women, we offer praise.

## ANNUAL PAGEANT PRESENTED

The annual Christmas Pageant sponsored by the Young Women's Christian Association and given the last Sunday before the holidays was a colorful and realistic affair. It was a nativity pageant, "The Duquesne Christmas Mystery," by Thomas Wood Stevens.

The west side of Calkin's Hall was used as a background. The prophets appeared first with their message of the coming of a Savior—the Kings and Shepherds as they approached the birthplace of Jesus saw and heard the angelic hosts. The final scene was a tableaux of Joseph, Mary, and the Babe. The lighting effect lent much to the pageant. The chorus of fifty voices singing within Calkins added also to the solemn mystery and sublimity of the scene.

At the close of the pageant the four class presidents gave their wishes of Christmas spirit and cheer.

## THEN THEY TELL THIS ONE

THE BULL SESSION was in full swing. The question at the moment was the most embarrassing experience of one's life. Mary had related her woeful tale of slipping and sitting down calmly on the dance floor at her first formal dance. Jane had tragically pictured her utter misery over sending Henry's letter to the dean and the dean's note to Henry. The anecdotes were some of "life's richest moments." Next it was Nancy's time. "Well it was just like this—you probably won't believe me, I haven't told any one yet and I made Lucy swear she wouldn't tell it for love nor money. You know in the handbook what it says about fire drills?"

"No, what does it say?" this from sophisticated Mary.

"Well, if you'd had that handbook drilled into you as I have you'd know it plenty good. Anyway it says when the fire bell rings you must go into your room, shut all windows and doors and then quickly slide down the fire escape. Well, one day, the 15th of September to be exact, I was having dinner. I remember I was just waiting for desert (ours was late that day), when from somewhere or other a bell rang. I never have known exactly where the noise came from, but it was sufficient to scare me and Lucy, too. I looked at her and she looked at me. Then she nodded and I knew she meant let's go, so we excused ourselves and hurried upstairs. We passed a few girls in the hall but we were just congratulating ourselves on being early birds at this affair. (We had always feared being bumped going down that dark fire-escape anyway). We ran in the room, closed all the windows and jumped in the fire escape at breakneck speed. We reached the ground and looked up expecting to see a long line of people escaping from a fire. Much to our surprise no one came. After pondering and discussing the situation for a time we walked around and entered the building from the front. Lucy promised and I promised that we'd never tell it and we haven't till today. Everyone kept asking us why we rushed out and where did we go. Lucy would stammer and I would blush till they really thought something was wrong.—And that's the biggest bone I ever pulled and I think my most embarrassing moments followed when we were questioned about it."



# CAMPUS WORLDS

If Chaucer were a better business man than a poet and Columbus a better politician than a sailor, we wonder what other professions some of the college professors have tucked under their sleeves.—Exchange.

If we are to become one of cupids competitors we must lose no time in organizing an archery team. Oklahoma State College for Women is already claiming cupids former prestige because of marked skill shown in that field.

The widespread rumor that students are now entering college at an earlier age than in the past is not substantiated by the available facts according to Dean Emil R. Pusom of the University of Arizona.

The fact that the College of Liberal Arts in Boston is abolishing freshman hazing proves that the world is getting better and better.

The librarian at the University of Oklahoma has thirty calls a day for Emily Post's dictum on Etiquette. Alabama College popularizes etiquette by making it a part of chapel programs.

There will be one book that the students of Washington won't have to buy at the supply shop. They can just bring it from home. That is, providing the Washington voters vote in favor of a constitutional amendment calling for permission to use the Bible as a text book.

Howard College students ask "If it makes any difference if the difference between two different differences differ differently from the difference of the two different differences. Oh, what's the difference any way."

If you have never thought that happiness has a mathematical basis listen to this: "Our happiness is equal to our resources divided by our wants; we must diminish our wants to increase our quotient."

If the moral in that is "Learn math and be happy" Alabama College students are certainly a happy bunch.

In consideration of the time of the year we sincerely hope that some of the professors on the campus will be favorably influenced by this example.

Robert Frost, the poet, was giving

a course in poetry at Dartmouth several years ago. At the end of the course he was requested by authorities to give some form of final examination. After much protest Frost agreed. When the class assembled he wrote on the black board, "Do the thing you think will please me most." Some of the students composed essays, some verse. "But," says Frost, "only one did the right thing—he got up and left the room."

Do you think that C. H. Rowell, regent of the University of California is right in saying, "Ignorance is no discredit to a pupil but it is a disqualification in a teacher."

Maybe it will be of some interest to the Biology Department to know that Auburn students, by the aid of chemicals, ultra violet rays, and other means, have made plants lose their sense of gravity and sprout their roots above the ground.

We have heard of all forms of complexes but Wellesley takes the prize in having a Browning collection that contains 284 letters from Robert Browning, and 287 from Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

If you care to master other languages besides those offered on the campus we suggest that you join the club organized by the students of the University of California who are interested in learning Esperanto, the international language.

It is interesting to know that girls lead boys on honor roll at Birmingham-Southern College. And it is still more interesting to know that six A's were made by one student, Miss Gullledge.

You can tell a senior 'cause she's so sedately dressed,  
You can tell a junior by the way she holds her chest,  
You can tell a freshman by her timid looks and such,  
You can tell a sophomore but you can't tell her much.

—Exchange.

## College—Reel-ly and Really

A college classroom—a professor, be-spectacled and tight-lipped and dignified, of course; a freshman, Clara Bow, or some one Clara Bow-ish, then several dozen close-ups of

puckered lips and lifted left eyebrows, alternating seductive smiles and lowered lids, to make her repartee emphatic—

A bedroom farce—all-talking, singing and dancing lassies performing on table tops; their rooms are always clean, they never have to study and they are never so banal as to mention the quiz of the day before.

A midnight moon—a last good-night—and the breezes cease to play.

Was there ever a college movie without these episodes?

It's not that it isn't a Utopia of college life—and it's not what we are so frankly material as to demand pure, unadulterated realism—it's just that we are wondering if those movie folks honestly think college is really all it's cracked up to be—reel-ly.

—Exchange.

Our goodly neighbor, M. S. C. W., has adopted the "tap system" of warning cheaters in the classrooms. The same thing at A. & M. would probably sound like a tap dancers' picnic.

—A. & M. Reflector.

A survey to determine whether the present college honor systems should be retained, amended, or discarded was under way today among the students of the University of California at Los Angeles.

The survey is a part of a national study, sponsored by the National Student Federation of America, it was stated, and is not aimed especially at local conditions on the Uclan campus.

—Daily Trojan.

At the University of Cambridge students who are expelled from the institution for one reason or another are given a mock funeral as they leave. For the first time since the war, Cambridge recently witnessed an event of this kind when one of the students was "sent down".

The "corpse" was carried to the railway station in an antiquated horse-drawn cab and the "mourners" followed in motor cars which were smothered in crepe.

At the station the railway coach was decorated with crepe streamers and the undergraduates shouted "Good Old Bill" as the train carried their friend away.

—Exchange.



## AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION SPONSORS A POSTER CONTEST

The American Library Association is sponsoring a poster contest for junior and senior high schools in the State of Virginia with the view of promoting interest in reading and in the use of libraries, according to C. W. Dickinson, Jr., State supervisor of school libraries and text books.

"The Joy and Value of Books in Libraries" will be the subject of the posters. The contest is being conducted throughout the Southern States.—Richmond News Leader.

Farming attracts more graduates than any other vocation, figures compiled by the Agricultural College of Nebraska show.

Students at the University of Missouri pass approximately 75 bad checks a day, a recent survey indicates.

Temple University is offering a course in "poise." The faculty believes that the ability to feel socially at ease is important enough to warrant the course.

Co-eds who are striking and refusing to attend classes at Montana State College because of too many restrictions, have adopted the "Prisoner's Song" as their college anthem.

University of Wisconsin students are required to show identification cards before they are permitted to attend classes. It was found that many outsiders were coming to classes and getting free education.

A dental infirmary in Knoxville, Tenn., offered free dental work to any member of the Tennessee team whose teeth were injured in the game with Kentucky.

The University of Idaho team will play the University of Hawaii in a post season game during the Christmas holidays. The game will be played in Hawaii.

Five students at the University of Chicago have been fined \$12.50 each for playing baseball in the street.

One of the students at Howard College has a pet snake for his roommate.

A professor at Northwestern University offers this advice: "If a girl can run 100 yards in thirteen seconds, marry her."

## It's the Truth

Few history professors can hit the highpoints of history so as to put them over like the sports writer who compiled the following:

"Cain downs Abel."

"Delilah wins over Samson by close shave."

"Methuselah kicks off after long delay."

"David throws Goliath for a loss."

"Leonidas blocks pass at Thermopylae."

"Horatius holds the line."

"Caesar conquers Gaul after long battle."

"Anthony holds Cleopatra."

"Marquette runs through Mississippi."

"Phil Sheridan makes long run."

"Sherman marches through Georgia."

"Grant wins for north by line play."

"Simpson and Dewey subdue Spanish."

"Wilson rolls up 14 points."

"Lenin checks one up for the common people."

"Tunney wins by long count."

—Citadel Bulldog.

The Furman University "Hornet" picked an all-South Carolina football team. Seven Furman players were on it, with one from Carolina and three from Clemson.

Freshmen women at McGill (Montreal, Canada) University are hazed, while the new men escape. Students' Council protects the men.

Turtle racing is the latest craze at the University of California.

Dismissal of a sports writer from the staff of the Detroit Times for deriding Minnesota football players in a story of the game with Michigan was asked in an open letter sent to the editor of the Times by a Minnesota graduate student.

Homesick girls at Oberlin College, when advised that their town was threatened with a water shortage, began to waste water in the hope that the school would be forced to close. Their plan was thwarted by college and city officials.

## Taste

In a recent address at the university chapel William J. Cooper, United States commissioner of education, brought out the fact that there was a decided lack of interest on the part of Southerners in the higher types of entertainment, such

as the opera, worth-while plays, etc. It seems that there is an over-emphasis on sports as a means of diversion in this section of the country.

## "BELIEVE IT OR NOT"

The statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has discovered that college-bred men live longer than any others. Some cigarette company will probably offer an explanation.

Paris—One-fifth of France's entire population of 40,000,000 inhabitants are women who work in factories, offices and other activities.

The *Daily Nebraskan* finds that women students have higher grades than men. They give every reason for this except superior intelligence.

Students of Colorado University are insured against being called upon to recite. This certainly puts a premium on either modesty or laziness.

The machine is joining the leisure class. Students at U. C. L. A. now play chess with a machine for a partner. The only draw-back is that the intelligent thing won't play if three false moves are made—simply folds its hands and goes away mad.

The University of Lithuania at Kaunas, although in existence only since 1922, according to *More Facts*, has an enrollment of 4,000 students. It has attained this remarkable size in spite of the poverty of the country, its political struggles, and the lack of satisfactory living conditions for students. More than a quarter of the students work their way through college, this plan being facilitated by lectures given almost entirely in the afternoons. Club rooms and a restaurant are financed by a Mutual Aid Society, which also provides a large loan fund. The government offers a number of scholarships for study, both at home and abroad. The University is at present greatly in need of a student hostel for women, for, though the men are sufficiently well housed, the girls must live in deplorable conditions in order to acquire this education.

The University in Lithuania, as in the other Baltic States, has corporations which resemble our fraternities. However, instead of providing houses at which the students may live, they are merely club rooms where they meet for social or intellectual pursuits. Each corps has its own song, and the students as a whole have certain others.



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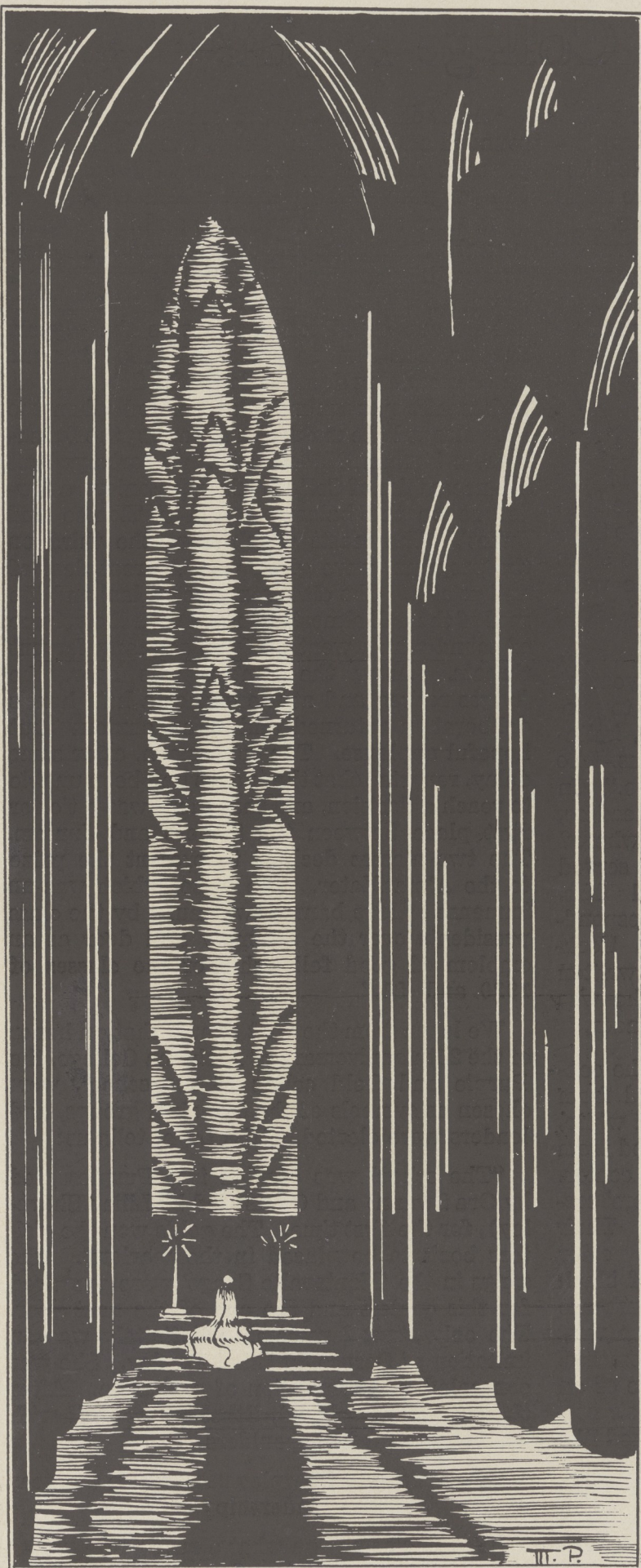
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## UNDER THE STORM

Under the bellying sail of the sullen sky,  
Filled with a bitter wind that but hisses nigh,  
Here in the frozen chalice of this vast white  
flower,

I am the sole bright bug that crawleth silently.  
Clasped in the crimson velvet and the dark  
fur

I move where no other life doth break and  
stir;

Upon the snowy bosom, dark lights burn and  
brood;

This is the earth's still, white cathedral mood.  
I am cloaked from throat to foot blood-red;  
And like a scarlet nun's my high coifed head;  
My bosom, swathed in close-sewn silk array,  
It closed like the leaves of a book shut fast  
away;

My chilly fingers, holding a Prayer by rote,  
Are heavy with jewels, and warm with them  
my throat,

And when in the dreamy steps of Mass I kneel,  
Their soft cool striking in my breast I feel.  
My wisping steps in the snow I leave, and  
straight

Pass under a pointed arch into dark-hung  
state.

Here in the gloom, my face drawn upward  
turns

Up, up, among the arches dim and high—  
To where faint light through paneled window  
burns;

There is more breathing here than under the  
dead sky,

There is more loftiness to free the eye.  
The carpet bids my foot move graciously,  
The brass rail warns of clinking jewelry;  
Oh happy, happy, secretly enfold,  
Wrapped with communing thought of altars  
old,

I set up mine, and in this holy place  
Let incense with sweet incense merget lace.  
Here I, beside a bench's polished scroll,  
Kneel and breathe richness into a shivering  
soul.

Oh fair sun and laughter, long ago and gone!  
Oh light flowers and loves, my soul fed daily  
on!

When every breeze that through my bosom  
fled

Snatched thence a richness and left wind in-  
stead.

Close—close, stripped self and blown reed—  
ragged thought;

Deep as a rock in moss plush-grown,  
Still as the life in a seed deep-sown,  
Steeped as lace long laid in chest with per-  
fume fraught,

Dearly watched, and brooded, and tender, and  
unknown,

I am a box of treasured, locked perfume,  
Breeding its own sweet in the still-lapt gloom;  
You cannot know me now, I have forgot;  
My breast to yours all answer knoweth not.  
Call to me! and thou shalt see my eyes  
Like jewels laid on velvet shining dark  
Stilly disclaiming thee, and thy lips, where  
lies

A call that finds me deaf, while yet I hark.

—MARY A. LITTLE.



# What Is College Night?

“**W** E ALL thought it was rather splendid”, says Miss Lilian Sharpley, leader of the Golds who led her side to victory in 1921, in the first college night ever held on the present basis of division. And she asks, “When is College Night this year? I rather think I’d enjoy going there, if I may be permitted to invite myself!” She may—but we beg her to add to this inclination our own fervent and whole-hearted invitation to come down from Birmingham and see the big night.

Three other former students at our Alma Mater, as well as Miss Sharpley, have written us, on request, their memories of College Nights in the beginning. It was, they tell us, the idea (and a good one too) of Miss Mary Goode Stalworth. There were no Gold and Purple sides for the first contest—but let those who were there tell about it. Mrs. Evelyn Scott Loyal writes us from Berkeley, Cal.:

“College Night was started my first year at College, 1920. The classes were asked to prepare songs, toasts, stunts of originality, imitations (now ‘impersonations’) and poems. The decorations were a matter of rivalry too.” In this contest, the class presidents were leaders, and the stunts were staged—imagine where? In the dining room! “Miss Irvin always served an extra special dinner,” reminisced Mrs. Lula Hawkins Granlee, Jr., another correspondent. A glowing description from the *Technala* of that year tells it best, for it was written by none other than Miss Sharpley, who was destined to become the next year’s leader.

“The Senior’s tables, which were in the center of the dining room, were separated from the others by ropes wrapped in red and white, and red and white streamers were draped from post to post and to the big light in the center. The effect was very artistic. The Juniors’ sections were on each side of the Seniors. Their colors were black and gold, and the color scheme was carried out by streamers of black and gold hung from the posts to an immense basket of jonquils in the center. In the west wing of the dining room were the Sophomores. Their tables were arranged in the shape of an ‘S’, and purple and white separated their section from the others. The east wing looked like a cool green bower and there the little Freshmen were seated at their tables with their green and white banner playing a conspicuous part. Altogether the dining room looked like a veritable fairy land.

“After everyone had become quiet a bell was sounded and the president of the Student Government Association announced the order of the program. The poems, which were given first, were sparkling with wit and humor, and brought forth tremendous applause. The impersonations came next, and they were as different as any four ‘stunts’ could possibly be, but no one could tell which was the biggest success. The Juniors presented Mlle. Brisseau and her cunning dancing dolls; the Sophomores, a dramatic pantomime which ended when the hero clasped the maiden in his arms; the Freshmen, a Human Billboard, which portrayed all the necessities of College life; the Seniors, a burlesque on the balcony scene in ‘Romeo and Juliet’. The toasts which were the third on the program, were given with a great deal of enthusiasm. The class songs came last and the roof of the hall almost trembled with the volume of sound which went up from so many fervent throats. After the contest was over, the judges retired and at the end of a half hour’s deliberation returned amidst an anxious but hopeful applause. The spokesman, after some delay, reported that the judges had been unable to reach a decision, and that there was a tie for first place between the Seniors and Juniors. The two classes decided to present the prize to the Alma Mater. The prize, which was an immense college banner, was hung by the class presidents over the assembly hall door as an emblem of good fellowship of the classes of 1920 and ‘21.”

We learn from the next annual that, in honor of the 25th anniversary of Alabama College, the Purple and Gold colors of the school, were chosen as symbols of the two rival groups, and leaders were elected. Miss Loyal tells us:

“The school was divided into Purples (led by Ora Swann) and Golds (led by Lilian Sharpley), for the first time. The golds won the visitors book to be placed in the ‘parlors’. The songs in the ‘Montevallo Songs’ were prepared for this contest and the one of the next year. The only stunt I remember definitely was an imitation of Caruso by Ethel Presley. She was concealed in an imitation of a victrola. After the record was played, Ethel walked off with the victrola on her shoulders.”

Of course Miss Sharpley remembers the year of her victorious leadership:

“You can’t imagine what a rush of memories your letter asking what I remembered about



College Night brought. College Night, to us, was the height of all our competitive activities. We spent weeks—no, months—in working up our program, our songs, our decorations—and quite some time planning what we'd do with the prize!

"We did have a dandy program, as I remember it. The feature consisted of a series of flashes into the various activities that went to make up the Montevallo Spirit. Each scene depicted a group at some activity, classes, Y. W., gym, clubs, etc. (sometimes humorous skits, sometimes artistic presentations), and at the end of each scene some one in the group deposited the 'spirit' thereof into a great cauldron at the front of the stage. At the conclusion of the scenes, Father Time stirred the cauldron and, amid fire and smoke, the 'Spirit of Montevallo' rose from the cauldron and gave a toast to our Alma Mater. It's queer, but I can remember that toast now:

I drink to you, Alma Mater,  
A toast that is true and sincere,  
With wishes and hopes a thousandfold  
For your progress year after year.

May true glory spread around you,  
And the standards you uphold  
Fail not, as the years bring honor  
To the purple and the gold.

We all thought it was rather splendid, and certainly our pleasure in it was unlimited."

These vivid picturings tell us that our own celebration will have to go far to outstrip the old ones in spirit. Mrs. Granlee's description of a later College Night is full of the real thing:

"Of course the performance always took place in the dining room with the stage at one end. The students and faculty and some few invited town people made up the audience. There were no out of town guests until later years. One reason, I suppose was that College Night always took place on Monday night, since we had no classes on that day and could make all necessary preparations; another reason was the fact that all roads in nearly every direction were impassable.

"The entire program, as well as the person to whom College Night was dedicated, and the prize given by the Student Government Association, and especially, the person to give the toast for either side were all kept a deep secret. Some of the prizes for different years were: a floor lamp for the Student Parlor, the big guest book and a piano. I believe I'm right

in saying College Night was dedicated one year to Mothers, one to Fathers, one year to Miss Stalworth, the originator, and one year to the memory of Erskine Ramsay's mother.

"One unusual stunt I remember was an entire marionette act, with all the strings, etc. The memory lingers yet of the stiffness I suffered for several days afterwards.

"Of course, frequently, there were faculty impersonations which always proved amusing to the students. One year there seemed to be a number of 'red heads' in school and one stunt used them for footlights and other 'lighting effects'.

"There were always several weeks of rehearsing and preparation and every soul on the campus was 'keyed up' from the beginning to the end."

All of these former daughters of our Alma Mater speak feelingly of the great day which will soon be coming to us. Miss Ulma Lee Benton of Mobile kindly offered us her treasured Technalas for our search into the history of College Night and says, "The memory of the first College Night remains as of a great occasion." Another writes, "Montevallo still is dear to me—how I wish I could be with you!"

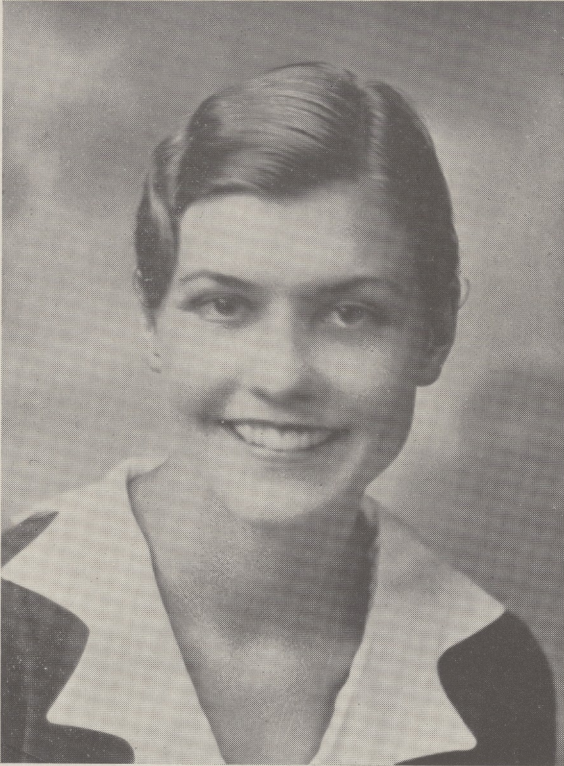
We later daughters could tell them of how the presentations grew so that they had to be staged in Reynolds Hall, until it almost burst with the roaring crowds. There were glorious stagings of "The Thief of Bagdad" in his gorgeous East, of Satan on his dreadful throne—they had to be put on for two consecutive nights, in order that all might see, so numerous were the visitors.

Now we have at our disposal our splendid Palmer Hall, where only last year College Night was held for the first time. Galahad and a historic headswoman walked there again. This year—hush, and keep the dead secret. But—if you can sew, hammer nails, sing, cheer, dance in a chorus, sling paint, or throw confetti, you are now going to have an opportunity to do your stuff. Because your leader needs every ounce of the energy and ability that is available on her side, to get that favorable decision on Feb. 27.

And out of all this, what is College Night? If you have never lived through one—never cried, laughed, and sweated through one—know this: It is the crest of the wave of college spirit; it is the peak of attainment in every activity on the campus; it is the high spot that will stand out in your mind as meaning "college", when all the rest has faded.



## GOLD



**D**ORA LITTLE, assistant leader of the Golds in 1930, has assumed her natural place as Leader of Golds for 1931. Dora's ability of leadership was portrayed last year and this year the eyes of the campus are focused on her, expecting even greater things. Her charming smile, her understanding, her tall, erect figure, all will contribute to her Leader's personality. Her interest in people brings their respect to her and her ability to hold her loyal group is unquestioned.

An assistant who offsets every characteristic of Dora's is Dot Kitchens. Dot's excitable, vivacious, moving qualities are merged with that quiet steadiness of Dora—making a happy combination of steadfastness and vivaciousness. Dorothy's quaint, infant-like bearing pleads for Golds while

Dora's mastery and self possession stand as surety for their success. Dora will be the firm impact background which binds securely and seriously while Dorothy will be the will-'o-the-wisp shadow that brings pleasure, light and joyousness to the Golds of 1931.

*Gold purple, gold purple  
Colors of our College days  
Gold purple, gold purple  
Linger in our hearts always.*

*We're for you  
Adore you  
Banner of the fine and true  
Gold purple, gold purple  
Hail to you!*

## PURPLE



**B**ELLE McCALL HART, purple leader for 1931, has shown her ability in many ways and at various times. Her ability to lead was seen in her services of president of her class during her Junior year. Her lovely voice, her petite individuality and her light graceful self will all contribute to her successful leadership this College Night of 1931. Her sense of humor will breach the many difficulties and trials during

the troublesome times of preparation. Her musical talent will go farther than the leading of songs—into the actual making of the purple songs. Her energy will be unfailing, her work untiring. (Her subjects will work and like it.)

The purple assistant, Rachael Broadnax, brings to her side all the pep, liveliness, and happy abandon that is needed.

She is the essence of quickness, vitality, and extreme interest. She will mingle with her laughing lightness a serious constructiveness which will create and develop "ideas". Belle McCall and Rachael will be an interesting pair—white clad midgets—directors of this mighty event—College Night.



# EDITORIAL

## COLLEGE NIGHT

IN ALL ITS glowing finery, in all its gilded scenes and its gaudy peppiness, College Night of 1931 comes to us. It is an event which is the culmination of the highest peak of the scholastic year, 1931. Its songs will be sung down through the history of the college. Its leaders' names will be remembered as makers of college history, and its events recorded as memorable examples of college initiative and execution.

College Night is an event which is difficult to comprehend. It transforms the entire population from a body of people more or less indifferent to each other into two units, each working toward the same goal. Every individual is tense with the exciting preparations. That intangible thing, college spirit, grips the campus firmly and holds triumphant sway for a short time. The spirit arrives with the election of College Night leaders; it grows in intensity until the night of the event itself; it waves with the memory and the recollections of the past occasions, all too soon it is concealed beneath the hurry of short full days.

Should College Night be the death of the spirit it has created?

## TO NEW STUDENTS

TO THOSE students who have come to Alabama College for their first time and to those who have returned after a semester's absence, the Alabamian offers welcome. Your arrival is at a time when Alabama College is at its best—busy with its preparations, eager to show its best in College Night . . . Immediately join the side which bears the name of the color you prefer and enter into the affairs as if you were the actual instigators of College Night itself. If you follow this policy you will find yourself in a steady stream of plans, preparations and practices that will make you feel instantly "at home" and happy.

## IDLE TALENT

IN A COLLEGE of eight hundred students various talents are present, but due to some cause, they are not all manifested. An idle talent—an undeveloped talent is one of the saddest tragedies of life. To have something fine—equipped with super sensibilities and allow it to be dulled by inferiority, lack of inter-

est, or laziness reads somewhat like the proverb "casting pearls before swine".

Not for school spirit alone—not for unnecessary work—but for a small tribute—a small effort—to add to the aesthetic value of Alabama College—also adding to the expansion of your abilities. There are so many channels that stand ready to welcome new talent—dramatics, music, Y. W., art, and The Alabamian—and true to human nature—most of the adverse criticism towards the accomplishments on the campus comes from those who never reveal their idle talent.

THE MOVEMENT that has been started on the campus advocating a closer relation between faculty and students meets with the approval of those who favor democracy.

A closer understanding between teacher and student brings a wider scope of knowledge than the autocratic drumming of classroom procedures without any break in the monotony.

To know that the symbols of knowledge are human beings after all—and to show that unstable youth can appreciate values is the result of such contacts.

For the faculty members and college students in accordance with Bryant and the Baptists, we advocate—close communion.

## TRADITIONS

EVERYONE thinks of a tradition as something set down years and years ago, something originating in the dark ages and observed faithfully throughout time. At this time (in 1931) it rarely occurs to anyone that a tradition may be created and set down for the future.

There is a group of people on the campus that is very much interested in setting down a "new" tradition. It is a simple thing and requires from no one any extra amount of work, any binding rule, or anything in the least undesirable. It is simply this—that upon entering the auditorium at Palmer Hall for convocation programs, silence shall pervade. Thus, immediately the quietness and dignity of the service will be felt. Too, those who are to take part on the programs will have no unpleasant wait for the cessation of talk and laughter in order to proceed with the exercises.

Both the Alabamian and those people who desire to establish the tradition want to know your opinion concerning the plan. What do you think of it?



# Rajah Lodge

THE LAST STROKE of an ax—the crash of crumbling timbers—and the dust of half a century rose then settled forever over the remains of Rajah Lodge.

Less than fifty years ago in the little village of Aldrich a house was built, somewhat apart from the rude huts of the miners, and overlooking the low hills which contained the wealth of coal that made its building possible. The builder, in all probability, was the owner of the mines, who though forced by circumstances to live among the miners, did so with a gallantry that was superb. He named his home "Rajah Lodge", and then brought there to live with him his wife and an adopted son. And now nothing is left but debris, and memories—memories that failed to die with the tearing down of the old house.

The purplish coral of Japanese Japonica—the scent of Marchiel Neil roses—and the garden might truly be living again. The swaying poplar trees and the gnarled old pear tree nod their approval as the moon mysteriously softens the bare realities of the garden, recalling its past beauties.

A rugged stone walk bordered with violet beds led to the front steps, then a sharp turn to the left, down a flight of steps and there were tiny red gold fish diving in and out among the dull green lily pads in the two small ponds at the foot of the hill. A little stream trickled down from the ponds over smooth white pebbles, into a hot house, giving sustenance to the Marchiel Neil rose bushes which clambered over the trellises. From the hot house another stream appeared, then disappeared behind the library.

On the third floor balcony there were ancient gargoyles who continuously grimaced in a malicious manner. What mattered if they did. "See no evil?" there was always one who pointed with a broken finger to the windows of the tower room—the supposed room of a supposed murder. There was no bloody mark on its delicately hand painted walls, but an alien spirit that hovered there seemed sufficient proof that the gossipers had not whispered in vain. Yet in truth, no death occurred during the whole history of the house, except that of the adopted son; who before his death discovered that his real father was a Norwegian, named Gunderman.

And it was for this boy that the stone library, "Farrington Hall", was built on the south side of the yard. Yet its retreat was not for him, as he died before its completion.

Legends tell us that one Autumn afternoon a young bride dressed in the loveliest of wedding garments, when coming down the stairs to meet her betrothed, was so blinded by the prismatic rays, cast by the sinking sun through the stained glass window at the foot of the stairs, that she tripped in the folds of her veil, fell, and broke her neck. But the gargoyles shook their heads, for no wedding ceremony was ever performed in Rajah Lodge.

The mistress of the house believed in the transmigration of the soul is not to be gain-said, for the pairs and pairs of white mules that she kept in the stable at various times were a source of constant wonder to the inhabitants of the village. On one occasion she was seen walking beside a buggy in which a white mule was riding. Many years later a letter was found in an old trunk containing a promise to bring to her the white mule, in which the owner was certain she would find the re-incarnated soul of her son.

The sighings heard in the old house may have been the wind whistling in the speaking tubes, through which the mistress could communicate with the kitchen, whether she was in the tower room or the music room; but again, it may have been the cries for help of the baby boy who was said to have smothered to death in one of the big closets under the eaves of the attic. And in other dark recesses and in winding passages there must have been lonely spirits who gathered together in the late hours of the night to discuss in whispered tones the murdered one or the virgin Autumn bride.

Yet while the blows were falling that undermined the foundations of Rajah Lodge, the miners continued their digging in the earth, oblivious to the destruction of a living human—an old house full of its memories, and its pensive recollections. The old pear tree, the vines of Marchiel Neil roses, alike bowed to the ground by rough hurrying hands passed into nothingness—leaving only the ancient jasmine bush to remember and to cherish its images of past prosperity and beauty.



# Polly Prattles to Patty

Patty:

I like your sarcasm—yes, sarcasm! That bit of irony you handed me on answering my last letter was crude. Good technique but I simply couldn't appreciate it. But Patty, I can't be serious. You're all forgiven. I understand perfectly; so don't explain till we meet again. Then I'll expect you to have an explanation thoroughly memorized. One of those explanations that flow like the Red Sea flowed after the Israelites went to the other side. Oh, I'm forgetting myself. Alabama College girls don't quarrel—ever! My apologies to the entire school.

Let's get real chummy and I'll tell you lots that's happened lately. It's been so much fun—one thing right after the other since Christmas. First, the Who's Who Election, College Night talk, and Exams. My dear, none other than the brave heart of Richard the Lion Hearted, the brawn of Hercules, and the brain of Edison could live through these weeks without palpitation of the heart, a nervous breakdown, and mental agony. Just confidentially now, I'd know something was lacking in the girl who hasn't been disturbed over at least one of the three afore mentioned activities on the campus.

Honey, you should see the number of girls who are leaving us for home or some other college. We're so sorry to see them go. Two blondes who roomed together on third in Main are leaving us. Lavinia Foy and Eleanor Burns. Verna Hart, the small, dark freshman who has the most supple body imaginable and none too little dramatic ability is forsaking her Alma Mater for University of Alabama. Luck to you, Verna. Maxine Douglas, who is as well supplied with jollity as *avoiirdupois*, left after exams. And Lila Nolen, that vivid brunette whose eyes have been lighted by the divine spark departed from our midst with many a sigh from adoring friends. She mustn't forget our invitations and we'll all wear our new chifons.

Iva Lee Barley has returned to Alabama College this semester. I wonder if you remember her—brown eyes and sweet disposition. If you met her you haven't forgotten. Too, Pearl Stroud, and Ella D. Davis have come back to us.

One would suspect our college of being "coeddie", judging from the number of boys on the campus the weekend of Auburn dances. A long, brown overcoat, over brown shoes offset by brown hat collegiately slid slowly along the walk with curly hair, green blazer and black

high heels tripping maidenly beside the chocolate apparition. And he was carrying her books. The day of chivalry has not yet past!

You didn't tell me whether or not Frank sent you the bid, but if you went to the dance and saw a quaint brunette in a blue evening dress with a blue flower coyly cocked in the curly hair, you can take it from me it was Sara Blair. Loads of our girls went. Carolyn Long, Marjorie Miller, Evelyn Leak, in dignified black, Mary Whorton, Kate Sobatka, Juanita Stembridge, Jennie Underwood, and I can't begin to name all of them. The rest of us never did convince the Auburn boy friend that "the new evening dress Santy brought Christmas was a dream". You know—those gentle, yet firm, hints.

Patty, from my window I'm seeing the most interesting things. May I tell you a few? Alice Nettles is wearing the most adorable black frock simply showered with buttons—Kathleen Jenkins is a cute looking lassie—there goes Evelyn Fulford past Hanson dormitory in black with her red hair streaming—attractive? Rather! Margaret Poindexter in lavender looks stunning—Jean Liston striding by with her droll chatter—amusing, as always. Ruth Latimer in pink and blue, riding Miss Blackiston's bicycle—you know, pink hair and blue coat. A good looking blonde, Maurine Thompson, crooning "What Good Am I Without You?" Lucy McCormack looking as sad as the last few lines of "How Sleep the Brave". Two of those Auburn men you've heard so much about all dressed up with hands in pockets looking up at the windows and—but wait—the worst is to come—they said—they said—"I nearly saw you"—wasn't that audacious???? I most fell out the window! Don't misunderstand, Pat,—it wasn't me they were looking at. It's supper time—and I'm so excited—over living!

Lovingly,

POLLY.

P. S. Of course you read in the *Alabamian* or heard somewhere about the little freshman here last month who tried to commit suicide and was so dainty that she put bath salts in the water before she drowned herself?

Patty, somewhere in your home town there is a young man who pulled the world's dumbest stunt last Sunday night on this campus. Look among your own friends and notice for a thumb nail—very black from bruise?



# FUDGE and FAGOTS

Y. W. C. A.

ON FRIDAY afternoon, January 30, at the regular Alabama College radio hour, the cabinet of our Young Women's Christian Association broadcasted. It was felt that the people of the state might be interested in knowing about this organization. The program was composed of brief speeches as follows:

General yearly program—Eugenia Morrow.

Tea room and other duties of vice-president—Mary Helen Guinn.

Secretary's report—Meredith Bullock.

Treasurer's report—Nell Rodgers.

Programs—Mary Plant Hanlin.

Morning Watch—Bido Purvis.

Music—Inamurl Smith.

Social—Alva Craig Kendrick.

World fellowship—Dorothy Burks.

Publicity—Anna Louise Maulsby.

Home service—Claudia Schwoon.

Big Sister—Josephine Mizell.

Sophomore council—Dorothy Kitchens.

Freshman Commission—Effie Cowan.

## PHYSICAL EDUCATION

This semester the schedule of the Physical Education Department has been completely changed in order to give every student the opportunity to take the course she prefers. Quite a variety of activity is offered. If you don't like sports there are courses you may take in tap-dancing, clogging, flitting, folk dancing, or tumbling. But for you who love sports there are any number of classes in soccer and speedball which will be divided up this spring into baseball, tennis, swimming, tene quart and archery. So everybody should certainly be able to find one gym course in which she is interested.

The convocation committee announces that on February 13, we are to have an especially interesting person to speak to us. Miss Zoe Dobbs, Dean of Women at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute is going to be here at that time.

## STUDENT CONFERENCE AT N. S. F. A.

The recent conference of the National Student Federation in Atlanta showed a decided trend away from

a mere discussion of campus problems and toward an understanding of and an active participation by students in National problems bearing upon international affairs.

There were of course sessions devoted to a discussion of common campus problems, such as chapel attendance, smoking in women's colleges, drinking, automobiles, dancing, over-interest in athletics, honor systems, etc.

A very interesting radio address was given by Norman Thomas—his subject, "World Depression Demands World Cooperation". The Hon. D. W. Davis, two terms governor of Idaho, addressed the congress using as his subject "Protection and why I am a Protectionist". Also Mrs. Ross, governor of Wyoming gave a very good address on tariff and related problems.

Another most interesting part of the conference was the stimulation given by the interchange of debating teams through which problems affecting interests of world students have been given special attention. This year there were four foreign debating teams; two from England, one from Scotland, and one from Germany. The questions debated were of international significance. Of all these reports which have reached us, only one has contained adverse criticism.

The officers elected for the year of 1931, were as follows: Edd Moorer of Washington University was unanimously re-elected to succeed himself as president.

Charlotte Rarble of Mills College, Cal., was elected vice-president.

John Lang of the University of N. C. was elected treasurer.

Miss Dixie Beggs of the University of Florida was elected as the Regional Representative for the South.

The Seventh Annual Congress of N. S. F. A. will meet at Toledo, University of Ohio.

In behalf of the delegates sent to N. S. F. A. I wish to express an appreciation to the student body for their cooperation in making it possible for us to represent Alabama College at the congress.

RUTH SCOTT.

## STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Pay your college night dues in order to help us work out a College Night Budget.

January 22, Mr. Walter Hinton, famous aviator, talked at the convocation program. He gave a most interesting sketch of some of his exciting flights. We heard of people from the Indians of South America to the inhabitants of the far North.

The climax of excitement came when Mrs. Yeager exploded powder, taking a flashlight picture of the famous explorer.

The height of impertinence, so to speak, came when students with neatly typed sheets asked yours (and everyone else's) opinion of certain personal characteristics of your most intimate friends. "Grade this person please!" And then mark whether Susie uses too much lipstick, whether she is too much interested in the boy friends or whether she is too old fashioned, or what not. Is her voice poor or excellent, her honesty fair or average, her posture above average or poor? Thus you graded and were graded. It was great fun making a poor or an average when you felt like it—but the horror of getting back ten poor checks on your voice when you've taken speech training for years. And the misery of six fair checks and three average ones on posture when your mother once made you wear shoulder braces for six months. The worst came when you received checks under too much make up and you've always lauded yourself on your ability to apply rouge in such a subtle manner that no one was aware it was not your own glowing countenance.

The results of the testing were quite disastrous. Mary, receiving poor on her honesty, told Dorothy the absolute truth when she was asked about the beauty of a certain new dress. The consequence—Dorothy and Mary have not been on speaking terms for a week.

Jane, checked for too much make-up, has gone around, the picture of a walking ghost.

Ann, graded poor on ability to make friends, has worn a continual sickly grin—her idea of the beginning of a successful career of friend-making.

If anyone has the least desire to know how a person has been judged—only regard the individual for a short time and the fact will reveal itself. As some one said—"Tragedy stalks here".



## COLLEGE THEATRE PLAY

**Much Ado About Nothing** instead of **The Tempest** is to be the Shakesperean play presented by the College Theatre this Spring. To help the Little Theatre group put on its plays more effectively, a class in costume designing has been formed. The girls taking this course will help design and make the costumes for the coming play.

## WINTER CLEANING

During the last few weeks there has been a continual shoveling, hauling, and digging along the roads of the campus. Grounds have been leveled, transferred from one spot to another, roads cleared and gutters cleaned. Old leaves rotten from scattered rains have been removed, old weeds bent and dead have been raked away and all the debris carried to a spot out of range of this ever moving noisy life.

Now the mid-winter cleaning is over and everything in readiness for the bright return of Spring.

## STUDENT RADIO PROGRAM

Dorothy Kitchens gave a very interesting group of readings February 7, over Station WAPI. The program consisted of the following selections from Ben King's verse:

- "How Often"
- "Mary Had a Cactus Plant"
- "The Pessimist"
- "The Tramp"
- "The Ultimatum".

## "LETTERS"

The convocation hour on January 27 was conducted by Miss Gould and the members of one of her classes. The humorous one act play "Letters" by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements was presented. The characters were: Dorothy Davies as the Mayor's wife, Virginia Brannon as the secretary, and Lacy Gibbs as the "lady of the world".

The program was exactly what appeals to the majority of students—something short and humorous. Requests have come from over the campus asking for other plays.

One of the most distinguished speakers of the year will be Herbett Ames, who comes to Alabama College, March 16 and 17, as the guest of the group on International Relations.

Sir Herbett Ames won worldwide

recognition while serving six years as Treasurer for the League of Nations. At present he is traveling under the auspices of the Carnegie Foundation for Promotion of Peace.

He will speak at the convocation hour and each evening during his stay on the campus.

## PEP MEETING

On January 30, the Athletic Board, attempting to arouse pep over the Hockey Tournament, sponsored a pep meeting and bonfire on the space beyond the hockey field. The classes competed, each trying to have the largest number out.

Last year the Y. W. C. A. inaugurated a plan of selecting from the Freshman class a group of twenty girls to form the Freshman Commission. These girls are chosen from the standpoints—leadership, personality, and interest in Y. W. C. A. work. The duties of the commission are varied. They aid the Y. W. cabinet in many of their undertakings, and perform projects of their own. This year the commission was chosen by the Sophomore Sponsors, who attempted to select the pick of the Freshman class.

## FACULTY-STUDENT TEA PARTY

Harking back to the days of the Revolutionary War when Boston had its famous tea party, it seemed that the tax was down again on the afternoon of January 3.

There were no masks except the new Christmas clothes, but quantity and quality were mixed. Like legions going to war or the Children of Hamelin following the Pied Piper, the Alabama College students went en masse to the homes of the faculty members with the desire to strengthen the bond of understanding between faculty and student—and to drink their tea.

Cold, dreary rain—bright colored slickers, mushroom umbrellas, wet fur, ruined shoes—then a bright fire—dainty cakes—hot tea—clever conversation—broken barriers—and at last the beginning of understanding—in the glory of an appetite.

## FACULTY RECITAL

Of the series of musical events at Alabama College this season, one of the most enjoyable was the voice recital given by Miss Harden at eight o'clock on the evening of January 30, in Palmer Hall. Miss Harden is associate professor in music at Ala-

bama College and is a graduate of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, and also has an Artists' Diploma in Voice.

After the recital a reception was given Miss Harden by Miss Gould and Miss Hall.

## WHO'S WHO

Each year "Who's Who" attracts extreme interest and also rather keen competition. In a manner similar to last year those people in Who's Who were selected as—artist, teacher, and the other professions.

The results of the 1931 election were:

- Actor—Dorothy Kitchens.
- Business Girl—Ethel Barnett.
- Artist—Mary Little.
- Writer—Mable Peters.
- Sports Girl—Izell Brown.
- Teacher—Frances Fuller.
- Musician—Edith Hunley.
- Home-maker—Grace Chester.

## FEATURE PICTURES

About three weeks ago nine pictures were mailed from Montevallo to Mr. Johnnie Mack Brown, Hollywood, California. Johnnie Mack Brown will select the five photographs he considers the most beautiful for our Technala Feature Section. Who can be those five girls?

The question will be asked as many times and answered as differently as it is possible from now till the distribution of the Technalas in May.

## THE IRONY OF FATE

For the second time this year, a great flurry of excitement has been aroused, by the sound of wedding bells in the Physical Education Department. Another case of the irony of fate. Why couldn't they have been from the home management or house-wifery classes?

## HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

Hockey Tournament began on Saturday, January 31, with sister teams playing first (Sophs. vs. Seniors; Freshmen vs. Juniors) and each first team playing every other first team. There are second teams for the Juniors and Sophs. These two played the best 2 out of 3 games to determine the winner. The enthusiasm aroused by these games easily carries over into the excitement of the Gold-Purple hockey game, which, of course, is the Big Game.

Practice for the Gold-Purple game will begin soon. Jeannette Brock and Izelle Brown are on the lookout for the best players. If you can play tell them so!



## A Collegiate Matron

GRAY HAIR arranged in Gibson Girl fashion; merry blue eyes sparkling behind rimless spectacles; a cherry smile and a kind word for everyone;—that is Mrs. Coleman, the Matron of Ramsay Hall. Serene, unexacting, never irritated or exasperated, Mrs. Coleman calmly deals in the delicate subtleties of human relationships with the deft, sure touch of an adept. Her knowledge of people is remarkable. She shifts and arranges personalities with the ease of a practiced hostess. Yet she is delightfully human, and not in the least managerial.

Fashions and styles have changed it is true, but Mrs. Coleman shows her wisdom in that she recognizes the unchanging quality of human nature. The oddities, peculiarities, and whimsicalities of people have always in-

terested her. As a matron of a college dormitory, she is undoubtedly a success. Sensitive to the moods of other people, adaptable, and blessed with an unfailing optimism, she immediately introduces a sense of informality into the most awkward gathering.

In an indefinable way she reminds one of another age. Perhaps her unfailing courtesy and level equanimity make her seem misplaced in an age where brusqueness has usurped old-fashioned grace.

She, herself, remembers another day and time, not with futile longing, but with a humorous tolerance. Once, when she was in a musingly reminiscent mood, I heard her say, "We were very formal in those days, but, looking back, I can see that we

were also ludicrous. How ridiculous we must have looked! Just think of anyone consenting to appear today in ostrich-feathered hats, bustles, and white kid gloves! The men were just as funny. When we went to a dance our escorts were ceremoniously attired in frock coats, beaver hats, patent leather pumps, and white gloves. The looked like the pompous butlers one sees in a satirical play!"

Mrs. Coleman, however, does not think that the gay nineties were the only years during which people were ridiculously garbed. Following up her reminiscences, she spoke first of the immediate post-war fashions and then of the fashions of today. "I love long, trailing skirts," she added "and I never did think that knees were a beautiful part of one's anatomy".

## The Tower

THE TOWER stands ever reaching heavenward as if to pull the blue whiteness of the exquisitely clouded sky down to the brown humanness of earth. In its perfect rising roundness the tower is the embodiment of all the old traditions, legends and actualities of the campus. Its tiny windows should be resting places along the small circular stairway winding its path to the openness of the skyroof. Each window should be the mirror of something delicately yellow with age, some half-forgotten perfume of days gone by. The first landing should bring to view the serenely flowing hooped skirts and tight bodices of the former girl who swayed so lightly over grounds unkept. The second should be a revelation, horrible in its tragedy—the flaming red of skirts

burning deep into the body of the girl whose face is grey from fear. The third should be a wedding sinister, where fright peeped into every corner and people's eyes, wary at strange sights of ghosts, peer incessantly at something expected yet feared. The fourth should be a hospital scene of the Civil War in a long sunlit class room. The wounded open pained eyes to the sight of white columns and tall leafy trees. The sixth, a small church tumbling at the sound of the organ's note to the ground as if struck by a gigantic stroke of lightning.

Climbing upward the next window should be a funeral, the procession slowly, silently moving to the small inclosed cemetery of the family of King.

At one window a tragedy rises

faintly yet clearly outlined in its horror and grimness, at the next a glorious fete of a wedding, a graduation, or an old fashioned tryst.

The ascension should approach nearer and nearer the actualities of the present. The costumes and scenes are altered, the range of inhabited ground is enlarged, the buildings, (houses of study) expand slowly and gradually into—the present. The whole appearance of the scene is changed but life now, as then, moves placidly forward bringing forth its pettiness, its trivialities and too, its bigness and its expectations. The tower, the mirror of the past, the silent observer of the present, and the crystal which will see all the future stands the spiral center of a college eternal in its ever changing life.

### A VALENTINE FOR MY LADY

The cover for this issue of the *Alabamian* tells a story, that of Valentine with its lacy hearts and its light lovely old fashionedness. The lady and gentleman are the King and Queen of hearts. The moon is their prediction of happiness and the shadow it casts is a reflection of love eternal. The curtains of the windows are drawn back revealing the future, wondrous and sprite-like. The gentleman takes the lady's hand leading her out beyond the curtains and light of reality into the vast openness and shadow of dreamland.

If the artist had not captured the sprites thus the picture would not be as it is, but it would be the glare of the day's sun or the utter darkness of the night.

The King and Queen of hearts and of lacy, fleecy, lovely Valentine greet the readers of the February issue of the *Alabamian*.

Rather like the wheels at Monte Carlo—red once—black once—or like water in a pasteboard box—remaining awhile then passing on—somewhere—so is the change in the pause between semesters at Alabama College.

At the end of the first semester there were thirty students to withdraw while twenty-five new students tossed the coin—and registered at Alabama College.

The old ones will be missed and doubtlessly they will miss campus scenes, tradition, and so many things that make Alabama College, just—Alabama College. Yet the new faces—bringing new tidings from the outer world will keep the old vacancies from becoming too unendurable—so—time—the relentless—changes all things—and we—being a part of human nature—accept!



# CAMPUS WORLDS

## Age of Freshmen Has Changed

According to reports of Dean Pilsen of Harvard University, freshmen in some cases are older than those of generations past. About one hundred years ago the average age was sixteen years and three months. Fifty years later the age advanced to eighteen years and seven months, which is not far from the present day figures.

It is always a tragedy when circumstances prevent a student from expressing the best that is in him.

That the American girl is allowed far less liberty in college than the German girl, contrary to the general impression, is the opinion of Miss Ann de Papp, of Germany, an exchange student of Wellesley College.

## Womanless Library to Be Opened 2005 A. D.

Some woman was probably responsible for T. N. Zink bequeathing \$50,000 to a womanless library to be opened 2005 A. D. By that time it is figured that the money will have increased to \$3,000,000. No woman is ever to be admitted to the library. No book written by a woman is to be tolerated, and no suggestion of femininity will be allowed to creep into any thing connected with the building.

Virginia college students say that a good tonic for those who are behind in their studies is —Ketch-up.

Last year there were more college students in the United States than in all the world combined. There were 237,000 students enrolled in the colleges and universities of the countries.

Statistics gathered by officials at the University of Kansas show that those who get high grades in college are more likely to get higher wages than those who get low marks. It was found that the upper ten per cent of the class increased their salaries very rapidly over a period of years.

In order to show students of wealthy parentage how to get started in the business of professional world, a "Professor of Work", has been added to the faculty of Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Alabama College students would like to have a "Professor of Work"

but for an entirely different reason.

In place of classes in physical education, undergraduates at Barnard College, New York, who are in poor physical condition because of fatigue, are being required to take courses in "rest and relaxation." Full credit is given students in this course, who are being taught how to sleep.

Alabama College for Women, Montevallo, Alabama, offers the same course.

## Do You Belong in College?

Dean Christian Gauss, of Princeton University, declares that one-third of the undergraduates in American colleges and universities today have no business ever going beyond high school.

Virginia college pupils say there is one advantage in students reporting back to school late. It gives them a chance to prove that the ones who were there made all the noise.

Grades went out last week and from the looks of some of them this might be another place where New Year's resolutions come in.

The churches of the South founded 104 colleges and universities during the nineteenth century; and those which have since become the strongest were founded prior to 1860.

In 1850, 38 per cent of all American college students were in Southern institutions, and were instructed by 39 per cent of all college and university professors in the country.

Southern institutions of higher learning at that time received nearly half of the income to colleges and universities in the entire country.

During the eighteenth century, the South established five of every twelve universities founded in America; and, by 1840 it had 45 per cent of all such institutions in the country.

In 1862, the University of South Carolina's requirements were as high as those of Harvard and Yale, and apparently higher than those of Columbia; and Thomas Jefferson sent his grandsons there in preference to all other schools in America.

The University of Virginia was founded by Thomas Jefferson at Charlottesville, Virginia, and opened to students in 1825.

## VERY INTERESTING

Members of an Oglethorpe Fraternity are producing a co-ed record chart. The purpose of this is to permit the boys to become acquainted with the names, qualities, and habits of the feminine students without the necessity of interviewing each individual separately. After an evening with a maiden, whose name has not been previously recorded, the young gentleman is expected to make note of her age, weight, height, appearance, features, habits and—. There is also a column headed, "Peculiar Characteristics." Under this heading will be found the following phrases: "Will not take a drink, and must be in at ten-thirty." The foremost statement causes one to wonder, "Is a girl, who will not take a drink, peculiar?"—Exchange.

A plan to secure a fund of \$200,000,000 for the benefit of American Liberal Arts Colleges has been formulated by the Liberal Art College Movement, recently organized with President Ward, of Western Maryland College as Chairman.

The purpose of the movement, its sponsors declare, is to promote liberal arts studies.

"We shall undertake a vast advertising campaign," said Dr. H. J. Burghstohler, of Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, "which shall urge American youth to undertake such college work as will make them well rounded citizens. Too frequently students are graduated with a lopsided education. They know one subject very well but know nothing about other fields."

The newest thing at Judson College is the football teams.

According to one of the deans of the University of Nebraska, love, dumbness and faculty intelligence are the reasons for freshmen flunking out of college. He does not tell just to what extent of intelligence on the part of the faculty he means, or even whether he means lack of intelligence or not. Being a member of the faculty, he wouldn't dare admit any such lack on his part or his fellow cohorts. As for love (my what a trite expression and once beautiful thought for our ancient poets) and dumbness on the part of the freshmen, we say nothing.



## COREY FORD AND GROUCHO MARX VS. FOOTBALLS AND BEDS

"It may come as something of a shock to modern devotees of the grid-iron sport," reveal Corey Ford in his reminiscences, *And That's How I Met Your Grandmother*, "to learn that in my time football was played on bicycles. The entire team would line up along the tape on their high-wheeled 'bikes' and at the referee's whistle would pedal down the field like mad, the thumb-pieces of their bicycle bells clanging briskly and their auburn side-burns floating behind on the breeze as they raced toward the goal.

"An innovation which proved highly successful was the passing of the famous rule in 1869 that a man who made a touchdown was allowed to keep the ball as a souvenir. Inasmuch as leather was extremely valuable, owing to the high protective tariff, we found that this rule practically did away with the fumble entirely. Once a man had the ball in my day, he kept it. On the other hand, it handicapped our forward passing considerably, inasmuch as the first action of a player upon catching the ball in his arms would be to deflate it, tuck it under his jersey, walk off the field, go back to his room, pack his suitcase, buy a ticket to the big city and set up in the leather business for himself. It was in this manner that Otto H. Kahn got his start.

"But the most interesting custom in the good old days was the rule which we adopted regarding spectators. Today the spectator at a football game merely sits in the stands and calls out advice to the teams, such as 'Try a forward!' 'Take it through the line!' or 'Kill that man!' but in my day they actually went out there and **did** these things."

Folkstone, England.—Elimination of examinations may be possible if a new scientific method of testing the mental growth of school children, now being tried out by educators, proves successful.

Children are asked to tell what is wrong with a number of absurd statements, and if they give correct answers, their mental ability is said to have been proved.

One of the brain twisters which these same educators would try on adults to see if they are "superior," is as follows:

"A mother sent her boy to the river to fetch seven pints of water, giving him a three-pint and a five-pint

measure to carry it in. How could the boy measure exactly seven pints of water without guessing at the amount? Begin by filling the five-pint measure."

## WITH THE SMALLEST COLLEGE

Not more than 24 undergraduates were expected to register at Urbana University when it opened this fall. The university boasts the smallest student body of any higher educational institution in the United States.

The size of the student body was swelled somewhat by the institution of a new course in music. Feature it!

A new university, to be known as "The Institute of Advanced Study" and to begin its existence with a \$5,000,000 endowment from Louis Bamberger and his sister, Mrs. Felix Fuid, will be organized as a college virtually without rules, according to Dr. Abraham Flexner, director.

Extra curricular activities, athletics, and similar elements of college life will be barred from the campus of the new university, and every effort will be turned toward establishing a school of the highest rank. Only professors of ability and reputation will be employed, but all teachers will receive remuneration more than commensurate with the importance of their positions. Faculty members are to co-operate in the management of the school and occupy positions on the board of trustees.

—The Pennsylvanian.

## THE SOPHIST

The ideal college girl is good looking—but not so good looking that you have too much competition; studious—not too studious to make her a bother or a grind, but studious enough to always have her lessons so that she can tell you what it is all about, quickly, before class; fast—but not so fast that she will incur the ire of the old maids composing the vigilants' morals committee; clever—but not so clever that she outshines you; witty—but not so witty that she is always cracking jokes on you; a good dancer—but not such a good dancer that she is always getting tagged at a dance; a dramatic star—but not such a star that she is always given the love scenes with the leading man; a teacher's pet—not so much that she will get a bad name but enough to get some "pull" with them;—in other words just nice enough for you—but not too nice.

—Exchange.

## GEE! TOO BAD

Just imagine twenty beauties being burned all in one little fire. Not in the flesh of course, but only in the absolved wood. Good old absolved wood. Not Ben Bernie speaking. You see it all came about like this: The Phi Delta Theta house at Emory recently burned to the ground, and there were completely demolished twenty pictures, portraits, photos, snapshots, tintypes, and even a few daguerreotypes of beauties that had been turned in for the 1931 edition of their annual booklet. We do not wish to underestimate the loss of the house, and are very sorry that it occurred. But, if one looks at the beauties' side of the affair, he finds a great loss there. Just look at the paper, once fine enough; look at the lipstick and other means of remodeling the hen's face, (that remark means trouble) and don't forget the coy smiles and painful expressions and postures that must again be secured for another likeness of the dream girl, if then.

Students of Montana State College went on a strike for five days because of the regulation that girls had to be in their dormitories by 11 o'clock instead of 2:30.

## BOOKS

Books are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and danger, without clothes or money.

If you approach them they are not asleep.

If investigating you interrogate them they conceal nothing.

If you mistake them they never grumble.

If you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you.

—Exchange.

American citizens have given more than eight millions of dollars to the League of Nations.

London, Eng.—Hugh Walpole, the novelist, said in a speech at Kings College that there were only six books in the world today that were worthy of being called literature. He listed them as follows:

"War and Peace" by Tolstoy.

"The Illiad" by Homer.

"Pride and Prejudice" by Jane Austen.

The first volume of Keat's Poetry.

"Arabia Desert" by Doughty.

"Canterbury Tales" by Chaucer.

"As widely divergent as can be," was Mr. Walpole's comment.

—Randolph Macon Sun Dial.



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# ALABAMIAN

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March, 1931

No. 6

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# ELECTIONS

AT THE TIME when this, the March issue of the *Alabamian*, goes to print elections are the universal cry. Campaigning is at its height. It is even reported that a stump (or actually a trunk) speech was fervently delivered two days ago in one of the halls at Main. Petitions have been in circulation for the past week or two. It is reported that some girls have found themselves to be so versatile as to have their names connected with at least ten offices.

Out of the jumble a few names stand forth prominently. For president of Student Government Association, Dorothy King's name appears. Dorothy is Junior representative of Student Government and a member of Kappa Delta Pi. During the past three years she has filled many responsible offices and her name is easily recognized among the coterie of the prominent.

Another whose capabilities have sufficiently proved that she is definitely equipped to assume the responsibilities of a student government leader is Margaret Allen Wallis.

Margaret Allen is the editor of the 1930-31 *Alabamian* and she has participated in many student activities.

For vice-president of student government association come loud rumors of the names of Dorothy Kitchens and Martha Ford. Dorothy's College Night performance is still in the minds of the students and this memory suffices as a recommendation. Martha, very quiet and reserved, calls for the highest commendation possible. She is charming and gracious, and will lend her quiet poise and dignity to her weighty office.

For that office which is so closely related to Student Government president—president of Senate—Flo Fraley and Hasseltine Stallworth seem to be the names most often mentioned. Both girls are members of the Executive Board and have been members of the Senate in the past.

Sarah Matthews and Bido Purvis have been named for president of the president's council.

Sarah is president of the junior class and Bido, treasurer. Both hold other minor offices and are well qualified to fill the office of president of the President's council.

For Y. W. C. A. president the names do not seem to be so firmly established. Dorothy Burks, who for three years has served on the Y. W. C. A. cabinet, has been suggested. Too, there is talk that perhaps Eugenia Morrow will return to re-occupy the position she has this year filled so capably. Sara Stevenson and Leota Butler have also been mentioned.

The president of the Athletic Board has not been given as much publicity as some other officers. Only one name has risen above the feeble murmurings—that of Dora Little. Dora only recently revealed the scope of her abilities in her College Night leadership. Who wishes to join the race?

For vice-president, Izell Brown's name has received mention.

Two names have been shouted for Technala editor and business manager interchangeably—Mary Little and Ethel Barnett. Will Mary be nominated editor and Ethel business manager or will it be vice-versa?

The selection of students to fill the offices necessary in the mechanism of student government is one that should be given careful consideration. Discrimination is one of the most vital factors when choosing a student to become responsible for the executing of official duties. The best must be had for leadership, the qualifications must be high in order to keep the standards firm.

All of the students running for these offices are comparatively equal in ability, attitudes, and achievements. The one who will be the incumbent of the office is justly capable in representing the student body.

March 21 is here. Vote wisely and carefully. It is your vote that selects the student officials for 1931-32.



**BLIND**

As closely lived, as closely breathed we two,  
 As light interlocked with shadow under trees;  
 Yet never, never, never, never knew  
 How each the other prayed to touch, to please.

---

This bit of verse is Alabama's only contribution to the New Anthology of college verse. It was written by Mary Little, associate editor of the *Alabamian*. More than 4,000 poems from 300 American Colleges were submitted.

Mary has made many valuable contributions to the *Alabamian* and her gift for creative writing has long been recognized not only by the students, but also by the faculty of Alabama College.

**SONNET**

One summer night when Antares burned gold,  
 A live ember against the ashen sky,  
 Even as some astrologer of old  
 Kept nightly vigil with the stars, so I  
 That night watched the scroll of heaven un-  
 rolled.

Far specks of twinkling light did I descry;  
 The constellations, Leo, Gemini  
 And many others did my eyes behold.

I thought, "That oak tree, crouching in the sand,  
 Holds Polaris on its topmost bough.  
 That wayward comet tracing even now  
 Its path among the stars, in my cupped hand  
 Could lie." Scarcely could I comprehend how  
 Boundless is space. I could not understand.

—MILDRED NUNGESTER.

**DEVOTIONAL**

Tonight I thank Thee  
 For the awakening of the song of Love  
 Buried in the debris  
 Of little hurts—  
 I thank thee for  
 The sable stillness of unrequited  
 Dreams  
 Passing by in mocking splendor  
 Leaving me  
 With broken nails.

—LEILA BRUCE.

**MONTEZUMA TO CORTEZ**

My feathered cloak of yellow-green,  
 Quetzal, fair god!  
 My signet ring with serpents twined  
 Thou didst me rob!

The wilful wind that puffed thy sails,  
 Bore thee to me,  
 Upon thy ships the sun did gleam—  
 Scarce could I see.

Summoned I my seers and prophets,  
 "Who hither come?"  
 "Tis Quetzal who comes back to us,  
 God of the sun!"

"Quetzal," I said, "These my gifts are  
 Costly and rare,  
 Bring us thy peace and happiness,  
 O god most fair!"

Fearful then their cry did echo,  
 "Santiago!"  
 "Christo y Santiago!" cried  
 Thou, dastard, foe.

The gory streets ran red with blood  
 Where e'er thou trod,  
 Crumbled then the aztec altars,  
 Thou wert no god!

—MILDRED NUNGESTER.

**THE THINGS I LOVE**

I love people crowding down the streets  
 Forgotten faces rising before me  
 Reaching out to touch them  
 Finding thin air—empty.

I love wandering through old houses  
 Fingering bits of old lace  
 Or dusting the gold rim of a portrait  
 Seeing the wistfulness of a face.

I love sitting in a firelit room  
 Reading a book bound in blue  
 Hearing the echo of footsteps  
 Hoping that it might be you.

I love the smell of wood violets  
 Hidden by the grasses in spring  
 And the warbled notes of a bird  
 Lifting his feathered head to sing.

I love mountains rising in purple splendor  
 Embroidered with rocks and trees  
 Clouds sifting the angels' robes  
 On mouldering colored leaves.

I love music blending with the distance  
 Bringing memories of the living past  
 Forgetting the reality of doing  
 Ah! alone with you at last.

—LEILA BRUCE.



# EDITORIAL

## THE NEW ALABAMIAN

**A** LITERARY magazine such as the present **Alabamian** does not fulfill the requirements of the campus. It cannot contain news because of its literary aspect and also because of the long duration of time required for its printing, proof reading, and shipment. Moreover the eight issues of the magazine cost much more than is provided in the fund set aside for the school publication. For these reasons, those people who have studied the problem thoroughly advocate a change to a newspaper issued once every two weeks and a quarterly literary magazine.

The editing staff shall be guided and chosen by the Board of Control. This board shall consist of three seniors, two juniors, one sophomore, and 2 members from the faculty. The classes shall choose their representatives and these representatives shall in turn choose the faculty advisors. This chosen board will select, direct, and advise the editing staff and both groups will work together to produce a vivacious, living newspaper which will serve the needs of the busy mass of individuals who compose our campus.

For that minute particle of the vast unit student body which is interested in creative writing, the quarterly magazine will provide an outlet and an enthusiasm.

Most of the present **Alabamian** staff heartily recommends this change, and we predict a more vital publication—meeting the needs of the whole campus to a greater degree than at any time before.

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## COOPERATION

**"IF YOU** want anything done, do it yourself" is a very appropriate adage for Alabama College campus. On the heads of each organization fall all the blame, all the criticism, and also all the work. The members of a committee sleep while the chairman formulates her plans and puts them into execution. It is so in all types of work; it has happened repeatedly until it has become a chronic habit. If directly responsible for a task a person usually performs that task with a degree of success; if not directly responsible she lets the other person do the total amount of work, while she sits and calmly asks when it will be completed.

To what may be laid the blame for this condition? It is an unfortunate situation, which

should be overcome immediately. It can be corrected only when everyone shares equal responsibility with those persons designated as heads, presidents, chairmen and leaders.

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## INNOVATION

**M**ARCH IS the period of Innovation at Alabama College. Everything undergoes a change; each organization obtains a new administrator; each novice brings her ambitions and her particular ideas to the direction of her duties. The retiring officials wisely shake their weary heads—for they know just how far those ideas reach and how difficult are those ambitions to achieve.

With the new leaders comes new life, new energy and new plans.

The **Alabamian** wishes to commend those retiring executives and to congratulate and welcome those approaching officials.

With this issue of **Alabamian** the present staff bids its adieu to its readers. We wish to thank those of the faculty who have cooperated so kindly giving assistance and advice at all times. Also we wish to thank those few students other than the immediate staff who have made contributions from time to time. It is our earnest desire that the new form of The **Alabamian** will not only please the majority of the students but will also bring out the journalistic efforts of a very large number of people. A magazine edited by less than ten individuals cannot possibly represent the ideas and attitudes of eight hundred and fifty students. If the extremely small group continues to edit the paper the new **Alabamian** will be as truly characteristic of one particular group as has been this year's **Alabamian**.

With the revolution in the form of publication let there likewise be a revolution in the attitude of the student body. There are at least one hundred students capable of assisting with the editing of the college publication. It is your duty to contribute your abilities—and not your adverse criticisms.

With the approach of a new paper, a new system of editing, let there be a unanimous desire to assist in its success.

---

## INDIVIDUALITY

**WE** HEAR so much today of individuality that the term has become so trite as to grate a bit on our already jagged nerves.

Individual—it is interesting to be so—yet if  
(Continued on page 5)



# Polly Prattles to Patty

Patty:

A wave of relief swept over the crowd—a cry went up—someone had pink toothbrush—strange, icy hands clutched at her throat as she arose—nine out of every ten are victims—several screamed “Beware of irritation” but the girl was reassured as a kind voice murmured “Don’t worry, it floats, 99.44 per cent pure”. They assured her that she could sew in two weeks and earn a comfortable income with ten easy lessons in French—eating yeast every day strengthens the muscles; keep that sparkling smile with Blue-Jay corn plasters—How many envelopes can you address in one hour?—Buy an Austin and save the difference in Spratt’s Dog Biscuits—aids indigestion—not a cough in a carload—she never played so badly—her chapped hands red against the ivory keys—dandruff was on his coat—she couldn’t be sure—maybe it was the great American adventure.

But what am I saying to you? Something went wrong—oh, I know, I was reading a magazine just before I started writing to you—so I ’spose my pencil ranted freely with my disjointed, illogical thinking—that, my dear, is what College Night did to your enthusiastic ink-chatterer—forgive it and I’ll try to demonstrate at least partial intelligence from now on.

But honestly, Patty, the whole of College Night—the dreams, the plans and their materialization the hopes, the joy of “doing” may I say, accomplishing, was one grand and glorious adventure—from many well-informed reliables, I have heard that College Night, 1931, was one of the most glorious, for, besides the wonderful performance of the Purples and the Golds, no more beautiful college spirit has been exhibited. And Patty, the unusual thing is that the same harmony between the two divisions existed from the very beginning. The spirit throughout was unswerving and interest unflagging. I’m getting emotional—almost tearful; so I’ll hush.

Now I’m alright—tell me, dear, what’s been happening to you? Someone told me of seeing you last weekend. I was so pleased over the person’s hearty approval of you. She tells me she liked you instantly and before your five-minute chat was over—was fully convinced of your charming personality.

And speaking of personality, for several weeks I’ve been considering mannerisms as keys to personalities—in other words, many individ-

uals have definite little movements or mannerisms that are typically that individual—for instance—the way Anne Christian closes her heavy lids over her eyes with a sophisticated air when emphasizing a point in conversation—the dainty jerk of Bido Purvis’ knees as she walks—Lucy Causey’s hair tonic—the cute movements of Belle McCall Hart’s mouth when she sings—the fluttering, bird-like movements of Louise Smith’s hands—the expressiveness of Dot Davies’ eyes—the deep dolly dimple in Liz Veitch’s chin—Eloise Murray’s cute drawl—the strength of character in Josephine Ford’s face—Jimmie Walker’s curls—the oxfords of Grace Motley—shades of blue and Kate Sobotka—Jamie Frederick and her rather effective sarcasm—the way Ruth Fleming folds her arms, in class—Grace Chester and her cute way of eating—Mary Augusta Barnes’ motherly attitude toward others—Marguerite Thornton’s oriental eyes—Jim Bethune and her little habit of drawing pictures on paper when her hand clasps a pencil—Blonde hair and the lovely-eyed Griffin sisters—the willingness of Jo Anna Neil—and, Patty, could you feature Zona Martin without a cute wide grin on her face? And speaking of smiles, there’s one that plays and plays and plays around Helen McLane’s mouth but scarcely ever succeeds in bursting forth! Ain’t that funny? And Anne Coleman’s daintiness is very noticeable. The lilting laugh of Christine Duncan is essentially a part of her attractiveness—oh, I could rave on and on—there are scores of mannerisms I’ve noticed but you’re bored by now.

By the way, there’s the most adorable shop for college girls to be opened in Montevallo—an up-to-date department store in miniature—we’re all so thrilled over it. It’s all to be in dull green with mirrors galore ’n wax models and gobs of wearing apparel. That should lighten the week-end shopping tours to B’ham.

Have you ever known me to be so disgustingly long winded? Here’s a solution—come down next week-end and we’ll talk about everything and everybody? O. K.? Goodie. I’ll be expecting you.

Fondly yours,

POLLY.



## PROGRESS

CARICATURES of lip-sticked denizens of college dormitories met the eyes of the beholder on every signboard. High spiked heels tramped across the backs of modern magazines. Co-eds displaying an unusual length of leg filled the advertising section of newspaper and pamphlet. Life was a jazz symphony; keyed high, wine sparkled in frail glass goblets; and wearers of décolleté gowns, usually one shimmering sheath from slim shoulder straps to rib-boned garter, paraded the streets at four or five in the morning. Such was life in the gay '20's!

Now we have come to a new era. The pendulum is swinging backwards. Life is no longer crude, but subdued, streaked with silver and gray, and the women have made it so,—or was it the Parisian dress designers? However, what may be, it is interesting to suppose that when woman covered her knees, she may have changed history.

Not long ago it was a moot question whether the college girl would accept the feminine costumes offered her by Parisian designers or whether she would cling to the freedom given her by the abbreviated skirt. The question was finally decided in September when the trains, busses, and taxi-cabs began emptying their quota of collegians on every campus. It was confirmed by the continued appearance of skirts, sometimes falling sheer to the ankle, at every assembly. But we have noticed that on our own campus the girls sensibly refrain from trailing to classes dressed as mid-victorian heroines. How disconcerting it would be to a college professor to teach a class, minus that practical equipment of every college girl, a tablet and pencil, frilled and beruffled in flowery chiffons; and, when asked to recite, languidly murmuring "I don't know"!

Even though we have, in a sense, accepted the long skirt, let us never forfeit the practical efficiency bequeathed us by the short skirt, the boyish bob, and the blunt-toed oxford. In other words, let us accomplish what many have attempted, and few have succeeded in doing, let us keep our cake and eat it too!!

## AN ARCHITECTURAL BLUNDER

"FOREWARNED," says the old proverb, "is forearmed." Before we stroll in the library here on the campus we fully become aware of what is within, for across the facade are inscribed the words: "Law", "Science", "Art", etc., but alas, the Dining Hall is sadly lacking in this respect. How it would whet our appetites, to see daily the enticing words: "Rolls, Chicken, Peas, Ice Cream and Chocolate Pie", carved in enduring stone above the portal! Just as such words as "Psychology" and "Latin Grammar" are omitted above the Library, so the depressing words, "Hash" and "Grits" could be omitted above the Dining Hall. With these inspiring words continuously before us, everyone would wait with bated breath for the peal of the dinner bell, and the daily rush into the dining hall would become a stampede!

## FANTASY

Shadows spread—Love is dead  
The willows are weeping, weeping  
Sunsets fade—Idols are jade  
The willows are weeping, weeping  
Furies sleep—Wounds are deep  
The willows are weeping, weeping  
Waters seep—Death is asleep  
The willows are weeping, weeping  
Yes! flame and stars will fight  
But—worship  
I didn't sleep last night.

—LEILA BRUCE.

## INDIVIDUALITY

(Continued from page 3)

it takes cultivated eccentricities, and wilful trampling of another's feeling, the shallow artifice of it causes disgust.

For some time this form of individuality has been expressing itself in various forms on college campuses. Some evidence of it has been seen at Alabama College—after all we are just people—cooperating, depending on each other for support—and since God was such a wise creator as to make us all essentially different—true individuality does not have to be strived for in such an assiduous way—it is there—natural—genuine—and this fad of pseudo-individualism is instantly recognized as being a sufficient sign of egotism—may Alabama College students exercise a judgment based on efficient discrimination.



# FUDGE and FAGOTS

## ELEVEN STUDENTS HONORED

**K**APPA Delta Pi announces the following pledges:

Josephine Mizell, Eugenia Morrow, Flo Fraley, Margaret Allen Wallis, Dorothy King, Ida Hayssen, Verna Timmerman, Lucille Powell, Sara Stevenson, Jessie Mauldin.

Membership is based upon scholarship, and participation in outside activities.

## KNOWLEDGE vs. FINANCES

Those beings who believe college girls cherish their books as their dearest possessions (etc., etc., ad infinitum) would have received a rude shock if they could have seen the eager way in which books were sold to visiting bookmen not long ago. First came a buyer from the University of Alabama bookstore and, although he carried away books by the carloads, the subsequent visit of a similar buyer from the University of Michigan (or Kalamazoo, or some other far-distant clime) revealed the fact that many were left. Probably by the time the second buyer came some girls, because of keener financial distress, reconciled themselves to selling books for fifteen cents apiece, which had originally cost five dollars and were "just as good as new—and never had been used much anyway".

## DR. STODDARD LECTURES

On Friday, March 13, at Palmer Hall, Lothrop Stoddard was presented as a number of the artist and lecture course. Mr. Stoddard is a recognized authority on World affairs.

## D. A. R. CONFERENCE HERE

Members of the 33rd Annual State Conference of the Alabama Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution were guests of the David Lindsay chapter on the Alabama College campus March 10th, 11th, 12th. The delegates and other members of the convention roomed on the first and second floors of Weenona Hanson Hall. Naturally their presence caused much excitement among the students, as any unusual event does. For the girls who vacated their rooms for the guests it was really lots of fun to get to stir about and visit friends in Ramsay and Main—almost

like going off for the weekend. Then, too, it was a rare pleasure to see so many rooms resplendently clean and orderly. But the biggest thrill of all was that we had a regular Sunday dinner right in the middle of the week!

The program of the conference was an extremely interesting one. Some parts of it were contributed by students and faculty members of the college. Among these contributors were Mr. LeBaron, the Glee Club, Dr. O. C. Carmichael, Charity Armstrong, Clarkie Margaret Hammond, Eloise Robertson, Dr. P. H. Carmichael, Marie Turner, M. Ziolkowski.

## SOUTHERN STUDENT GOVERNMENT CONFERENCE

Baylor College, Texas, will be host to the Southern student government association in April. Representatives from colleges all over the south will be present.

Alabama College sends, as her quota, two delegates, the newly elected president of the student government association and the retiring president.

## HOME MANAGEMENT EXCHANGE

On March 20th the following girls will return from the Home Management houses:

Montevallo: Annie L. Barber, Mary Bowerman, Clara Mae Farr, Azile Norris, Anne Pruett, Roselyn Randle.

Columbiana: Kathryn Carroll, Doris Holman, Sarah Stevenson, Nita Taliaferro, Ella Mary Wallace.

The following will go in their places, March 23:

Montevallo: Anne Caruthers, Betty Eatman, Jennie Gates, Irene Merriwether, Elizabeth Waldrop.

Columbiana: Ila Merle Brown, Curry Cumby, Mary Jo Fenn, Virginia McCall, Martellia McNair, Frances Merrill.

## ROUMANIAN ARTIST GIVES PERFORMANCE

The Artist-Lecture course presented Sali Lobel, a Roumanian ballet dancer in concert February 7th, in Palmer Hall. She told in a most charming manner the history of the dance from Bible times down through

the ages and gave examples of each. Everybody especially liked the folk dance she did of her native country, Roumania. Her costumes for all the dances added color and charm to the dances themselves.

## LONG LIVE ST. PATRICK

The Y. W. C. A. Valentine Party held in the gym on the night of St. Valentine day was a big success with "Edith and Eddie" furnishing the music, everybody dancing and eating little heart shaped cookies—having a gay time generally.

## TRAVELER-AUTHOR CHARMS STUDENT BODY

One of the most delightful convocation talks of the year was by James Saxon Childers, a member of the Birmingham-Southern faculty and a writer of some renown. In a charming manner he recounted a few of his experiences in the Orient and described many unusual customs. Especially interesting were his droll comparisons of the treatment of women in the Orient with that in the Occident.

## DR. STEELMAN LEADS DEVOTION

Dr. Steelman was a recent speaker at the Y. W. C. A. service. He read some poems and epigrams that he had chosen from his scrap book. These readings, with their especial appeal to college girls, constituted one of the best Y. W. C. A. programs presented in a long time.

## "EVERYWOMAN" PRESENTED

The Dramatic Club presented "Everywoman", a modern morality play on the evening of February 13 in Palmer Hall. The play itself was a very clever one and the production was unusually good. Miss Ellen Haven Gould, head of the speech department, directed the production.

## NATIONAL POETRY SPEAKING CONTEST ARRANGED

The National Poetry Association has arranged for a National Poetry Speaking contest which will be held at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois on April 2 and 3. Any one is eligible to enter this contest



and the winner will be awarded the Sidney Lanier Medal for excellence in poetry speaking.

The Southern Association of speech teachers has arranged a program for a contest of the same nature. The contest between colleges in the Southern Section will be in both readings and poetry.

Soon a program will be arranged on our own campus to discover the best speaker here. Who knows? We may have the winner of the Southern contest here with us.

### ON THE AIR

The speech department presented the following radio programs: On Feb. 20—the acting class presented "Letters". This play has been presented to the student body during a convocation hour and was enthusiastically received. The players taking part were Virginia Brannon, Dorothy Davies and Lacy Gibbs. On Feb. 19—Miss Osband and Mrs. Chamberlain were heard in a combination program, giving a group of musical readings. On Feb. 26—Miss Gould talked on the poetry contest, introducing it to the public.

### ARISE—YE LINCOLNS

Perhaps those of you who are new on the campus this year know little or nothing about the Forensic Club, the sponsor of our intercollegiate debates. The organization has been meeting recently, and plans have been made regarding debates to be held this spring. A completed program will be announced later.

### CHILDREN'S THEATRE ORGANIZED

For some time the idea of a children's theatre had been uppermost in the minds of some of our faculty members, therefore, when a group of children was found so interested that they were writing and producing their own plays, the speech department took them in hand and organized a children's theatre. Officers were elected and the play, "The Blue Prince", was decided upon and, through tryouts, cast by the children themselves. The Officers are: O. C. Carmichael, Jr., President; James Black, Vice-President; Henry Clay Griffin, Secretary. The organization is under the direction of Miss Gould. Under her supervision and with the assistance of the play production and stage craft classes the play will be presented to the public in the near future.

### PLAY CONTEST ENDS

Last summer the Alabama College Theatre, under the direction of Dr. W. H. Trumbauer, conducted a play contest. Any citizen of the United States was eligible to enter and could write on any subject he chose, but Southern material was given preference.

The purpose of this contest was to stimulate writing. Thirteen plays of various types, some historical plays and some farces, have been sent in. Of this number one came from Selma, four from LaFayette, one from Montevallo, four from Birmingham, and one from Tusculumbia.

Later on the college theatre wants to give an experimental production of these if possible. Dr. Trumbauer thinks the contest has been a great success even though it did not receive as much publicity as it might have.

### ALABAMA COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

Alabama College Glee Club has given two performances in the state in the last month which have gained for them much popular support. The first appearance was made at the University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, where the members were greeted with much approval. Their second success was at Auburn, appearing there at a later date.

The Glee Club is composed of fifty of the best voices in Alabama College, being directed by Mr. C. V. Richmond, professor of music at Alabama College.

### RECITALS GIVEN

The Music Department announces the following programs for the month of March—March 13, Thelma Hill gave her Junior Recital assisted by Margaret Allen Wallis—March 10, Evelyn Pearson gave her Senior Recital assisted by Martha Wilson—March 20, Inamurl Smith will be presented in her Senior Recital assisted by Ruth Scott—April 3, Ruth Scott will be presented in her Senior Recital assisted by Belle McCall Hart.

### ORGAN PROGRAMS ARE RADIO FEATURE

Mr. Richmond has already begun a series of radio programs which he will continue to give. From 9:30 to 9:45 each Thursday morning and from 1 to 1:30 each Sunday afternoon he presents his invisible audience with delightful organ programs.

The music department has also scheduled for the benefit of the stu-

dent body a series of organ vesper recitals which begin in March and will continue through April.

### BIG GAME SEASON

"Ramsay Ramblers", "Hanson Hoofers", "Central Coming and Going", "Eastern Stars", and "Wooley Westerners" probably mean nothing to you unless you recognize them as the names of the impromptu soccer teams that have sprung up overnight on our campus. These teams with much running, kicking, and fighting (good-natured) are trying to put their respective dormitories over the top in the soccer tournament. If you believe there is no pep left from College Night, just watch these soccer games!

### ATHLETIC BOARD TO SEND REPRESENTATIVE

The athletic board has had a cordial invitation from the central division of N. A. A. C. W. to attend its meeting which will be held at the University of Wisconsin on April 23, 24, and 25th. There will be 2 girls sent from here to represent Alabama College. These representatives will be helped in an effort to promote a "bigger and better" athletic board for the year 1931-32.

### GOLDS WIN HOCKEY GAME

Pep, pep, bands playing, people cheering, children (rather large, it's true) running wildly up and down the athletic field was, in part, what greeted the hockey teams on the great day of the Gold and Purple hockey game.

The teams, bravely attired in their purple pennies and gold shorts, little showed the tumult of fear running riot in each body. When the whistle blew and the first bully sent the ball flying across the field, the grim determination on each face made everybody know that the game would not be easy for either side. The first goal gained augmented the purple enthusiasm and aroused in the Golds that old fighting spirit which enabled them to put over one of the prettiest and hardest fought games of hockey played on the campus this year. Every player put herself vigorously into the game, as the results definitely showed. The final score 2-1 in favor of the Golds—was the result of luck for the Golds and pluck on both sides.

On April 25 the Physical Education Club is going to honor Dr. Brownell at a banquet.



# CAMPUS WORLDS

## EINSTEIN SAYS NO EXAMS

Einstein would have education "a full and living process, with no drilling of the memory and no examinations, mainly a process of appeal to the senses in order to draw out delicate reactions."

Is this a University or a Kindergarten? Students under eighteen years of age are not allowed on the streets after 9 P. M. at the University of Omaha.

## WHO WILL BUY MY CAR?

Freshmen who have automobiles at Washington and Jefferson may be deprived of the privilege of operating their cars if their marks are not above par.

## SAYS YOU

A co-ed at Colorado University was treated to a ducking in the lake recently when law students of the institution caught her in the act of walking up the steps of the law school.

## FROM THIS POINT OF VIEW

"Science is always wrong. It never solves a problem without creating more."

—George B. Shaw.

## EVEN EXAMINATIONS HAVE THEIR MERITS

Tea is served free to students during examination week at Millersville State College. They can have it on the way to exams, on the way from, or both.

—Exchange.

## COLLEGE OF THE FUTURE

Twenty years from now, says Dr. Jasper K. Hart, of Vanderbilt University, the college curriculum will consist of the "interested activities of the student as they try to understand the world in which they live." This program will supplant the current system, which, it must be noted, contains altogether too much of "the interested activities of the student," but of a frivolous variety which has no more to do with an attempt to understand the world in which they live than it has to do with the intellectual life.

—Plainsman.

Today, as never before, the ways are open to every man to think and believe as he will.

—Bishop W. Lawrence.

## NEW COURSE GIVEN IN CHARACTER EDUCATION

We notice with great interest the new course in character education that is being offered at Auburn under the directorship of Dr. Beulah C. Van Wagenen, assistant associate professor of education. This course is concerned with the principles of character training. Some of the questions and topics for study will be: "What is character?" "Can it be taught?" "Character development as an objective of education"; "Social control of ethical ideals"; "The dynamic function of the emotions", and "Methods of training attitudes and feeling."

## YALE ABOLISHES MID-TERM EXAMS

The mid-term examinations were the last that will be given at Yale University, recently said Clarence W. Wendell, Dean of Yale liberal arts college, after adoption by the faculty and the Yale Corporation.

Beginning next fall a student will be required to complete successfully each previous year's work before enrolling for another term. Failure in any year will necessitate a student's taking an entrance examination in the fall previous to matriculating.

Students beginning next fall will take only five courses and at the end of the year will receive an examination in them. Each course is to take one-fifth of the student's time, and each final will require from three to five hours. Each class will have three two-week reading periods during the year, one before each examination period, which will take the place of the mid-term customary tests.

## IS IT POSSIBLE?

Every college has its freak, whether it be in low casts of living, scholarship, athletics, or something else. Yale University has one that ranks with the best. He spends three and one-half hours going to and from the University every day, works eight hours every day, still finds enough time to attend classes, study, and pass

his work with the school average, in addition to getting a few hours sleep, now and then. What a Lad!

## QUOTH THE RAVEN!

Little known to college folks is the fact that Edgar Allen Poe was a student at the University of Virginia in 1826. On Monday, January 19th, many visitors were present for his 122 anniversary. The room in which Poe lived is kept as nearly intact as possible.

## PAGE MR. CAPONE

We notice with interest and amusement a news item relating that ex-criminals are to teach their arts at the University of Chicago. This should bring out a novel course of study, what with a different night life to pursue, exams on the rifle range, and probably only a third degree upon graduation.

Chicago University will stage an innovation in educational methods. The president of the college announces that the school plans to abandon the traditional system by which a student is required to spend four years obtaining a fixed number of credits before he is entitled to a degree.

In its stead, the University intends to establish a system whereby a student can be graduated whenever he can pass a comprehensive examination.

We feel that Mr. Anderson would agree with these officials.

—Wo-Co-Ala.

Lois Moran, pretty motion picture actress, has expressed her intention of resuming her quest of higher education by entering Columbia University next year.

So you see after all is "said and done" there is probably something to this college business.

Urbana University in Ohio has but twenty-four students.

Fraternities at the University of Southern California "swap" meals each week. After all variety is the spice of life.



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# ALABAMIAN

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## *Scribbler's Club*

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<i>President</i> .....	EVELYN NORTON
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	MARIE TURNER
<i>Secretary</i> .....	ELIZABETH KILGORE

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CLARA CRENSHAW	MARGARET McCrARY
MARY PLANT HANLIN	EVELYN NORTON
ELIZABETH KILGORE	MILDRED NUNGESTER
MARY LITTLE	ANNA LERA STRICKLAND
MARIE TURNER	

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MARJORIE

PLANK

## *Young April*

Young April was a wind child  
Born in the stormy sky.  
Born of the winds so wild  
Where the pale moon sails by.

Young April was an elf child  
Born of the wind and rain;  
Born of the fragrance of flowers mild  
Which heal the heart of pain.

She was a child of young love,  
An inventor of young dreams;  
Dreams inspired by the moon above  
'Witching the night with its gleams.

She was a child of pathos and laugh-  
ter,  
Her tears were the rain  
That fell, but always after  
Came sunshine like joy after pain.

Weaver of enchanted nights and  
dreams,  
Of rosy sunsets and dawns,  
Mixed with the moonbeams  
Sifting on dew-spangled lawns.

—MARGARET McCrARY.



# SCRIBBLINGS

## THE PURPLE GRACKLES

I watched for spring;  
I hunted everywhere for signs:

Down in the grass,—  
Up in last year's brown vines.

Out in the woods,—  
Here on my own front lawn.

I searched and searched  
Until all hope had gone.

Finally I said,  
"It will not come at all.

"There is no use—"  
And then I heard a call,—

That ugly, haunting,  
Rusty-Gate-Hinge sound  
The grackles sing. . .

And so at last I found  
The surest sign of spring.  
—EVELYN NORTON.

---

## TEARS

Tears  
Are always shed  
For broken, lovely things.  
But broken faith is far too deep  
For tears.

—MARGARET McCrARY.

---

## RAIN

Persistent drops  
Whispering on the roof,  
Tapping with small sharp nails  
That click on diamond panes  
Dancing on the lawn  
With pointed-slippered feet.

—CLARA CRENSHAW.

---

## STARS

Last night  
I saw the stars  
Glamorous, unreal, beckoning.  
This morning I awoke to a cold dawn  
Of reality.

—MARGARET McCrARY.

## TREES AGAINST THE SKY

Stiff points  
Stitched on silver silk  
With thin thread.

Feathery branches  
Brushed in golden green  
On azure porcelain.

—CLARA CRENSHAW.

---

## LEAVES

Brown leaves are sere,  
Like people who fear  
Life and love and death.

Yellow leaves quiver,  
Like people they shiver,  
Fearing even themselves.

Red leaves are livid,  
Like women too vivid,  
Fighting middle age.

But green leaves are best,  
Like people who're blest  
With endless philosophy.  
—MARY PLANT HANLIN.

---

## MIRAGE

I lie face downward  
On the grass  
With the sun shining  
On me  
And dream. . . dream. . .  
Dream.  
The lawn is a waste of sand,  
The breeze a scorching desert wind,  
And a lingering dew-drop against my lips  
The deep, cool spring  
In a date-palmed oasis.

—CLARA CRENSHAW.

---

## MOONBEAMS

Moonbeams, haunting me in the  
Silence of the night,  
Lie still and cool.

Passing shadows  
Blot them out,  
Leaving a cool  
Empty space.

—MARGARET McCrARY.



# "Spring Try-Out"

Alabama College,  
In the Month of April.

Dear Students:

Was it Socrates who said

*"In the spring a young man's fancy  
Lightly turns to thoughts of love"???*

Well, hardly. But the statement is none the less true. And I believe we'll have to admit (just among ourselves and very confidentially) that in the spring a young **girl's** fancy has about the same tendency.

One of the most common evidences of this particular kind of spring fever is a sudden breaking out—no, not of measles—of verse writing, and sometimes very good verse writing.

Spring just affects us that way, and it is usually gratifying to have a graceful form of expression. You may be a potential poet, and never realize it until you once try to write down your "spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling."

The Scribblers Club is anxious to discover any kind of literary talent on the campus, and so we will conduct a "Spring Try-Out",—a sort of writing contest,—beginning today and closing at noon on Friday, May 15. The best papers

will be selected and their authors announced on Monday, May 18. These winners will be eligible for membership in the Scribblers' Club, and we shall be very proud of them.

A word about our organization: It has been recognized and chartered by Chi Delta Phi, the national honorary literary fraternity, though we have not yet had our formal installation. The original idea of the club when it was founded in 1924 was that of an informal grouping of would-be writers to further the literary efforts in the school. Such has been our plan ever since. At present there are only nine members of the club in the whole student body. Surely there are as many more who should belong in our roll-book.

Any type of original literature will be accepted: formal and familiar essays, poetry, short stories, and what-you-will.

So begin writing odes, sonnets, metrical romances, epics, madrigals, realism, romanticism, impressionism, naturalism, imagery, fantasy, tragedy, comedy, satire and so on. . .

Meanwhile, watch for posters that will give directions for submitting your manuscripts.

Literarily yours,

EVELYN NORTON.

## SONNET WRITTEN TO A BRONZE IMAGE

What thought hast thou, O, bronze Arab, bending  
Forever over thy blackened incense?

Art brooding over some dark insolence  
Done in the field of battle 'mid rending  
Of bodies, with scimitar descending,  
A fiery arc of bright magnificence?

Perhaps thy sad, sweet thoughts thou'rt sending  
To thy Creator, the Omnipotence?

No, tell me not. Thy eyes forever dream.  
Let them still dream of dark, barbaric dawns;  
To me thy tranquil, bowed countenance seems  
As melodious notes 'mid jangled songs.  
In this swift day mere dreaming is unknown;  
So dream, until Time claims thee for her own.

—MILDRED NUNGESTER.

## LIFE

Life is a dim void  
Peopled with phantom shapes  
That wander on  
And on.

—CLARA CRENSHAW.

## THE WHEEL

Life is a wheel  
That goes around  
With endless turns.  
It whirls and spins  
And covers ground  
With frightening rapidity.  
It makes the person of today  
Merely the corpse of tomorrow;  
But that is the way  
Of life!

—MARY PLANT HANLIN.

## VISION

I should love to see you  
Standing on a narrow ledge  
That breaks the smoothness  
Of a canyon wall.  
You would look like an Indian  
With your straight black hair,  
That pose, so careless, yet alert,  
And your eyes  
That always seem to gaze  
At things I cannot see.

—CLARA CRENSHAW.



# On the Gentle Art of Flunking

(An Informal Essay)

By MILDRED NUNGESTER

A serious error of the past and of the present has been the attitude of teachers and parents towards the act known in the vernacular of collegians as "flunking". Teachers and parents, whom I will hereafter designate as "impedimenta", using an old Latin word of subtle meaning, stubbornly maintain that they of the younger generation who indulge in the unlawful practice of flunking are mentally deficient and lacking in a mysterious quality called "I. Q." But, I, as an authority on the subject, insist that only people of superior intelligence are capable of flunking, and that they generally do so after serious thought and thorough investigation of the situation. In order to enlighten the ignorant, I shall here enumerate a few of their reasons.

First and foremost, midnight oil is expensive, and also in this day of electricity, it is exceedingly hard to obtain. Therefore, relegate to the waste basket the first precept tendered by the impedimenta to young hopefuls, viz.: "Burn the midnight oil".

Secondly, the impedimenta consider a reverence for great men extremely commendable in the young. We are continually told to "follow in their footsteps" and to "profit by their examples." But if we turn back the pages of

history and examine these so-called paragons of virtue, we find startling information. Goldsmith, we are told, was a dunce; Shakespeare knew "little Latin and less Greek"; Edgar Allen Poe was expelled from West Point for neglect of studies; Edison was insinuatingly told that his I. Q. was below par, and many others whose names will echo down the ages were berated in school for their lack of intelligence. Laudable indeed are they who persistently flunk. Are they not treading in the footsteps of the great? They will some day hobnob with the immortals, while the conscientious will perish, "unknelled, unconfined, and unsung"!

There are other reasons any coterie of flunkers could give, if sufficiently pressed; but indeed they are innumerable. Suffice it to say that thus far the world obtusely refuses to acknowledge the merits of those who proudly refuse to pass. Let us hope, however, that the world in general and college professors in particular will experience a revulsion of feeling in the near future. In the meantime let us cheer the flunkers, bringing a smile to their weary lips and a hopeful gleam into their desponding eyes.

Rah! Rah! Rah! The Flunkers!

## A BIT OF DOGGEREL

Bound to the desk, the pencil and rule,  
Stooped of back and weary of school,—

The student dreams.

He rests his head on his weary hands,  
And dreams and dreams of distant lands—

"Singapore, Bagdad, Bombay,  
Madagascar and Cathay"—

—The student dreams.

He looks at the maps in his j'ography book  
And traces the lines as they twist and crook;

A curve of the line—to the left—oh, no!  
To the right, I see,—then that's Cairo!  
Oh! for a blast of a good sea breeze,  
Salty, and tangy, and quick to freeze,  
To be scrubbing decks like a jolly tar  
—'Twould be the gates of Heaven ajar!

So— —

Bound to the desk, the pencil and rule,  
Stooped of back and weary of school,  
—The student dreams.

—MILDRED NUNGESTER.





### Sonner

*In dreams of you I find I always go  
 Back to the Autumn day I first saw you.  
 You were so timid, young, and sweet, you know,  
 I loved you—what else was there I could do?  
 Do you remember how you looked? Your bright  
 Wind-ruffled hair a golden aureole  
 About your head, and in your hand, pressed tight,  
 One great, rough, tawny-orange marigold?*

*The fragrance of it, crushed against your face,  
 Seemed such a part of you that often when  
 Its presence folds me like a close embrace  
 I feel that you are near me now as then.  
 It is so lonely here with you away  
 From me, but you'll be coming back some day?*

—CLARA CRENSHAW.



# Thus Was It Ever---Or, Love's Young Dream

By ELIZABETH KILGORE

Laurie Conn pulled himself out of the icy waters of the country club pool and stood shivering on the bank. He ran his fingers tentatively over his brown arms and decided that the temperature of his body was near enough the freezing point to permit him to indulge in his daily sun bath without danger of heat prostration. He thought for a minute of lying on the grass, but memories of "chiggers" caused him to change his mind. He glanced toward the high tower and, seeing that it was deserted, climbed the rickety ladder to its top and stretched the full length of his twelve years on the diving board.

The sun was warm on his back as he lay there drowsily watching the pool below him. It was rather an unusual pool as far as shape was concerned. It resembled nothing in the world so much as an old-fashioned coffin; but the water in the pool bore no resemblance to a corpse. Its crystal greenness was the playground of constantly changing light and shadow. At one end of the pool a clump of weeping willows grew, their long branches trailing in the water like the green hair of mermaids. Under the trees a group of girls in orange and red bathing suits were sitting in gaily striped beach chairs, the blue smoke from their cigarettes drifting upward through the maze of blue-green branches. Men in more sombre bathing suits lay on the ground and talked disinterestedly to the girls. It was too early for the more popular debutantes to have arrived.

Laurie watched them for a few minutes and then closed his eyes. He was yet too young to have had many "affaires de coeur", but recently he had become acutely conscious of one young member of the fair sex. She was a tiny thing with straight black hair and bright brown eyes. Laurie had never noticed her among the other girls who infested the pool until one day when she came up to him and asked with humble sweetness if he would teach her to do the jack-knife like he did it. That night he took his bathing suit home for his mother to darn two holes which had grown undisturbed for a month or more. Thereafter he left the breakfast table with his father and spent the entire morning practicing jack-knives, flips, and other complicated forms of diving which he exhibited with increasing skill in the afternoons. Even his most cherished day dreams underwent alterations to accommodate the new figure.

After such an auspicious beginning one might have expected a flourishing romance to develop, but outside of an occasional and timid "Hey", he had not spoken to her since the first day. He was content to lie on the diving board and dream of the things he would do to make her proud of him.

On this particular morning his dreams bore striking resemblance to certain scenes in the latest picture of one Tom Mix. She, of course, figured as the fair damsel in distress who applauded the rescuing hero and tenderly washed his wounds after the battle was won.

He was abruptly brought back to reality by the sound of a car stopping on the gravel drive which ran by one side of the pool. He looked up. It was she! He gripped the diving board tightly and with a pounding heart watched her and her mother get out of the car and join the group under the trees. She did not stay there long but slipped into the water, swam slowly across the pool to the bottom of the tower, then turned and swam slowly back. She pulled herself onto the bank and sat there splashing her brown legs in the water. Another girl joined her and they talked, looked across the pool at Laurie, and giggled. Laurie began to feel uncomfortable, and under pretense of scratching his leg hastily surveyed his bathing suit. There were no holes. Feeling somewhat relieved, he looked back, but they had got up and were walking toward the grove of trees that hid the fish lake from the swimming pool. The fish lake was no place for girls to go alone. Everyone knew that. The thick undergrowth along the edge of the bank was alive with snakes. As she disappeared in the grove a great resolution came to him. He would follow her and protect her. This was his great chance to make his dreams come true.

He scrambled to the ground and started at a gallop toward the lake. Then he heard her scream. The group under the trees came to life. The young men, followed by her plump mother, jumped up and started running toward the lake. Laurie's courage was doubled. He would not let one of those older boys play the role which he had dreamed for himself. Summoning every ounce of his strength he ran in the direction from which he had heard the scream. When he reached the edge of the lake he saw the two girls clinging to each other and pointing at a tiny green garter snake. Laurie didn't

(Continued on page 7)



# Songs by Marie Turner

## SONG OF SILK

"I will weave of silk a song," she said,  
As over and over she spun;  
For she was a maid of far Japan,  
And her story has just begun.

A thread of blue was the rolling sea,  
Gold was her sailor lad;  
Red was the ship that rocked on the foam  
To brave the winds so mad.

And all day long she sang the song  
Which into this cloth she spun;  
For each little thread from her heart untwined,  
As she dreamed of Le Chin Chung.

But a song of love made of gold and blue  
Oft is a song so sad;  
For the waves that dashed on the sailor's ship  
Claimed ship and song and lad.

Her song of love is not complete,  
This song of blue and gold;  
Tho' she looked in vain for her sailor lad,  
Her story must be told.

So all day long she weaves her song,  
A song without a hope,  
For well she knows the tide of life,  
As we sail in the big red boat.

Alas, too soon her song she ends  
With the snip of a silken thread;  
And the red and gold that might have lived,  
In the blue are drowned and dead.

---

## TO DEATH

Oh, tyrant of the living,  
And queen of all the dead,  
Before your portals all shall bow  
And none shall raise a head.

Do you unveil the future,  
The awakening of a dream?  
Or are you hell's foundation,  
The echo of a scream?

Alas, I'll know your secret  
When my final race is run;  
And I will know the meaning  
At the sinking of the sun.

And, oh, in that awakening,  
If I could only find  
The things that I once cherished  
Are the things that still are mine.

---

## DEEP IN THE HEART OF YESTERDAY

Deep in the heart of yesterday  
Someone found a rose;  
And always on the breezes  
Its sweet perfume still blows.

Deep in the heart of yesterday  
Someone sang a song;  
And on the chord of memory  
It lingered long and long. . .

Deep in the heart of yesterday  
Somebody smiled at you;  
Lightened the load of a heavy heart,  
And somebody wasn't blue.

Deep in the heart of yesterday  
God gave me a dream anew.  
Deep in the heart of yesterday  
God gave me — well — Just You.

---

## THUS WAS IT EVER—

### OR, LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM (Continued from page 6)

stop. If she thought she was in danger a garter snake would serve as well as a boa constrictor and would probably be much easier to handle.

By the time the older boys arrived, Laurie had beaten the defenseless little snake to insensibility. They formed an admiring gallery while he finished his feat. At last he held it up, a helpless, mangled thing, and looked toward her for his reward. Instead of a worshipping face, he saw the rapidly retreating back of his lady love, closely followed by her breathless mother. For a full minute he stood staring after her. She hadn't even stayed to thank him, to see that he was unhurt. . . In that one moment Romance, for him, turned up her toes and died.



# To Our True Loves

## THE OLD BOOK

You were a book  
That dealt with love;  
Your every look  
Was like a sentence  
That I devoured  
With avid rapture.

But now I know  
The whole book through;  
It bores me so  
That I can say  
You're only a preface  
For following chapters.

—MARY PLANT HANLIN.

## INDIFFERENCE

Like the faint  
Sound of a breeze  
Your voice comes  
Out of the past.

Like the cool  
Moon it plays  
Upon my heart  
Grown cold as marble.

I care no  
Longer to listen  
To your call  
Neither now nor in the future.

—MARGARET McCRARY.

## FACT AND FANCY

I would have given anything  
Last night to have you here;  
The stars were few  
And I was blue,  
And you seemed very dear.  
I would have given anything  
Last night to have you here.

I would have given everything,  
I felt I loved you so. . .  
. . . Tonight is bright,  
My heart is light  
And you are here,—and oh!  
I would give almost anything  
If you would only go!

—EVELYN NORTON.

## RECONSIDERATION

I hated you entirely,  
You were an awful pill;  
A mean old viper and an asp,  
You simply made me ill.  
I swore I'd never speak to you,  
My cutting stare would kill,  
But when your charming letter came  
I found I loved you still.

—MARY PLANT HANLIN.

## MAN HATER

You hurt my heart  
And cracked it apart,  
I hated all men  
With vehemence then.  
My life was simply  
A tight-sealed book,  
At any other man  
I would not look  
By now I've forgotten,  
I realized you're rotten;  
And excuse me please  
While I go see  
If I know that man  
Who's staring at me.

—MARY PLANT HANLIN.

## ANOTHER HATER

How I hate men!!  
When they don't notice me  
I hate them all  
Most terribly. . .

—EVELYN NORTON.

## UNFULFILLMENT

You wanted a little rose covered cottage  
On a little quiet side street.  
You wanted a cozy porch on which  
You could sit evenings, and rest your weary feet.  
You dreamed that on summer evenings  
You'd hurry home and find me there. . .

There was another dream you had;  
Of little rosy fingers playing in your hair.  
. . . Well, you have your little dream house  
On a side street, and under the evening sky  
You sit and talk to someone,  
But that someone isn't I.

And I, I have all that I left you for—but love.

—MARGARET McCRARY.



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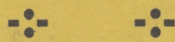
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# ALABAMIAN

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## Senior Issue

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THE POST PUBLISHING CO., OPELIKA, ALA.



# In The Beginning

## RAT WEEK

### General Rules:

1. Use no make up.
2. Wear hair behind ears all the week.
3. Wear rat cap all the time.
4. Stay out of Post Office until all upper classmen are out.

### Monday:

Wear dress wrong side out.  
Wear beau's picture tied around neck.

### Tuesday:

Wear gym suit under dress.  
Wear gym shoe and stocking on right foot and high heel shoe and silk stocking on left foot.

### Wednesday:

Wear swimming cap.  
Carry raised umbrella and run instead of walk.

### Thursday:

Take a hat box around with you.

### Friday:

Wear wet bath rag pinned to dress and keep it wet.  
Carry bar of soap.

### Saturday:

Line up at 1 o'clock and march around in town for two hours.

### Saturday Night:

Sophomore Court at 7 o'clock.  
Tried one at a time.  
16 were found guilty so they had to get up at sunrise Sunday morning and scrub the front steps at Main with their tooth brushes.

## FRESHMAN PRIVILEGES

1. Freshmen may go to town any afternoon after three-fifteen, except on Sunday, provided they are back by five-thirty.
2. Freshmen may have only one night date each month.
3. Before having dates, or going riding, Freshmen must sign in the Social Director's office.

## REGULATIONS

1. No student (except a senior) may go to the drug store after the picture show at night.
2. When the 7 o'clock bell rings every girl must go into her dormitory except on Saturday nights.
3. No prolonged conversation with a young man in the drug store is allowed.
4. A student is allowed three cuts a term from chapel attendance.

5. Underclassmen may take young men visitors to Ramsay between 3 o'clock and 4:30 o'clock on Sunday.
6. Underclassmen may receive visits from young men from out of town on a week night, only when permission has been granted them by the President of the Student Government Association.

## COLLEGE NIGHT LEADERS

Purple	{ LET JONES DeSHAZO
	{ JANET WILSON
Gold	{ ALICE LOWERY
	{ FRANCES LOFTIN
Winners	PURPLES

## CLASS OFFICERS

RACHEL BROADNAX	President
FLORENCE STEVENS	Vice-President
FRANCES FULLER	Secretary
RUTH HOLLOWAY	Treasurer

## HONOR BOARD REPRESENTATIVE

Regina Riley

## ATHLETIC BOARD REPRESENTATIVE

Jeannette Brock

## MAY DAY REPRESENTATIVE

Majorie Moss

## ALABAMA PLAYERS

Maury Wisdom

Nonnie Stevens

Ruth Scott

## GLEE CLUB

Belle McColl Hart

## FUNNY HAPPENINGS

One night about 11:30 everybody on west was awakened by screams that came from the fire escape. We all got up, rushed out into the hall, looked down the fire escape and there was Clancy Morrison—Caught!!! She was too fat to go on down. We got the house president and she selected the three strongest girls in Main, made them go over to the end of third east, line up and run all the way to the west fire escape, then they jumped in and pushed Clancy on down.

On Berta Kirkpatrick's first night at school she tried to blow out the light and it wouldn't blow. The final trial was to pull the dresser up close and shut the light in the drawer so she could sleep.

The first time Mary Helen Gwin went down the fire escape she thought she was supposed to get out at the first opening so she stuck one leg out at the second floor and the rest of her

(Continued on page 3)



# Where, O Where Are the Gay Young Sophomores?

Sh! and I'll tell you a secret. These are extracts from a diary which was a "silly sophomore", indiscretion of one of our most outstanding Seniors. Who is she? Well, I'll leave that for you to guess.

September 11, 1928.

Dear Diary:

To think that we are back at school again after three months of vacation. It was such fun, but what do you think? To my horror and surprise I have discovered that I actually am glad to be back. But you are the only one I could ever breathe that to or wouldn't I be scandalized! Imagine anyone's admitting that she was glad to get back to school! Yet it is such fun not to be a Freshman any more. I am having a grand time looking condescendingly at little Freshmen and saying, "Now, dear, it's time for you to go to your library class", or "Stand right here just a minute while I run over there and get the nice man to O. K. your schedule". Fun isn't all there is to it though. I have done more real honest work in these two days of Freshmen Orientation than I did all last year. I guess I've told you before that this year is the first time we have had a Freshman Orientation week on the campus. The Student Senate is having to work hard but we are awfully proud of inaugurating the plan. Gee, but I'm getting sleepy and I have to give my group of Freshmen a handbook drill. Oh, will ten o'clock and lights out never come! I know I'll never wake up tomorrow in time to gather up my group and get them to the English test. I do wish some of the old girls would get here. Everything is so quiet without them.

September 17, 1928.

Hello Diary:

The Sophomores held their first class meeting tonight in the chapel. We didn't do anything except elect officers. Florence Stevens is President; Rachel Broadnax, Vice-President; Frances Fuller, Secretary, and Belle McColl Hart, Treasurer. Our executive Board members are Mary Combs and Regina Riley, and our Athletic Board member is Jeannette Brock. I must hurry as I want to go to town at five-thirty 'cause we never can go at night. And, by the way, I almost forgot that Lila Nolen and Laddie Speake were elected cheer leaders for our class and they certainly know how to get up the pep.

September 30, 1928.

Dear Diary:

I haven't time to write much tonight because this is rat week and are we having fun! But

I don't believe that it's as much fun, after all, as when we were Freshmen. It's very much more exciting to be hiding under beds, in closets, etc., yourself than to be looking for others who are. Nevertheless, it is still fun and I'm getting a great kick out of having my breakfast brought up every morning by a trembling little rat and having another to sweep my room. This is the life! Why doesn't rat week last forever?

This is the first time that ratting has been strictly limited to one week. Our class decided, however, to go in for the humane treatment of dumb animals—hence our kindness toward the rat variety. We have also abolished "paddling" as a form of ratting. I groan when I think of the blisters raised by shoe-trees which will go forever unavenged.

At Home—December 24, 1928.

It has been such a long time since I've written in my diary but things have been happening every minute since the flu epidemic started. Everybody in school was catching it so at twelve o'clock on Wednesday, Dr. Carmichael announced that school was out for Christmas and we weren't supposed to get out until Friday. I was awfully sorry though for those who were already sick and couldn't leave but wasn't it nice for the rest of us? After all, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good".

February 15, 1929.

I have just come back from "Liliom" and I have never seen such a wonderful play. I was very proud that many of the cast were Sophomores. Why Nonnie Stevens was positively fascinating as Liliom. Evelyn Fulford, Ruth Scott, Maury Wisdom, Winifred Carney, Rachael Broadnax, and Hazel Jackson were other Sophomores in the cast.

February 23, 1929.

Dear Diary:

I feel as if the world has come to its end—College Night is over. The rest of the year will be an anticlimax. It was all just too gorgeous for words. The beautiful Arabian impersonation of the Purples was marvelous. Evelyn Fulford made a lovely princess and were you ever as surprised as when Dora Little was unrolled out of that rug! The Gold impersonation was awfully thrilling. I feel as if I've made a trip to hell myself. I'm almost too scared still to stop writing and go to bed. The stunts were darling too. The purple stunt was "A Symphony in Blue" and it was awfully pretty. But the Gold stunt was the cleverest thing I have ever seen. I shall never forget those monks dancing and singing, "Buddha, Buddha,



let something happen". That's all one can hear on the campus now. The Golds won College Night but the Purples were awfully good, too. Margaret Farish and Laurice Butler were the Gold leaders and Mary Gloster and Janet Wilson were the Purple.

We had to have College Night two nights this year so that everybody could see it. I have heard that the new auditorium will be completed in time for next College Night. I can hardly believe it, however, although they have already begun working on it.

March 20, 1929.

Dear Diary:

Hanson Hall is finished now and everybody seems to be moving over there. I went inside and looked at the furniture yesterday. It is steel and is very attractive. I can't wait until I am a Junior so that I can live over there.

I'm going to a feast tonight. Mary has just received a box from home but it won't be there long.

Tuesday Night.

I think I have forgotten to write to you about the terrible thing that happened last week. We were spending the night on third and in the middle of the night we woke up and it looked as if the whole town were burning. We watched it a long time and finally learned that it was Wilson's Drug Store and the Post Office. They were certainly burned completely up. We walked by today to see what was left but there wasn't much to see. I heard that Dr. Wilson is going to build a new drug store on another corner so that he won't have to change all of his "on the corner" advertisements.

We have had another class meeting. Carolyn Fussel was elected Sophomore beauty. She is the prettiest thing I ever saw. I know she is prettier than any of the other class beauties.

April 30, 1929.

Dear Diary:

I am so tired that I can hardly write. We have just come back from camp—the new camp. I missed the opening and this is the first time I've seen it. Those who have not been to the old camp won't know how to appreciate it. I'm sorry I neglected going to see it for such a long time.

May 10, 1929.

Dear Diary:

Next to College Night, May Day is the biggest thing of the year—and this year it was bigger and better than ever before. It must be wonderful to be talented like Mary Little. To think that she wrote the whole thing! Nonnie read it beautifully and the dances were all

lovely, too. Alice Lowery made a charming May Queen and Eloise Lee was, of course, Best Citizen.

Hurrah! for the Sophomore class in general and the swimming team in particular. Nonnie Stevens, Laddie Speake, Annie Leah Sowell, Sis Long, etc., have just won the swimming meet for us. I have never been as happy over anything. Gee! but we're proud of them.

May 16, 1929.

Dear Diary:

Don't ever ask me if I want to dance again. I have never before been as tired as I am now. We gave the Seniors a tea-dance this afternoon. It was lots of fun but it was lots of work, too. Oh, to be a Senior and get to go to lots of parties!

I have a history test tomorrow and I'm too sleepy to study for it.

Good-night.

### IN THE BEGINNING

(Continued from page 1)

anatomy kept on going, leaving leg behind.

I was hall chairman on second central. Of course at the election the proctor, Carolyn Fussel, was told to notify me if anything went wrong.

I was awakened one night about 12:30 by Carolyn calling, "Olleene, Olleene, Olleene". I asked what was the trouble and she replied, "The tower is running over, what must I do about it?"

Jule Reynolds, when a green little freshman from South Alabama, saw wild onions and garlic growing in the pasture back of the college and she said, "Is this some of the Kentucky blue grass?"

### THOSE WHO LEFT US THAT YEAR AND WHERE THEY ARE

Leone Gibson—Mrs. C. W. Nelson—Cullman, Alabama.

Sara Alsobrook—Married—Living in Texas.

Mary Lou Cooley—Married—Mobile, Alabama.

Beatrice Gilmore—Mrs. Cecil Moore—Marion Junction, Alabama.

Gertrude Craig—Mrs. Cecil Ward—Bessemer, Alabama.

Dorothy Haynes—Mrs. J. T. Wood—Mobile, Alabama.

Annie Leah Sowell—Married—Living in Florida.

Myrtle Veitch—Married—Living in Birmingham, Alabama.

Annie Sue Propst—Married—Living in LaFayette, Alabama.

Eleanor Owens—Going to Tallahassee.

(Continued on page 5)







# Our Junior Year

By the time we had reached our third year in college—to put it in collegiate terms—we thought we were the “stuff”. Just the year before we had had so much fun “ratting” the freshmen. This year that was out of the question. Indeed no, we wouldn’t think of stooping so low. It was in the fall of this particular year that “Rat Week” was abolished by the all powerful “Sophs”. Why? It must have been for the sake of the other classes for the freshmen, dressed in tennis shoes, hair plaited, minus cosmetics, would certainly cop no honors in a beauty contest.

It was in this said year that Dr. Trumbauer gave his second Little Theatre Play, *Beggar on Horse Back*, in our beautiful new auditorium. This was the first play to be presented in Palmer Hall, so named for Dr. Palmer, Dr. Carmichael’s predecessor. We were fully competent to appreciate this new auditorium, after having strained our necks for two years in the old building in an effort to see around the posts. Then, too, the Juniors had a new dormitory, Hanson Hall, so that we were no longer envious of the residents of Ramsay. Books were thrown aside the first few weeks and the time was spent in cooking. Those who were not cooking spent their time running up and down the hall trying to locate a certain odor which promised a good feast.

“Exams” just will come around, though, and take away everyone’s fun. Books were dragged out, dust blown off and the work begun. Every door in Main was adorned with an “Official Busy”, for the freshmen had not learned that they were for ornamental purposes only. Everything has its good points and “exams” are no exception, for Christmas holidays followed soon after.

Everything has to end though, so before very many days we were again among our books. The most exciting day of all was when we discovered the snow on the ground. A mad rush was made for galoshes, but Klotzman and The Dollar Store not knowing, of course, that a blizzard was coming, were naturally out of them. The campus looked as if it were covered with a white blanket, and the purple and gold snow men added to the picture. Incidentally girls just didn’t attend classes—anyway you know it isn’t every year that it snows. You had to put on a bold front to venture out for you were accosted on all sides with snow balls.

In February came our first College Night in Palmer Hall with Janet Wilson and Mabel Peters, leaders of the Purples, and Florence

Stevens and Dora Little, leaders on the Gold side. The Golds were victorious in spite of the fact that the Purples used a real live horse and pigeon in the Impersonation. The pigeon behaved perfectly for the Purples but insisted on flying out in the audience when Helen Mahler was giving the Gold Toast.

Then came spring, when a college girl’s fancy turns to dover sandals and white oxfords. After years of waiting the Seniors finally hid the crook. We looked up and down, high and low but the crook was nowhere to be found; it seemed as if we would never be “Seniors”. It was found after so long a time on Sunday afternoon, by Ruth Fant. Three cheers for Ruth! No doubt we had walked right by it many times.

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## IN THE BEGINNING

(Continued from page 3)

Eleanor Mae Salmon—Going to Southern.  
 “Baby” Perry—Teaching in Mobile.  
 Lavera Morgan—At M. S. C. W.  
 Elizabeth Hall—At Home—Montgomery, Alabama.  
 Mary Carpenter—At Southwestern.  
 Dorothy Moody—Working in Birmingham, Alabama.  
 Josephine Peavy—Working in Birmingham, Alabama.  
 Sara Charles Pickett—At Home—Montgomery, Alabama.  
 Virginia Sawyer—Working in Birmingham, Alabama.  
 Adelaide Torbert—At Home—Greensboro, Alabama.  
 Margaret Morgan—Married—Living in Mississippi.  
 Katherine Hilt—At Home—Ashland.

---

## A FRESHMAN’S PRAYER

Oh! Now I lay me down to sleep,  
 I pray the Lord my self to keep,  
 From Sophs, Juniors—and Seniors, too,  
 For there’s no telling what they’ll do;  
 And oh, dear Lord, Lord I pray,  
 Impress the teachers not to say—  
 “Remember you’re in college now.”  
 ‘Cause we can’t forget it anyhow,  
 And before others come here, let ‘em see,  
 That College ain’t what it’s ‘sposed to be.  
 ‘Cause it makes no difference where we’re at  
 Somebody sneers, and says “She’s a rat”—  
 I’ll try to stand it, but I implore  
 Don’t let me be a rat no more.

—Amen.



## The Senior Mother

The word mother to every girl is a symbolization of all that is refined, cultured, noble and dear. We treasure with utmost respect the many kindnesses, sympathies and words of encouragement which can come so abundantly

only from Mother or from one who realizes the greatness of being a mother. The hundred and thirty who have successfully reached the end of four happy years together feel that the spirit of unity has been strengthened, as well as guided, through the loveliness of character and personality in none other than our own Mrs. Coleman.

Yes, "Mother" is the title which most fully represents this sincerity and graciousness of manner

with which Mrs. Coleman is always ready to greet one whether in gladness or sorrow.

Her friends are many. Not only is she admired by our campus family, faculty and students, but her contributions to the civic, social, and religious organizations of Montevallo have endeared her to the townspeople as well.

A recent guest said, "Everything that is refined and cultured is embodied in Mrs. Coleman. She is one of the most charming of Southern ladies."

The townspeople and guests admire her, citi-

zens of the campus esteem her, but the Seniors have a claim to her which none else can make. She is our Mother. Our own mothers cannot be with us during our life at Alabama College but no one could have been chosen who could better take their places. The same ideals and standards which were set up for us in our homes prevail in her very manner and are ever present in her dealings with us. Her deep sympathy when we are



MRS. LOUISE COLEMAN

in trouble, and her sincere joy when we are glad, have endeared her to the hearts of every occupant of Ramsay.

Mrs. Coleman, others think of you as a "cultured Southern lady", but we, the Seniors, think of you as our Mother, and we love you dearly.



### THE SENIOR ATTITUDE

I find most every other day,  
Some new problem comes my way  
But I say, without regret  
"Nothing more than I expect".

And on exams when I make D  
I thought at least I'd get a B  
But to dear teacher I say, you bet,  
"Nothing more than I expect".

Now life's a game, as you should  
know  
So do your part, and a little more.  
This creed will help you lots, by heck,  
"Nothing more than I expect".

Now to conclude 'tis plain to see  
That I an optimist would be  
For should I hang by my one neck—  
"Nothing more than I expect".

### COLLEGE NIGHT

College Night went over this year as well as, and there are some who say much better than, usual. The Golds, led by Dora Little and Dorothy Kitchens, were betting on "1960", "The Prisoner of Chillon", and Evelyn Leake while the Purples with Rachel Broadnax and Belle McColl Hart concentrated on marionettes, "Esther", and Margaret Allen Wallis. In spite of the Golds' having won the hockey game the Purples recovered enough equanimity to win the final laurels. The gift to the winners was a plaque on which is and evermore will be engraved the records of College Night. And the spirit of the whole occasion, which was finer than that ever shown before, was above all, on the part of both Golds and Purples, for the one to whom this College Night was dedicated—our Alma Mater.

### RAMSAY TEA

The inmates of Ramsay gathered themselves together before it one day for Mrs. Yeager's special benefit. She approved of their looks, and decided to make more pictures of Ramsay, internally and externally. Many of the inhabitants willingly lent themselves to gracing the parlor and hall, and many lovely pictures were thus secured. It was decided that this group of prints, and suitable remarks, should be assembled and presented to Mr. Ramsay at a tea.

Strenuous preparations were begun at once by I. C. and Mary. And on the day Ramsay Hall had never been so resplendent as at the moment when Mr. Ramsay drove up while the rain poured down.

Festivities progressed as they will on such occasions—Martha Wilson, Marie Turner, and Inamurl Smith providing deviations therefrom.

### HOME EC CINDERELLAS EMERGE

The Home Economics girls have made their debut. Heretofore they've represented white aprons, dust pans, thermometers and reducing diets, but they evolved this year into lovely ladies of leisure, floating from one party to another, in pale chiffons and big picture hats,—which is more as it should be.

Miss Margaret Edwards is largely responsible for this change. Seeing the need for a better conception of Home Economics ideals and for a larger social life at the college, she planned a program to care for both situations.

The senior students were divided into groups to be responsible for teas given each Wednesday throughout the spring semester. Here is the nice point: the guest list for these teas included every student and every faculty member. And you know how gracious and charming the hostesses were.

A new course in catering was introduced, and it has proved very popular. This class served a stag dinner during February for Dr. Carmichael and eleven of his friends. And one evening in April they conducted a demonstration cafeteria that was the talk of the town.

Another new course was the one in costume designing, which cooperated splendidly with the Theater Department.

On Saturday, April 25, the department entertained its seniors with a garden party on the East campus. This represented the quintessence of quintessence in fashion reviews.

The Home Economics Club, Alpha Kappa Gamma, gave a reception in honor of Mr. H. D. Hobdy of the State Department of Education, on March 12, and a banquet for the departmental majors on Tuesday evening, May 5.

We are certainly proud of what our future homemakers have done.

### THE GRAND RUSH

MR. AND MRS. T. H. NAPIER

at home

*Saturday afternoon, April eighteenth  
from four to six o'clock*

What excitement! Commencement and the end of everything seemed upon us when that first invitation appeared. Of course it was really the beginning, for after that in rapid order came the A. A. U. W. dinner, the Freshman lawn party, the Sophomore Pirate Dance, the picnic given by the department of education, Dr. and Mrs. Carmichael's reception, the Junior banquet (in the middle of

exams) and the Governor's reception just before the final shouting. Surely, the Seniors have the hardest time working and the best time playing!

### GOING? GOING?

**Caddell-Watts.**—Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Caddell, of Brent, announce the engagement of their daughter, Avis Elizabeth, to Mr. Major Watts, of Bessemer, the wedding date to be announced later.

**Kirkpatrick-Pilkington.**—Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kirkpatrick, of New Castle, announce the engagement and approaching marriage of their daughter, Berta, to Mr. Luther Pilkington, of Birmingham, the wedding to take place on June 13.

**Wilson-Blair.**—Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Slaughter, of Millerville, announce the engagement of their niece, Martha Lavina Wilson, to Mr. John Clyde Blair, of Talladega, the wedding date to be announced later.

### GONE!

#### Nolen-Graves Wedding

Miss Lila Elizabeth Nolen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Nolen, was married Saturday evening, Feb. 7, at six o'clock to Mr. William Dawson Graves, Jr., at the First Methodist Church, Rev. E. M. Barnes performing the impressive ceremony.

The church was artistically decorated in stately palms and green ferns and ivy and dimly lighted with myriads of candles.

It was a rainbow wedding. Miss Belle McColl Hart, of Selma, gowned in a pink chiffon, sang, "Still as the Night" and "Because", accompanied by Mrs. S. P. Adams.

The wedding party consisted of Miss Elizabeth Russell and Miss Ruth Henderson, gowned in yellow chiffon; Miss Emma Robinson, of Wetumpka, and Miss Mary Dowell, of Macon, Georgia, wore pink chiffon; Miss Virginia Brannon, of Roanoke, and Miss Mary Frances Chappell were in orchid chiffon.

Miss Mary Ellen Worthy and Miss Margaret Coley, junior bridesmaids, were in blue chiffon; Mrs. Woodson Walker, of Waverly, sister of the groom, in peach chiffon, was matron of honor.

Miss Kitty Dean, maid of honor, was in green chiffon; Little Celia Lightfoot, flower girl, wore a creation of pink chiffon and scattered rose petals from a pink garden hat; Little Billy Walker, nephew of the groom, in white satin, was ring bearer. The bridesmaids carried showers of Pernet roses.

The bride was attired in white satin and bride's veil with orange



blossoms and carried an arm bouquet of Talisman roses and valley lilies. She was given in marriage by her father.

Mr. Bennie Russell was best man to Mr. Graves and groomsmen included: Mr. Alvin Nolen and Mr. Neil Nolen, brothers of the bride, Mr. Jack Coley, and Temple Coley, Mr. Joe Robinson, and Mr. John Shealey.

The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nolen, and is noted for her beauty and charming personality. She attended Alabama College and was one of her most vivacious and popular students.

Mr. William Dawson Graves, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Graves, is a graduate of Birmingham-Southern and a member of the S. A. E. fraternity and is in business with his father in Alexander City.

Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Graves left by motor for a wedding trip to Florida. On their return, they will be at home on Semmes Street.—Alexander City Outlook.

#### FIRST CLASS ELIGIBLE FOR MEMBERSHIP IN A. A. U. W.

The Senior Class of 1931 will be the first class to represent Alabama College in the American Association of University Women. This is a signal honor, and one that was sought by the school several years before it was attained.

The purpose of the organization is for the advancement of education for women within the United States, and it is to be hoped that each member of the class of 1931 will ally herself to the Chapter in her community and help foster this very worthwhile work.

On Tuesday evening, April 28, the faculty members of the A. A. U. W. gave a dinner in our honor. Mrs. Bullock, the State President, was the guest speaker; she explained in a charming way the history of the organization and its aims for the future. We caught from her a great deal of pride in belonging to so active a body, and we experienced a new feeling of fellowship with the members of the faculty.

Let us prove our appreciation by entering into the active work of the association and doing our best for the women's education.

#### THE SENIOR PLAY

On Friday night, May 1, the Senior Class presented "The Cassilis Engagement", a comedy of manners in four acts by St. John Hankin.

#### Persons of the Comedy

Mrs. Cassilis ..... Alice Nettles

The Countess of Remenham ..... Winifred Carney  
Lady Marchmont, sister to Mrs. Cassilis ..... Evelyn Fulford  
Mr. Herries ..... Elizabeth Weldon  
Mrs. Borridge ..... Mary Helen Gwin  
Lady Mabel Venning, Lady Remenham's daughter ..... Martha Wilson  
Ethel Borridge ..... Rachel Broadnax  
The Rector ..... Inamurl Smith  
Major Warrington ..... Grace Motley  
Geoffrey Cassilis ..... Sara Holbrook  
Watson, the butler ..... Hermie Wigham  
Dorset, the maid ..... Josephine Coble

#### The Staff

Director ..... Ellen Haven Gould  
Stage Director ..... Helen Osband  
Stage Assistant ..... Claudia Schwoon  
Make-up Chairman ..... Sara Weatherly  
Business Manager ..... Nellie Moore

#### LaFAYETTE'S VISIT TO ALABAMA

It is early May in 1825. Preparations have been made on the lawn before one of Alabama's loveliest homes for the reception of a famous guest, General LaFayette. He and Governor Pickens escorted by a small band of Indians arrive. People are gathered from all the countryside to welcome them.

Much dancing and merry making takes place, even the colored folk do their part to entertain.

As a climax to the festivities, the General is asked to choose from those assembled the fairest of all the girls to be the Queen of the May. The Queen and her Court are chosen and a May pole dance is done in their honor. A loving cup is then presented to one whose loyalty and deeds of valor have made him worthy of such a token.

A last quadrille in which all join takes place. The guests then form in procession and are led within to where a feast awaits them.

May Queen ..... Bethany Sharman  
Best Citizen ..... Ruth Scott  
Governor Pickens .....

Annie Lera Strickland  
Host ..... Dorothy Davies  
Hostess ..... Winnie Mae Toomer

#### The Queen's Attendants

Senior ..... { Grace Chester  
                              { Kathleen Hooten  
Junior ..... { Maurine Thompson  
                              { Margaret Allen Wallis  
Sophomore ..... { Dudley Bell  
                              { Lacey Gibbs  
Freshman ..... { Mackay Ard  
                              { Emily Starr Kirksey

#### THE SENIOR PROGRAM

As the usual crowd of those who defer chapel attendance until Friday entered Palmer Hall on the morning of May 15, many decided they might

be in the right church but they certainly were in the wrong pew. For to the best of their perception, they were entering Ramsay. There sat Mrs. Coleman weaving a little white mat. To the right was the radio with Evelyn Fulford officiating. Around her were gracefully drooped Munsie, Rachel, Jule, Frances, and so forth. In the left distance was discernible the Steinway at which Belle seemed to be just on the point of officiating. Motley was drooped over one corner of the instrument and Ruth Scott stood near by, looking dangerously near singing.

"And it was so." Ramsay parlor had been transplanted to Palmer and the Seniors put over in their inimitable manner a chapel program.

#### THE FUTURE

This is the season to ponder on the future, to sigh dreamily, and shed a tear for these last few classes together, but to brighten up and congratulate the world on the one hundred and thirty genii which it receives this year from Alabama College. While many of them are still in a state of indecision as to just exactly where they wish to make their first impression, there are some who have taken the fatal step.

Lucille Alexander is planning to do tea room work. Clancy Morrison is going to California to take special training in dietetics; Ruth Fant and Josephine Coble are entering the same work in Nashville and Boston respectively. Ruby Chandler will teach physical education in Clio and Mayme Harris, history and social studies at Goshen.

It would seem from this data that only a very few have been able to make up their minds thus far. Doubtless the majority of the others will be directing the learning of the unappreciative young Americans over the state. Indefinite rumors drift about to the effect that Bethany Sharman will care for the English and French needs at Clio; Ruth Scott may direct music somewhere in Texas; Meredith Bullock, English at Leighton; if Belle Hart can't get married she may teach in Ariton. Grace Motley is determined to get married, so she says; Willie Taylor intends to teach English and history somewhere in Mobile County; Jean Liston hopes for Huntsville; and Evelyn Norton would like to enlighten the young hopefuls of Alaska, or of Johannesburg, South Africa, or Okhotsk, Siberia, or Podunk or Possum Hollow, or anywhere that there is an opportunity. (Information will be appreciated. Mail to Box 217.)



**The Strand's** program has been filled with shows to amuse, enlighten, and thrill an audience of college girls.

Some of these will not be here to enjoy more good shows next year. Too sad for the graduating Seniors!

THE STRAND will still be showing the "Best Shows" when you visit Montevallo.

To give the College Girls more efficient and enjoyable service McGaughy has added two new automobiles to the "Goo-Goo Taxi Line".

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